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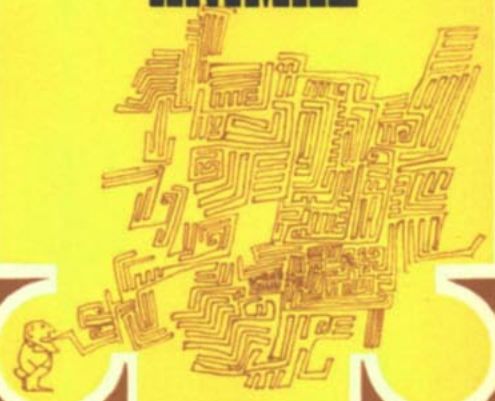

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Carl E. Baron

Two Hitherto Unknown Pieces *by D. H. Lawrence*

In 1964, Dr. Armin Arnold of McGill University wrote an article in *P.M.L.A.* identifying Lawrence's first two critical essays—reviews of H. G. Fiedler's *Oxford Book of German Verse*, and Jethro Bithell's *The Minnesingers*, both of which appeared in the January 1912 number of the *English Review*, and which can now be found in *Phoenix II*. Dr. Arnold based his identification on two passages in Lawrence's letters (*The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, edited by Harry T. Moore, London, 1962):

> I have got to review a book of German poetry and a book of Minnesinger translations. I like the German poetry, but not the translations. [to May Chambers Holbrook, 6 Dec. 1911]

And

> The *English Review* . . . asked me to write an article on modern German poetry. . . . I should love doing it myself if I knew enough about it. (*Nicht war*—I have reviewed, in England, two anthologies of modern German poetry.) [to Else Jaffe, 10 Feb. 1913]

This second quotation raises a problem, since Bithell's *The Minnesingers* can hardly be called an anthology of "modern German poetry." Another reference in *Letters*, which Dr. Arnold overlooked, I think explains all.

> There is a review by me in the *English* (*Review*) of this month. [to Ada Lawrence Clarke, 8 Nov. 1911]

There is, in the *English Review* for November 1911, pp. 721–724, an anonymous review of *Contemporary German Poetry*, selected and translated by Jethro Bithell.[1] It is obviously by Lawrence. Among other factors, it reflects his recent reading of Greek tragedies in Gilbert Murray's translations. It appears to be his first published piece of literary criticism.

I

This *Contemporary German Poetry* is very much like the recent *Contemporary Belgian Poetry*.[2] The bulk of the verse is of the passionate or violent kind. This may be largely owing to the author's taste. His own poem, which dedicates the volume to Richard Dehmel, contains "Clashing Clouds that Terrorise" and "Feverous Sands of Modern Ache." However, we accept the collection as representative.

It is remarkable how reminiscent of Verhaeren and Iwan Gilkin, and the like, these poems sound. Either it is owing to the translation, or else the influence of the Belgians on Germany is beyond all proportion. The very subjects of many of these poems could be found in the Belgian book, wearing the same favour. These poets seem like little brothers of Verhaeren and Albert Mockel and the rest, young lads excitedly following the lead of their scandalous elders. Baudelaire, a while back, sent round with a rather red lantern, showing it into dark corners, and saying "Look here!"; considerably startling most folk. Verhaeren comes after with a bull's-eye lantern of whiter, wider ray than Baudelaire's artistic beam, and flashes this into such obscure places—by no means corners—so that they stand out stark and real. He also, in the daylight, makes a hollow of his hand, and shades his eyes, and sees, deep in the light, the fabric of shadow. These Germans follow like tourists after a guide. They stop at the places Verhaeren stopped at; they excitedly hold out their candle lanterns; they peer under

[1] *Contemporary German Poetry*. Selected and translated by Jethro Bithell, M.A. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 1s.

[2] *Contemporary Belgian Poetry*. Selected and translated by Jethro Bithell. "Canterbury Poets" series. Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., 1911.

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hollowed hands to find the shadow set deep in the light.

This may be the fault of the translator, though it scarcely seems likely. He speaks of "the beautiful translation of the poem "Grey," the work of Miss H. Friederichs:

GREY

Gowns of soft grey I now will wear,
Like willow trees all silvery fair;
My lover, he loves grey.
Like clematis, with silky down,
Which lend the dew-sprent hedge a crown;
My lover, he loves grey.

Wrapped in a dream, I watch where slow
Within the fire the wood-sparks glow;
My love, thou art away . . .
The soft grey ashes fall and shift,
Through silent spaces smoke clouds drift,
And I too, I love grey.

I think of pearls, where grey lights dream,
Of alders, where the mist-veils gleam:
My love, thou art away . . .
Of grey-haired men of high renown,
Whose faded locks were hazel brown,
And I too, I love grey.

The little grey moth turns its flight
Into the room allured by light;
My lover, he loves grey.
O, little moth, we are like thee,
We all fly round a light we see
In swamp or Milky Way.

After that, one thinks of Verlaine's "Green."

The Germans in this book are very interesting, not so much for the intrinsic value of the pieces of poetry here given, as for showing which way the poetic spirit trends in Germany, where she finds her stuff, and how she lifts it. Synge asks for the brutalising of English poetry. Thomas Hardy and George Meredith have, to some extent, answered. But in point of brutality the Germans—and they at the heels of the French and Belgians—are miles ahead of us; or at the back of us, as the case may be.

With Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Verhaeren, poetry seems to have broken out afresh, like a new crater. These men take life welling out hot and primitive, molten fire, or mud, or smoke, or strange vapour. But at any rate it comes from the central fire, which feeds all of us with life, although it is gloved, clotted over and hidden by earth and greenery and civilisation. And it is this same central well of fire which the Germans are trying to tap. It is risky, and they lose their heads when they feel the heat. But sometimes one sees the real red jet of it, pure flame and beautiful; and often, the hot mud—but that is kin. Why do we set our faces against this tapping of elemental passion? It must, in its first issuing, be awful and perhaps, ugly. But what is more essentially awful and ugly than Oedipus? And why is sex passion unsuited for handling, if hate passion, and revenge passion, and horror passion are suitable, as in Agamemnon and Oedipus, and Medea. Hate passion, horror passion, revenge passion no longer move us so violently in life. Love passion, pitching along with it beauty and strange hate and suffering, remains the one living volcano of our souls. And we must be passionate, we are told. Why, then, not take this red fire out of the well, equally with the yellow of horror, and the dark of hate? Intrinsically, Verhaeren is surely nearer the Greek dramatists than is Swinburne.

The Germans indeed are sentimental. They always belittle the great theme of passion. In this book, one turns with disgust from Dehmel's "Venus Pandemos." It is like the lurid tales the teetotallers tell against drink. And one turns with impatience from Peter Hille's "Morn of a Marriage Night." It is the slop of philosophy muddled and mixed with a half-realised experience: the poet was not able to *imagine* the woman, so he slopped over the suggestion of her with sentimental philosophy. It is not honest, it [is] as bad as jerry work in labour. But that doesn't say the subject is wrong. And if the work is offensive, we can wash our hands after it. And it does not mean to say that no man shall try to treat a difficult subject because another man has degraded it. Because a subject cannot be degraded. Sex passion is not degraded even now, between priests and beasts. Verhaeren, at his best, is religious in his attitude, honest and religious, when dealing with the "scandalous" subject. Many of the Germans are *not*; they are sentimental, dishonest. So much the worse for them, not for us.

The translation of these poems is not remarkably good; but good enough, as a rule, to transfer the rhythm and progress of the feeling of each poem. A perfect translator must be a twin of his original author, like in feeling and age, and even in the turn of his expression and the knack of his phrases. It is absurd to think of translating the spirit and form of a whole host of poets. But here, each poem retains its personality, some of its distinct, individual personality, that it had in the original. The translator is best when he has the plain curve of an emotion—preferably dramatic—to convey.

*

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ANOTHER REFERENCE in the *Letters* needs explaining. It is in a letter to Edward Garnett (13 October 1914):

> We have a little money—not much—enough—Pinker sold "Honour and Arms" [*i.e.*, "The Prussian Officer"] to America for £25, and I had a little from the *Manchester Guardian*.

There is a "backpage" article called "With the Guns" by H. D. (*sic*) Lawrence in the *Manchester Guardian* for Tuesday, 18 August 1914. Again, it is obviously by Lawrence. The situation at the opening of the article is that described by Lawrence in a letter to Lady Cynthia Asquith (?31 January 1915), and the ending of the article is similar to the first version of *England My England*. (It is quite different from the published version—more emphasis on the horror and brutality of death, rather than its inevitability. It can be found in the *English Review* for October 1915.)

There is also external evidence that the article is by Lawrence. *The Guardian*'s Librarian, Mr. F. B. Singleton, has kindly checked the account book for that period which shows a payment of two guineas as being made to D. H. Lawrence on 25 September 1914 for an article of this title and date. It is not known whether the signature in print was a compositor's error, or Lawrence's wish. (The article is not entered in Professor Warren Roberts' *Soho Bibliography* because at the time when Professor Roberts enquired of the *Guardian* about the reference in the letter, the account book of the period was temporarily lost.)

II—With the Guns

THE RESERVISTS were leaving for London by the nine o'clock train. They were young men, some of them drunk. There was one bawling and brawling before the ticket window; there were two swaying on the steps of the subway shouting, and ending, "Let's go an' have another afore we go." There were a few women seeing off their sweethearts and brothers, but, on the whole, the reservist had been a lodger in the town and had only his own pals. One woman stood before the carriage window. She and her sweetheart were being very matter-of-fact, cheerful, and bumptious over the parting.

"Well, so long!" she cried as the train began to move. "When you see 'em *let* 'em have it."

"Ay, no fear," shouted the man, and the train was gone, the man grinning.

I thought what it would really be like, "when he saw 'em."

LAST AUTUMN I followed the Bavarian army down the Isar valley and near the foot of the Alps. Then I could see what war would be like —an affair entirely of machines, with men attached to the machines as the subordinate part thereof, as the butt is the part of a rifle.

I remember standing on a little round hill one August afternoon. There was a beautiful blue sky, and white clouds from the mountains. Away on the right, amid woods and corn-clad hills, lay the big Starnberg lake. This is just a year ago, but it seems to belong to some period outside of time.

On the crown of the little hill were three quick-firing guns, with the gunners behind. At the side, perched up on a tiny platform at the top of a high pair of steps, was an officer looking through a fixed spy-glass. A little further behind, lower down the hill, was a group of horses and soldiers.

Every moment came the hard, tearing, hideous voice of the German command from the officer perched aloft, giving the range to the guns; and then the sharp cry, "Fire!" There was a burst, something in the guns started back, the faintest breath of vapour disappeared. The shots had gone.

I watched, but I could not see where they had gone, nor what had been aimed at. Evidently they were directed against an enemy a mile and a half away, men unseen by any of the soldiers at the guns. Whether the shot they fired hit or missed, killed or did not touch, I and the gun-party did not know. Only the officer was shouting the range again, the guns were again starting back, we were again staring over the face of the green and dappled, inscrutable country into which the missiles sped unseen.

What work was there to do?—only mechanically to adjust the guns and fire the shot. What was there to feel?—only the unnatural suspense and suppression of serving a machine which, for aught we knew, was killing our fellow-men, whilst we stood there, blind, without knowledge or participation, subordinate to the cold machine. This was the glamour and the

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glory of the war: blue sky overhead and living green country all around, but we, amid it all, a part in some iron insensate will, our flesh and blood, our soul and intelligence shed away, and all that remained of us a cold, metallic adherence to an iron machine. There was neither ferocity nor joy nor exultation nor exhilaration nor even quick fear: only a mechanical, expressionless movement.

And this is how the gunner would "let 'em have it." He would mechanically move a certain apparatus when he heard a certain shout. Of the result he would see and know nothing. He had nothing to do with it.

Then I remember going at night down a road, whilst the sound of guns thudded continuously. And suddenly I started, seeing the bank of the road stir. It was a mass of scarcely visible forms, lying waiting for a rush. They were lying under fire, silent, scarcely stirring, a mass. If one of the shells that were supposed to be coming had dropped among them it would have burst a hole in the mass. Who would have been torn, killed, no one would have known. There would just have been a hole in the living shadowy mass; that was all. Who it was did not matter. There were no individuals, and every individual soldier knew it. He was a fragment of a mass, and as a fragment of a mass he must live or die or be torn. He had no rights, no self, no being. There was only the mass lying there, solid and obscure along the bank of the road in the night.

This was how the gunner "would let 'em have it." A shell would fall into this mass of vulnerable bodies, there would be a torn hole in the mass. This would be his "letting 'em have it."

And I remember a captain of the *bersaglieri* who talked to me in the train in Italy when he had come back from Tripoli. The Italian soldier, he said, was the finest soldier in the world at a rush. But—and he spoke with a certain horror that cramped his voice—when it came to lying there under the Snyder fire you had to stand behind them with a revolver. And I saw he could not get beyond the agony of this.

"Well," I said, "that is because they cannot feel themselves parts of a machine. They have all the old natural courage, when one rushes at one's enemy. But it is unnatural to them to lie still under machine-fire. It is unnatural to anybody. War with machines, and the machine predominant, is too unnatural for an Italian. It is a wicked thing, a machine, and your Italians are too naturally good. They will do anything to get away from it. Let us see our enemy and go for him. But we cannot endure this taking death out of machines, and giving death out of machines, our blood cold, without any enemy to rise against."

I remember also standing on a little hill crowned by a white church. This hill was defended, surrounded by a trench half-way down. In this trench stood the soldiers side by side, down there in the earth, a great line of them.

The night came on. Suddenly, on the other side, high up in the darkness, burst a beautiful greenish globe of light, and then came into being a magic circle of countryside set in darkness, a greenish jewel of landscape, splendid bulk of trees, a green meadow, vivid. The ball fell and it was dark, and in one's eye remained treasured the little vision that had appeared far off in the darkness. Then again a light ball burst and sloped down. There was the white farm-house with the wooden, slanting roof, the green apple trees, the orchard paling, a jewel, a landscape set deep in the darkness. It was beautiful beyond belief. Then it was dark. Then the searchlights suddenly sprang upon the countryside, revealing the magic, fingering everything with magic, pushing the darkness aside, showing the lovely hillsides, the noble bulks of trees, the pallor of corn. A searchlight was creeping at us. It slid up our hill. It was upon us; we turned our backs to it, it was unendurable. Then it was gone.

Then out of a little wood at the foot of the hill came the intolerable crackling and bursting of rifles. The men in the trenches returned fire. Nothing could be seen. I thought of the bullets that would find their marks. But whose bullets? And what mark? Why must I fire off my gun in the darkness towards a noise? Why must a bullet come out of the darkness, breaking a hole in me? But better a bullet than the laceration of a shell, if it came to dying. But what is it all about? I cannot understand; I am not to understand. My God, why am I a man at all, when this is all, this machinery piercing and tearing?

It is a war of artillery, a war of machines, and men no more than the subjective material of the machine. It is so unnatural as to be unthinkable. Yet we must think of it.

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George Steiner

The Language Animal

BEES DANCE EXACT MESSAGES to each other as to the direction, amount and quality of honey found. Dolphin pipe signals of warning or summons. It may be that the trills and whistles of birds convey rudimentary meaning. Meaning, in fact, is the essence, the underlying structure of natural forms. Colours, sequences, odours, regularities or salient anomalies of shape and event, all are informant. Almost every phenomenon can be "read" and classed as a statement. It signals danger or solicitation, lack or availability of nourishment; it points towards or away from other significant structures. Living beings, above elementary units, dispose of a large, manifold range of articulation: postures, gestures, colorations, tonalities, secretions, facial mien. Separately or in conjunction these communicate a message, a unit or unit-cluster of focused information. Life proceeds amid an incessant network of signals. To survive is to receive a sufficient number of such signals, to sort out from the random flux those literally vital to oneself and one's species, and to decode the pertinent signals with sufficient speed and accuracy. An organism failing to do so, either because its receptors are blunted or because it "misreads," will perish. A marmot dies when it misreads, *i.e.*, fails to decode accurately, the message of tint, odour, or texture which differentiates the statement of identity of a venomous mushroom from that of an edible variety. A walker in the city, crossing streets, would not survive if he mistranslated the coded message of red and green—either through some organic deficiency (colour-blindness) or because the relevant arbitrary idiom, *red/stop green/go*, had not been taught or had slipped his memory.

All identity is active statement. It communicates its being to the surrounding world through a set of more or less clear, impressive, and complicated signals. We *are* so far as we can declare ourselves to be, and have full assurance of our asserted existence only when other identities register and reciprocate our life-signals. Signals of elemental individuation: "I am, I am in this place, and of this time." Signals of prime need: "These are my foods, these are the prey I seek in order to live." Signals of defence: "My weapons are this smell, these claws, this spine, these means of camouflage. Approach at your risk." What cannot be communicated, what cannot state its ontological existence and minimal demands, is not alive. "Myself it speaks and spells." It is in the reciprocal nature of the statement of identity, in the need for echo, be it savagely contrary, to confirm one's own being, that lies the root of the Hegelian paradox: the need of one living entity for the presence of another, and the fear and hate engendered by that need.

But, to repeat: the natural modes of information are immensely diverse and susceptible of fantastic refinement. In the message-flight of the bee the exact angle matters;[1] each beck and volte in the courtship minuet of the moor-hen is an expression of coded meaning; very probably, a pointer can "read" accurately hundreds of gradations of smell.

Comme de longs échos qui de loin se confondent
Dans une ténébreuse et profonde unité,
Vaste comme la nuit et comme la clarté,
Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent.

Long before man the planet was many-hued, loud and odorous with statement and reply. We know of fossils three thousand million years old. The development of specific information

[1] The standard work on all this is, of course, Karl von Frisch's *The Dance Language and Orientation of Bees* (1967).

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codes, of signal-systems through which emitter and receiver could formulate and exchange messages of identity, need and sexual correlation, cannot be much younger. Where there is multicellular life, where different phyla co-exist and compete, there is, there has to be, the articulation of meaning. Only the inert is mute. Only total death has no statement to make.

I HAVE NOT UNTIL NOW used the word *language*. An enormous mass of information, of extreme subtlety and specificity, is formulated, transmitted, received and understood at every point in the life-process. Non-linguistic codes have a far longer history than man. Gesture, bodily stance, the display of certain colours not only precede language but continue to surround and, as it were, infiltrate it at every level (a deaf-mute in mourning garb is making an emphatic and possibly quite complex statement). A world without words can be, and where organic forms are present must be, a world full of messages. Language is only one, and probably the most recent, of a great sum of expressive codes. Not only do these other codes persist; they may well outlive language. A post-human planet, so long as zoological phenomena endure, will teem with significant, conventionalised communication as did the earth in the palaeozoic. After man there will not be silence.

But the uniqueness of language, the fact that it has existed over what is by geological and biological standards a paltry time-span, the fact that it is only one specialised mechanism of information-storage and conveyance among a host of others, is crucial. It directs us to the decisive recognition that *language* and *man* are correlate, that they imply and necessitate each other.

Other codes used by higher animals may be of remarkable sophistication; in certain regards, such as the memorisation and exact decipherment of scent and sound, they may be speedier and more economic than speech. But they are not like language. Language, with its genius and limitations, is unique to man. No other signal-system is at all comparable, or as Noam Chomsky says, "language appears to be a unique phenomenon, without significant analogue in the animal world."[2] One cannot overstate this fundamental all-determining point. Not at a time when it is the fashion to describe man as a "naked ape" or a biological species whose main motives of conduct are territorial in the animal sense. The Darwinism of such arguments is more naïve than that of T. H. Huxley who, towards the close of his life, noted that nothing in the theory of natural selection had accounted for the root fact of human speech. We are, as Hesiod and Xenophon may have been among the first to say, "an animal, a life-form that speaks." Or, as Herder put it, *ein Geschöpf der Sprache*—a "language creature" and, at the same time, a creation of language. Man's "manness," human identity as he can state it to himself and to others, is a speech-function. This is the condition that separates him, by an immense gap, from all other animate beings. Language is his quiddity and determines his pre-eminence. Other species build and war; others develop kinship patterns and have devised the mystery of play. Some, if evidence is right, may even produce rudiments of non-functional art. In blood-chemistry and life-cycle, primates are man's proximate shadow. But he alone speaks language or, as Chomsky formulates it, does not select "a signal from a finite behavioural repertoire, innate or learned." No view of man's nature which fails to register this essential distinction, which fails to make of our inward and outward linguistic state its starting-point, is adequate to the facts.

The Implications of a Scandal

THE IMPLICATIONS are so numerous and far-reaching that we are often hardly aware of them. It requires a fairly strenuous act of extrapolation to see our primarily linguistic dimension, to step momentarily outside our own skin.

Man's capacity to articulate a future tense—in itself a metaphysical and logical scandal—his ability and need to "dream forward," to hope, make him unique.[3] Such capacity is inseparable from grammar, from the conventional power of language to exist in advance of that which it designates. Our sense of the past, not as immediately, innately acquired reflexes, but as a shaped selection of remembrance, is again radically linguistic. History, in the human sense, is a language-net cast backward.[4] No animal remembers historically; its temporality is the eternal present tense of the speechless. Our sexuality is shot through with the stimulus and "competing reality" of language. It may well be that our love-making does not differ very much from that of the great apes. But this is to say little. Through its verbalised imaginings, through the rich context of pre-physical and para-physical erotic exchange in which it takes place, human intercourse (a term obviously akin

[2] Noam Chomsky, in *Language and Mind* (1968).
[3] This notion of the philosophically "scandalous" nature of the future tense is explored by Ernst Bloch in *Das Prinzip Hoffnung* (1959), and his *Tübingener Einleitung in die Philosophie* (1963).
[4] Cf. Thorleif Boman: *Das hebraische Denken im Vergleich mit dem griechischen* (1965).

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to "discourse") has a profoundly linguistic character.[5] Correlatively, changes of verbal convention, removals or alterations of speech taboos in regard to erotic statement, affect our most intimate, our most immediately physiological sexual conduct. One need only note the correlations between onanism and interior speech or monologue to realise that eros is, in man, a complex idiom, a semantic act involving the entirety of the *persona*.

If recent structural anthropology is right (and its hypotheses in fact elaborate the suppositions of Leibniz and Herder), those kinship models, those conventions of mutual identification which underlie all human society, depend vitally on the availability and growth of language. Man's passage from a natural to a cultural state—the single major act in his history—is at every point interwoven with his speech faculties. Incest taboos and the consequent kinship systems that make possible the definition and bio-social survival of a community, do not precede language. They most probably evolve with and through it. We cannot prohibit that which we cannot name. Exogamic or endogamic marriage rules can only be formulated and, what is no less important, transmitted where an adequate syntax and verbal taxonomy exist. Language forms quite literally underlie and perpetuate human behaviour. The prevalence of promiscuous mating and incest in animals, a prevalence which makes it impossible to speak of "animal cultures" in any but a loosely metaphoric way, is almost certainly a function of the absence of animal languages.[6]

I WOULD GO FURTHER. Our mechanisms of identity—the enormously intricate procedures of recognition and delimitation which allow me to say that *I am I*, to experience myself, and which, concomittantly, bar me from "experiencing you" except by imaginative projection, by an inferential fiction of similitude—are thoroughly grounded in the fact of language. I suspect that these mechanisms evolved slowly and agonisingly, perhaps over millennia. The recognition of self as against "otherness" is an achievement of formidable difficulty and consequence. The legends of reciprocal denomination which we find all over the earth (Jacob and the Angel, Oedipus and the Sphinx, Roland and Oliver), the motif of mortal combat which ceases only when the antagonists reveal their own names or name each other in an exchange of certified identity, may have in them the shadowy intimation of a long doubt: who am I, who are you, how are we to know that our identities are stable, that we shall not flow into "otherness" as do wind and light and water? Even now, identity remains a threatened possession: in the autistic child (so critical a case for anyone interested in the interdependence of language and humanity) and in the schizoid, certainty of self has failed to mature or has broken down.[7] In constant affirmation of ego, we project on other human beings the silhouette of our presence. The whole process, statement of self and response by the "non-self," is dialectic in structure and linguistic in nature. Speech is the systole and diastole of sustained being; it gives inward and outward proof. I establish and preserve my experience of self by a stream of internalised address. I realise my unconscious, so far as dreams or the sudden rifts of delirium permit, by listening for and amplifying "upward" shreds of discourse, of verbal static, from the dim and middle of the psyche. We do not speak *to ourselves* so much as *speak ourselves*. We provide our self-consciousness with its only and constantly renewed guarantee of particular survival by beaming a current of words inward. Even when we are outwardly mute, speech is active within and our skull is like an echo-chamber. Correspondingly, we establish the existence of *l'autre*, and our existence for it, by means of linguistic give and take. All dialogue is a proffer of mutual cognisance and a strategic re-definition of self. The Angel names Jacob at the end of their long match, the Sphinx compels Oedipus to name himself, to know himself as man. Nothing destroys us more surely than the silence of another human being. Hence Lear's insensate fury against Cordelia, or Kafka's insight that several have survived the song of the Sirens, but none their silence.

IN A SENSE THAT CUTS much deeper than semantics, our identity is a first person pronoun. Monotheism, that transcendental magnification of the image of the human self, acknowledges this truth when it defines God by a grammatical tautology: "I am that I am." Neo-Platonism and Gnosticism take the process of linguistic-ontological relationship a step further: "I am the Word, the *Logos* that calls itself and all else into immediate being. I create the world by naming it." Adam is nearest to the divine nature, is most wholly in God's image, when he re-enacts this lexical *poiesis*: "whatsoever

[5] It is for this reason that such defenders of Sade as Roland Barthes argue that extreme eroticism always represents a linguistic act.

[6] Yvan Simonis, *Claude Lévi-Strauss ou la "Passion de l'Inceste"* (1968).

[7] No one concerned with the philosophy of language can afford to overlook Dr. Bruno Bettelheim's study of autistic children in *The Empty Fortress* (1967).

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Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. . . ."

In short, the least inadequate definition we can arrive at of the genus *homo*, the definition that fully distinguishes him from all neighbouring life-forms, is this: man is a *zoon phonanta*, a language-animal. And there is no other like him.

"When" and "How"

THE "WHEN" AND "HOW" of this uniqueness have been the subject of endless speculation. From Plato to the present, myths and theories about the origins of human speech abound. We seem no nearer to an answer.

> Honesty forces us to admit [writes Chomsky] that we are as far today as Descartes was three centuries ago from understanding just what enables a human to speak in a way that is innovative, free from stimulus control, and also appropriate and coherent. . . . Neither physics nor biology nor psychology gives us any clue as to how to deal with these matters.

It may be that all enquiry into the origins and determinant sub-structure of language has skirted a cardinal dilemma: to enquire into the sources of language by using language (what other instruments have we?) may, necessarily, be a circular process, a juggling with mirrors. Unable, conceptually, to transcend its own linguistic terms of reference, the question begs any conceivable answer. Imagining, as we do, verbally, it may be impossible for us to formulate a condition prior to words. We can, formally, state such a priority, but it will be void of active meaning as is a blind man's notion of colour. It may be that the entire image of "linguistic gradualism," of a stage by stage advance from pre- or proto-linguistic man to the articulate being we know, is naïve in the extreme. If the concepts of "man" and of "language" are interdependent for their existence, "pre-language man" is a meaningless chimera. Man becomes man as he enters on a linguistic stage. At the outset, in the penumbra of diffuse, threatened identity, speech was probably focused inward; man declared himself only to himself. Verbal exchange, the partial release of the treasure of words into another man's hearing and keeping, may well have come much later. We shall never know. But the question should be seen for what it is: when we ask when or how language began, we are in fact asking "what are the origins of man's humanity"?

Because of this overlap, because any theory of the coming of language is a theory about man's entrance into history, about his passage from an unchanging biological present into the grammar of past, present and future, recent work in linguistics, genetics and social anthropology exhibits interesting points of contact. And it might just be that Chomsky overstates the case when he says that neither physics nor biology can give us any clue.

It no longer seems that cranial volume is by itself decisive to man's achievement of humanity. What matters is the development and activation (or development through activation) of electro-chemical hook-ups between as many as possible of the *ca.* one hundred million cells in the brain. Gradations of intensified humanity may be seen as a function of the enlarged use of the cortex. Understood somatically, Nietzsche's imperative *werde was du bist* signifies "harness more and more of your cortex, activate more and more of the total potential of filaments and contact points between neural centres." Presumably, the entire process is one of feed-back: as the needle "finds" and deepens into sound previously imperceptible grooves, so new cerebral requirements engender or trigger new circuits. Life is a coming into being—more or less achieved—of the potential self.

In this self-sustaining dynamism, information is of the essence. Its storage, coding, transmission, and reception are the anatomy of consciousness. (This allows one to say, at a more obvious level, that the larger a man's vocabulary, the more resourceful his syntax, the greater will be his possession of self and the sum of reality on which he can draw.)[8] "Information" is the key term in those models now being used by both molecular biology and linguistics. I realise that the striking analogies of idiom in these two disciplines are, in part, a result of shared metaphor, that they ought not to be overemphasised. But they are also, in part, cognitive, and one cannot deny the possibility of mutual relevance.[9]

IT DOES APPEAR, on present and manifestly preliminary evidence, as if certain electro-chemical and neuro-chemical processes of mental life might be "semantically" structured. Sensory input, storage, scanning and subsequent response seem to occur in some kind of syntactical sequence; neither the neuro-chemistry of the human brain nor any human language seems to contain what modern linguists call "structure-

[8] As early as the 1900s "self-improvement" courses and nostrums began capitalising on the insight that "more words will make you a bigger man."

[9] Cf. E. H. Lenneberg, "A Biological Perspective of Language" in *New Directions in the Study of Language* (1966).

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independent operations." This may be an important clue. There seems to be, in a sense more than imagistic, a grammar of life-processes, an organic templet from whose sequential organisation and genetic activity in man language naturally arises. Language, in turn, reacts on, feeds back to, its physiological matrix. Or to put it another way, the use of language of itself activates the substratum of linguistic potentiality. More and more synapses, more and more fibres of interrelation are woken into being. In the use of metaphor—a fact of language which Plato recognised as somehow crucial to human excellence—the neuro-physiological and the verbal seem to touch very closely. Metaphor ignites a new arc of perceptive energy. It relates hitherto unrelated areas of experience; such new relation may have a direct organic counterpart as hitherto separate centres of memory and scanning in the cortex are brought "into circuit."[10]

Information, feed-back, coding and de-coding, punctuation so as to ensure the right reading of electro-chemical messages—these are notions shared, at least in part, by molecular biology and generative grammar. The coincidence, in time, of the break-through in genetics and of modern structural linguistics from Saussure to Harris and Chomsky does not look accidental.[11] An intimation of life as language, as transmitted information, was in the air. The two currents are congruent. If, as Chomsky proposes, linguistic universals—those orderings which allow us immediately to differentiate what is possible in a language from what is not—"must simply be a biological property of the human mind," then it is likely that the biology of the mind is itself "syntactical."[12] Genetics would be, as some already assert, a special case of information theory. Undoubtedly the relevant physics and chemistry are of an order of complication beyond our present grasp; and it may well be that our whole concept of what is "physical" and "material" may have to be rethought and made far subtler than it now is. But in that future psycho-physiology, the matter of the biological foundations of language will play a decisive role. We may come to understand how, and in what ways, the levels of genetic specificity and sophistication at work in human heredity carry with them—and are carried by—a unique communicative code. In a manner we cannot as yet formulate, with our blunt tools of introspection, it may be that human speech is in some way a counterpart to that decoding and translation of the neuro-chemical idiom which defines and perpetuates our biological existence. The next dimension of psychology, the step that may at last take us beyond a primitive mind/body empiricism, could well be semantic.

A SUBSIDIARY, THOUGH HARDLY LESS difficult, set of questions arises from the fact of the multiplicity of human languages. Why so many? (Three thousand according to some classifications, nearly four thousand according to others.) The myth of Babel suggests an early awareness that there is a puzzle here, a curious mystery of waste. But even in Humboldt's great essay, *Ueber die Verschiedenheit des Menschlichen Sprachbaues* (1830–35), the question is not posed with sufficient rigour or pressed home.

Why this fantastic diversity of human tongues, making it difficult for communities, often geographically proximate and racially or culturally similar, to communicate? How can such exceeding variety have arisen if, as transformational grammar postulates and biology hints, the underlying grid, the neuro-physiological grooves, are common to all men and, indeed occasion their humanity Why, as carriers of the same essential molecular information, do we not speak the same language or a small number of languages corresponding, say, to the small number of genuinely identifiable ethnic types?[13]

No one has come up with a satisfactory hypothesis, and it is a signal weakness in generative grammar that Chomsky and his colleagues do not recognise the full scope and importance of the question. How "universal," in fact, are their invariants? And if linguistic universals are a simple, determined biological datum, why the immense number and consequent mutual incomprehensibility of local transformations? Natural and evolutionary mechanisms are, in general, economic. The great variety of fauna and flora is by no means inefficient; it represents a naturally selected, maximalised efficiency of adjustment to local need and ecology. We cannot say the same of the world's profusion of mutually incomprehensible tongues. There is a stubborn mystery here, and one that may lead a very long way back.[14]

[10] Cf. E. H. Lenneberg, *Biological Foundations of Language* (1967).

[11] It is Professor Zellig Harris of the University of Pennsylvania who initiates the new linguistics in his *Methods in Structural Linguistics* (1951).

[12] Cf. Noam Chomsky's discussion with Stuart Hampshire (*The Listener*, 30 May 1968).

[13] For a recent treatment of this *"particolarismo arcaico"* see Ferruccio Rossi-Landi *"Ideologie della relativatà linguistica"* (*Ideologie* 4, 1968).

[14] I am fully aware that such ethnolinguists as Professor Dell Hymes (see *Language in Culture & Society*, 1964), believe that cultural variety accounts for the immense number and diversity of tongues. But so "anti-economic" a phenomenon does seem to me to require further explanation and, possibly, an entirely different theoretic model.

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Evidence suggests that, if anything, the number of different languages was even higher in the past than it is now. Within living memory, scores of ancient and elaborate languages have been snuffed out. There are many South American Indian languages which live, today, only in the recollection, often imperfect, of a handful of informants. The pressures of technological uniformity and the ever-increasing premium put on rapid, unambiguous communication, are eroding the language atlas. Does this diminution, this likelihood of an even greater linguistic proliferation in the past, give a lead? We don't know. One can imagine, but without much cogency, a state in which verbal articulation was almost completely private or esoteric. Each more or less closed knot of human beings, each clan of kinship nucleus on its way to becoming a society, may have had its own speech and guarded the magic of that speech from contamination. We know still of communities which use an ancient idiom internally while sharing a more recent vulgate with their neighbours. We have no facts to go by, and scarcely any hypotheses. But I repeat: no information theory, no model of the growth into being of human consciousness, will be convincing until it accounts for the profoundly startling, "anti-economic" multiplicity of languages spoken on this crowded planet.

From Spinoza to Kafka

OFTEN AN INTELLECTUAL re-orientation is identified and seen as a coherent whole only after it has manifested itself locally and in apparently unrelated forms. Looking back now to the years just before the first World War, to the simultaneous developments in linguistics, symbolic logic, and mathematical philosophy, we can recognise the beginnings of a "language revolution." A new theory of meaning and of the central role of the linguistic in man and culture were at work in a wide range of sensibility and formal pursuit.[15] Today, from the vantage-point of the synthesis put forward by Lévi-Strauss and Chomsky, or looking back from the shrewd histrionics of John Cage, we can see that very different energies and interests were in fact meshing towards a common impact.

It is in Central Europe, particularly in Vienna and Prague between *ca.* 1900 and 1925 that the "language revolution" takes place at the deepest, most consequential level. Like most true revolutions, it has behind it a distinctive failure of nerve. The new linguistics arise from a drastic crisis of language; the mind loses confidence in the act of communication itself. This crisis produced a set of works, closely related in time and place of composition, which are unquestionably among the few classics of our dishevelled century. I mean Hofmannsthal's *Lord Chandos Letter* which, as early as 1902, poses the problem of the deepening gap between language and meaning, between the poet's addiction to personal truth and the eroded mendacities of his idiom; and Hofmannsthal's *Der Schwierige* in which the protagonist, who has survived live burial in the trenches, finds ordinary chatter and the lofty rhetoric of politics a hideous "indecency." The language-polemics of Karl Kraus, one of the few instances in literature of a poetry of contempt, belong to this sphere; as does Kraus' maniacal conviction that clarity and purity of syntax are the ultimate test of a society. There is Fritz Mauthner's great work, *Beiträge zu einer Kritik der Sprache*,[16] in which the very survival of language as a conveyor of verifiable meaning and personal responsibility is put in question. Wittgenstein's *Tractatus* and the linguistic-logical exercises of the Vienna Circle are intimately related to the sensibility of Kraus or Mauthner. The latter's notion of the "unspeakable," of that which lies necessarily outside language, closely parallels Wittgenstein's rubric of "the mystical" and the closing proposition of the *Tractatus*.

The same "language crisis" was at work in the arts: in Morgenstern's *Nightsong of the Fish*—a poem of absolute silence, made visible only through prosodic markings over blank, yet somehow extant, "audible' syllables—or in the fictions of Kafka. No writer has ever made of the resistance of language to truth, of the impossibility of adequate human communication, a more honest, a more eloquent statement. Kafka used every word, in a language which he experienced as alien, as if he had purloined it from a secret, dwindling store and had to bring it back before morning intact. Hermann Broch elaborated Kafka's parables on the temptations of silence. *The Death of Virgil* marks the end of the contract between imagination and reality on which the classic novel was based. In it the poet comes to recognise in the act of poetry, in a commitment to language, a blasphemy against life and the needs of man. One would also want to include in this context the new uses of silence in the music of Schönberg and Webern, and in particular the "failure of the word" which is the

[15] Already in 1903, in *The Principles of Mathematics*, Bertrand Russell wrote: "The study of grammar, in my opinion, is capable of throwing far more light on philosophical questions than is commonly supposed by philosophers."

[16] The complete text of Mauthner's 3-volume treatise appeared in 1923. The wealth and seriousness of its arguments have until now scarcely been followed up.

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dramatic substance and climax of Schönberg's *Moses und Aron*.

Obviously, there are forerunners to this extraordinary revaluation of language, to this Central European school of silence. If Hölderlin, Rimbaud, and Mallarmé emerge as the begetters of the modern, it is because modernism expressed itself as a questioning of the medium, because it made of its works a constant subversion of the very possibility of stated form. For this tactic the notorious silences of Hölderlin and Rimbaud, and the hermetic sparsities of Mallarmé provided an accredited precedent. But the Vienna-Prague movement had a grimmer quality. It was in the grip of spiritual terror. In these philosophers, poets and critics was manifest the realisation, crystallised by the catastrophe of world war, that humanism, as it had energised European consciousness since the Renaissance, was in a process of collapse. Karl Kraus' premonition of new dark ages, Kafka's eerily exact pre-vision of the holocaust, spring from an acute diagnosis of the break-down of liberal humanism. In *Auto-da-fé*, Elias Canetti produced the representative fable of speech-civilisation going to violent ruin. Precisely because language had been so central a medium of humane literacy, of the classic legacy of culture, the "language crisis" concentrated a more general devaluation. In the hollowness and death of the word, Mauthner, Wittgenstein, and Broch observed the malady of a whole civilisation. (The dominant role of Jews in this movement of terror and genius would be worth assessing. Did the Jew have an especial affinity to the life of language, the written word having been, for so long, his primary homeland?)

Two other contemporaneous directions of thought became implicated in the "language revolution." These were the Moscow (later, Prague) circle of linguistic study, with its strong interest in the poetic and philosophic facets of language; and the practice of logical-semantic analysis we associate with G. E. Moore and Bertrand Russell. Through Russell's misreading of the *Tractatus*—a misreading perhaps strategic, perhaps unavoidable in view of the obsessive guardedness of Wittgenstein's religiosity and ultimate ethical purpose—the Vienna-Prague movement and Cambridge philosophy overlapped. Wittgenstein's personal career became the symbol of that somewhat unnatural but creative meshing. In turn, *via* the work and teaching of such "Moscow linguists" as Roman Jakobson, a more technical study of morphology, grammar, and semantics came to influence the general concept of language.[17] (Here again, there is a formidably interesting piece of intellectual history to be written. May one raise the question, for instance, of a possible relationship between homosexuality and certain theories of language as a "game," as a complex of internalised conventions and mirrorings?)

Whatever the variousness and complication of background, the main fact is clear: there occurred in the first quarter of this century a crisis of language and a re-examination of language in the light of that crisis. We are now beginning to be able to judge its range and consequences. I want to touch briefly on three areas of obvious impact: the philosophic, the psychological, and the literary.

The Logicians

The idea that all cognition, that the process by which man perceives and relates to the world, is, at bottom, a matter of language, is not novel. In the 11th century Peter Damian gave it pointed expression when he argued that even man's fall into paganism was owing to a flaw of grammar: because heathen speech has a plural for the word "deity," wretched humankind came to conceive of many gods. A similar notion of linguistic totality is implicit in Lenin's query: "History of thought: history of language?" Indeed, one can reasonably divide the history of philosophy between those epistemologies that stress the substantiality, the exterior verifiability and concrete objectification of human experience, and those that emphasise the creative or confining wholeness of their own means of statement, *i.e.*, which see man reaching out to reality and inward to himself only so far as language (perhaps his particular language) allows. The distinction is a very rough one precisely because even the most "realistic," the most pragmatically oriented phenomenology will, where it is being honest and severe with itself, be uneasily aware of its own verbal idiom. No metaphysic is speechless, none escapes from its own vernacular into some realm of pure material evidence.

Much of the lasting vitality of Platonism lies in its subtle realisation of this necessary solipsism. Platonism turns on the act of designation, on man's compulsive ability to recognise and map the world according to agreed nomenclature and definition. It focuses on the power of metaphor to reorganise experience by conjoining previously disparate recognitions. The quarrel of Platonism with certain modes of fiction and dramatic mime is a quarrel with a rival, potentially anarchic mapping. Scholasti-

[17] V. Ehrlich's *Russian Formalism, History-Doctrine* (1955), and J. Vachek's *The Linguistic School of Prague* (1966) remain the best guides to this development.

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cism, in this respect more Neo-Platonic than Aristotelian, frequently identifies being with statement. The *summa* of words and of accessible reality are one. Each authenticates the other. Hence the literal importance of the image of "the book of life": that book is a lexicon in which names and realities affirm each other's true existence. For Isidore of Sevil, etymology is history because the origins of words and that of the objects they articulate are ontologically connected. When mortals speak they call into being whatever of the world is accessible to their senses and understanding. The exercise of human language enacts, albeit on a microscopically humble scale, the Divine reflex of creation, the *Logos* or "speaking into being" of the universe. Medieval sensibility and the verbal focus of Talmudic and Cabbalistic exegesis, left their impress on Spinoza. Convinced, as Descartes was,[18] that human controversies and confusions are, in essence, a matter of failed communication, of definitions not made or adhered to with sufficient rigour, Spinoza aimed at a grammar of truth. Where we define our terms closely, where we relate these terms in consistent propositions, we shall be able to put questions to which God—or his echoing aggregate which is the world—will give valid reply. One can relate the underlying tone of spirit in Spinoza's *Tractatus* to that of Wittgenstein by glossing the meaning of *"Fall"* (case); where Wittgenstein says *"Die Welt ist alles, was der Fall ist"* (the world is everything that is the case), Spinoza seems to be saying that the world is that which we can take cognisance of only if the syntax, the grammatical "case," of our discourse with it is rightly inflected. (Is there not, I wonder, an even deeper overlap at work here, an awareness that *der Fall* is also "the fall," that "the case of man" is his fallen condition—a condition whose fatal consequences were Babel and the maddening difficulties we find in seeking to communicate with each other and with reality.)

Two other elements in Spinoza's analytics proved prophetic. These are the pursuit of a mathematical model, the belief that the more it operates like a set of mathematical axioms and demonstrations, the nearer will language be to fulfilling its potential for truth; and the related concept of a genuine *lingua communis*, of a philosophic esperanto in which all men would —as in algebra—be attaining undoubted conclusions by the use of an agreed, uniquely meaningful code.[19] Both ideas were fruitful. Via Leibniz's work in the calculus and Leibniz's conjectures about a universal idiom perhaps founded on Chinese ideograms, they carry over into the symbolic logic and generative grammars of the 20th century. Both are attempts to return to Edenic semantics, to that thorough concurrence between word and object which marked language before the fall, and before the malediction of mutual incomprehensibility at Babel.

POST-NIETZSCHEAN PHILOSOPHY is largely and self-proclaimedly linguistic. It has, by a deliberate tactic of retrenchment, gathered its strength in what traditional philosophies classified as the vital but only instrumental discipline of logic. Wittgenstein's famous description of philosophic activity as "speech therapy," and his statement "all philosophy is critique of language," covers much of modern ground. The *Principia Mathematica*, Wittgenstein's own *Investigations*, Austin's *Sense and Sensibilia*, the work of Professor Quine, represent a *recul pour mieux sauter*. After the word-epics of 19th-century philosophy, after the literal vastness of argument in Hegel, Schopenhauer, and *Zarathustra*, a good deal of the best in contemporary philosophy embodies a reflex of asceticism, a fastidious severity often mathematical in mien. Thus symbolic logic and the numbering of propositions in the *Tractatus* instance a comparable search for the clarity and demonstrable coherence of algebraic argument. Here again, Spinoza's *Ethics* may be seen as a distant precedent.

STATEMENTS ABOUT OURSELVES and about what is "other" or "outside" the self are, first of all, *statements*. How they are made up, the rules that govern their usage and translation, their incompletions—these are felt to constitute the proper métier of philosophy. But that métier is itself a matter of statement. Hence the inherently self-conscious, unstable relations of the philosopher and of the philosophical process to the object of his or its activity. Philosophy is meta-language, a kind of discourse about the possibilities and nature of common or, as the case may be, special discourse. Like the diamond-cutter, the philosopher-linguist is a craftsman whose tools are made of the same substance as that which he works on. It is his heuristic job to make this solution explicit, to make us aware of our skin and thus, at least by

[18] *"Si de verborum significatione inter philosophos semper conveniret fere omnes illorum controversiae tolerentur."* (Regulae XII, 5.)
"Almost all controversy would cease if there was agreement between philosophers as to the meaning of terms."

[19] See, for example, George Dalgarno's *Ars Signorum* (1661), and Bishop Wilkins' *Essay towards a real character and a philosophical language* (1668) for a proposal of a universal sign language.

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virtue of momentary mental exercise, able to step outside it while insisting, simultaneously, that we cannot really do so. The best of modern philosophy has something of the penetrating but disembodied incandescence of a beam of light trapped, "imploded," between mirrors.

This, of course, is not the whole story. The common charge brought against linguistic philosophy is, precisely, its reductiveness, its refusal to acknowledge as philosophically relevant such areas as politics, aesthetics, morals, or metaphysics in the old sense. The laser may cut deep but its focus is absurdly narrow and its insights are, in the last analysis, no better than formal. By demanding criteria of coherence and proof imitative of mathematics and, therefore, quite inapplicable to most patterns of human conduct and aspiration, modern philosophy has abdicated from a consideration of life and has itself become an esoteric game. Chess does not assist mankind in its racked search for transcendent values.

This is obviously a serious accusation. It underlies the estrangement of "pure" from general or "innocently verbalised" philosophy. There is a sense in which both Quine and Sartre are philosophers; but that sense is too diffuse to be of much worth or to induce normal collaboration. To a philosopher-linguist, most of what a Sartre or an Ernst Bloch produces is simply non-sense. The intellectual and social cost of this divorcement is probably high. Nevertheless, the "language revolution" in philosophy has been fiercely educative and will not be undone. The somewhat fatuous naïveté about the nature and limitations of the verbal idiom that led to the style of a Bergson or a Heidegger need not recur. We shall not see again leviathans of print that declare themselves systematic and demonstrative of truth by mere rhetorical fiat (how thick the dust lies on the tomes of Karl Jaspers). Moreover, even where it excludes traditional moral disputation, even where it questions the truth-function of ethical propositions, a language-therapy such as Wittgenstein's is a distinctly moral act: by demanding acute self-awareness, by forcing us to put the cards of belief on the table, by making of every perception a scruple and a risk. Paul Valéry's fable of epistemology, *M. Teste*, beautifully renders the relevant asceticism, the thorny elegance which equates a *non sequitur*, a *petitio principii*, or a failure to define one's terms with bad manners.

And though it avoids the grand operatics of theology, linguistic philosophy has made of this exclusion an act of deeply suggestive inference. What lies outside language ought not to be spoken of, cannot be spoken of without gross falsification, but it is by no means negated. As Wittgenstein wrote in 1917: "*Nothing* is lost if one does not seek to say the unsayable. Instead, that which cannot be spoken is—unspeakably—*contained* in that which is said!"[20] This assertion makes the *Tractatus* heir to the anti-rhetoric of Kierkegaard and to Tolstoy's hatred of "style."

By underlining and probing the linguistic anatomy of human consciousness, the language-philosophers have made our sense of identity and reach more modest, more vulnerable, but also subtler. Like Monsieur Jourdain we all know now that we speak prose, and this vulgate condition determines much of our sense of the world. But where such awareness penetrates more traditional and substantive forms of philosophic argument as, for example, in the writings of Merleau-Ponty, an unmistakable finesse and strength result. A reoccupation of relinquished terrain may lie ahead, a fresh advance from meta-language into language. If it takes place, it will do so in a stoic, highly trained cognisance of the conventionality, of the solipsism of all philosophic statement (of any significant statement *tout court*). The equilibrist will move ahead with his eyes open.

The Hopi World

ANY MODEL OF THE RULES of the mind leads back to an explicit or undeclared psychology. Underneath every logic and epistemology, however prescriptive and neutral they may be, we find a theory of consciousness. It is at the intersections between philosophy and psychology that the new linguistics (or those branches called "psycho-linguistics" and "ethno-linguistics") is proving of great importance. Fundamental to the current approach is a postulate associated with the work of Benjamin Lee Whorf on "language, thought and reality" and, in particular, on the Hopi language-family of the American south-west. It is a postulate at once self-evident and formidably suggestive:

> The forms of a person's thoughts are controlled by inexorable laws of pattern of which he is unconscious. These patterns are the unperceived intricate systematisations of his own language—
> —shown readily enough by a candid comparison and contrast with other languages, especially those of a different linguistic family. His thinking itself is in a language—in English, in Sanskrit, in Chinese. And every language is a vast pattern-system, different from others, in which are culturally ordained the forms and categories by which the personality not only communicates, but also analyses nature, notices or neglects types of relationship and phenomena, channels his reasoning, and builds the house of his consciousness.

[20] Letter to Paul Engelmann, 9 April 1917.

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The argument is that every human being's world picture and the specific sum of such pictures in his society are a linguistic function.[21] If different cultures have different ways of mapping space and time, of qualifying motion and states of being, if a Hopi Indian can (as Whorf controversially insisted) obtain a better intuitive grasp of certain thought-pictures in Einsteinian physics than can most English-speakers, the reason is that his language has prepared the requisite and appropriate grooves of sensation.

Different tongues generate and programme different life-forms. A given language selects particular *données*. Where Bergson and Chomsky assume *données immédiates de la conscience,* Whorf is pointing to the gradually evolving, mediate elements of culture, history, social adaptation. Each language derives certain conventions of recognition, certain rules of relationship or antithesis from a manifold, initially random or chaotic potential. Conversely, where definitions break down, where syntax dissolves, the old chaos returns, either in the pathology of an individual or in the collapse of a society.[22]

Our language is our window on life. It determines for its speaker the dimensions, perspective and horizon of a part of the total landscape of the world. Of *a part.* No speech, however ample its vocabulary, however refined and adventurous its grammar, can organise the entire potential of experience. None, be it ever so sparse and rudimentary, fails to give *some* usable grid. The more we learn about languages, the more are we made aware of the particularity, of the vital idiosyncrasies, of any one language-vision. Thus so much of that characteristic Western sense of time as vectored flow, of sequential causality, of the irreducible status of the individual, is inseparable from the bone-structure, from the lucid but probably over-abstract patterns of Indo-European syntax. We can locate in these patterns the substrata of past-present-future, of subject-verb-object, of pronomial disjunction between ego and collectivity, that shape so many elements in Western metaphysics, religion, and politics. Through their wealth of singular designation—their delicately graded discriminations of colour, scent, and local form—through the subtle grammatical co-ordinates by which they locate different states of action at different points in space, numerous so-called "primitive" languages exploit possibilities of feeling and response which we have left fallow.[23]

To learn a language beside one's native idiom, to penetrate its syntax, is to open for oneself a second window on the landscape of being. It is to escape, even if only partially, from the confinement of the apparently obvious, from the intolerant poverty, so corrosive just because one is unconscious of it, of a single focus and monochrome lens.

The consequences for psychology are drastic. It is doubtful whether any normative, generalised psychology of the kind found, for example, in Lockeian rationalism, cuts very deep. A psychology is topographic. It is a piece of local inventory and description, more or less complete, more or less accomplished in its techniques of excavation and projection. It maps mental operations, habits of feeling, conventions of self-awareness and "otherness" as they prevail throughout a culture or, at the largest, family of cultures. Where consciousness communicates with itself and outward in a thoroughly different linguistic context, a different psychology may be in order. There are few universals, fewer I imagine, than classic humanism and Cartesian-Chomskian models of the common man assume. Even the most "obvious," deeply incised concepts and rules of manipulation in the human psyche seem to acquire, immediately above the neurological level, local specifications and historical-cultural singularities. It may well be that there is only one universal—the incest taboo required, if it really is, for the preservation and development of the human species. Concepts of identity, of time, of the continuity or discontinuity of life and death, are not a part of Descartes' *sens commun* or a Kantian *a priori,* but highly differentiated, culturally varied, linguistically generated and transmitted conventions. Such a thing as a "universal psychology" would have to be a branch of molecular biology. All other psychology is history of language and social usage.

The Freudian Script

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS provides a crucial example. Unquestionably, Freud hoped for material substantiation, for neuro-physiological corroboration for his theories of mental structure. In the last analysis—and one may take the phrase

[21] This idea was, in fact, put forward for the first time by the neglected French grammarian and playwright Antoine Fabre d'Olivet in his *Langue hébraïque restituée* (1815–16).

[22] The thesis of "linguistic relativity," as advanced by Sapir and Whorf, is by no means unanimously accepted. A strong critique is presented in Max Black's *The Labyrinth of Language* (1968). For a balanced view, see F. Rossi-Landi, *"Ideologie della relativatà linguistica."*

[23] Clyde Kluckhohn and Dorothea Leighton tell us that in the Navaho language some thousand names of plants have been recorded in current speech (*The Navaho,* 1946).

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as a legitimate pun—such postulates of psycho-analysis as the tripartite division of id, ego, and superego, or the mechanics of psychic storage, repression, and discharge, ought to be reflected in the architecture of the brain and in the neuro-chemistry of nervous impulse. Only such empirical data could support the inference of psycho-analytic universality (a point clearly seen by Malinowski when he attacked psycho-analysis from an anthropological direction in his *Sex and Repression in Savage Society*). Without physiological corroboration, the Freudian account of personality, penetrating and suggestive as it is, might remain a brilliant piece of local, historically circumscribed observation. In its awkward *bonhomie*, a remark Freud makes in *The Ego and the Id* (and it is one of numerous similar asides) shows the intensity of his search for anatomical backing: "We might add, perhaps, that the ego wears an auditory lobe—on one side only, as we learn from cerebral anatomy. . . ."

Gradually Freud opted for a para-scientific methodology; he moved further and further from the empirical-evidential criteria of clinical psycho-pathology. He had to. But in doing so, Freud entered (consciously, I think) on a Pascalian wager. The more acute his therapeutic insights, the more pressing the need for normative, experimentally verifiable neurological evidence. Without this evidence, the psycho-analytic method would become, ever more, an act of "personal magic," a repetition by lesser men, in a queer limbo of shamanism, of Freud's virtuoso "tricks" of insight.

It is, I believe, fair to say that the neuro-physiological evidence has not turned up, or not in the unequivocal way expected by the early, and tenaciously hoped for by the late Freud. Today, psycho-analysis looks more and more like an inspired construct of the historical and poetic imagination, like one of those dynamic fictions through which the master-builders of the 19th century—Hegel, Balzac, Auguste Comte—summarised and gave communicative force to their highly personal, dramatic readings of man and society. It is, perhaps, less as a contemporary of Poincaré or Rutherford that one now sees Freud than as the great inheritor of the 19th-century systematic philosophers, playwrights, and novelists. Like that of Schopenhauer, to which it has such radical affinities, the work of Freud impresses one as a superbly perceptive, eloquent summation, already tinged with a stoic premonition of incipient ruin, of European bourgeois humanism, *floruit* 1789–1914. Freud's mapping—dare one say, mythology—of human motives and behaviour is profoundly circumstantial. It mirrors, it codifies rationally, the economic and social assumptions, the erotic mores, the domestic rites, of the Central European urban middle class in the years from 1880 to the collapse of agreed values in the first World War. At every point, Freud's chronicle of consciousness interacts with the surrounding sociological, economic, cultural setting. His model of libido and repression, of masculine authority, of generational antagonism, of licit and clandestine sexuality, is inseparable from the facts of family and professional existence in the Vienna of his day. There is more than a touch of buried architectural metaphor in the whole ego/id/super-ego theory—the cellarage, living quarters, and attic of the bourgeois house. Indeed, Freud's raw material and therapeutic instrument are no less verbal, no less rooted in language, than is the art of Balzac or Proust.

THIS IS SUCH AN OBVIOUS point that it was long overlooked. Psycho-analysis is a *matter of words*—words heard, glossed, stumbled over, exchanged. There can be no analysis if the patient is mute or the doctor is deaf. There can be none, or only its indifferent rudiments, if the patient has not attained a critical level of articulateness, if his own uses of language are too thin or commonplace. If psycho-analysis has, from the outset, drawn almost exclusively on a clientèle of a very restricted social milieu, the reasons are not (or not primarily) financial and modish. Only the educated, leisured classes of society exhibit the degree of verbalisation, of multiple semantic reference, of decorous elision, indispensable to the analytic process. But the question goes far beyond individual literacy. The language itself must have reached a sufficient density, a sufficient wealth of implication and effect. For psycho-analysis to function, the vernacular in which the patient freely associates must have a certain range, historical resonance, idiomatic variety, argotic underground and body of allusion. Only then can the analyst hear inside the verbal matrix, those ambiguities, concealments, word-plays, betraying muddles, on which he founds his therapeutic interpretation. (The analyst is a "translator into daylight.") In short, the particular linguistic system must be resourceful and syntactically highly evolved before the psycho-analyst's decoding can be of use.

Hence the "locality" and profoundly literary character of Freud's unravellings. These are firmly bound to the expressive and suppressive idiom of the Central European, largely Jewish middle class of the late 19th century in which Freud himself came of age. Freud's descriptions of the actions of consciousness and of the unconscious cannot be dissociated from the grammatical structures and referential conventions

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(referential especially in regard to slang and to literature) of German and Austrian German in the age of von Hofmannsthal, Arthur Schnitzler, and Thomas Mann.

IT MAY BE THAT the psycho-analytic theory of the unconscious and of the dynamics of neurosis has general applications. But today, it would seem that its main authority lies in the field of language-history and of the sociology of speech. No therapist since Freud has met with any true "Freudian cases," *i.e.*, with patients whose syntax of self-consciousness and association is much like that of the men and women—more women than men—whom Freud listened to and woke echo from in the Vienna of the 1890s. Moreover, the wide dissemination of psycho-analytic lore and literature has had its negative feed-back: much of classical Freudian praxis no longer works precisely because the patient can no longer display the needed linguistic innocence and associative spontaneity. Too many of us now know the script in advance.

A RECOGNITION OF THIS FACT, and of the methodological dilemmas that arise from it, inspires the revaluation of psycho-analysis currently taking place in France. The pronouncements of Dr. Jacques Lacan and of the *Cahiers pour l'analyse* are, not infrequently, indecipherably turgid and portentous. Nevertheless, their primary argument is clear and of compelling importance. *Fonction et champ de la parole et du langage* and the *Propos sur la causalité psychique* are almost certainly the major statements made by psycho-analysis after Freud.[24] Lacan aims to re-establish the Freudian theory of psychic process and the consequent methods of therapy on a basis of linguistics. The "means of psycho-analysis are those of speech... its domain is that of concrete discourse." The unconscious may be understood as "a blank or a false statement" in the stream of messages through which the ego articulates its identity. Suppressed or evaded memories survive as "well spoken lies." Indeed, memory itself is essentially a selective use of a past tense. The symptoms of neurosis can be located (*heard*) and analysed only because they already occur "in a language form." Lacan is an ultra-nominalist: "it is the world of words that creates the world of things." Psycho-analysis is a privileged mode of insight into this creative function because it knows the semantic structure of reality, because it knows that man is surrounded "by a total network of symbolic relations," most of which are manifest in language.

The substantive limitations of man are madness and death, conditions in which language refuses to signify. Psycho-analysis can deal with neither. (Freud's speculations on the "death-instinct" are an attempt at re-integrative myth. The "speechless" falls outside psycho-analysis precisely as it does outside Wittgenstein's elementary propositions.) This is the true reason why Freudian therapy is restricted to neurosis. Neurosis operates at the level of articulate, semantically conventional or only moderately disordered communication. Psychosis transcends grammar.

It is too soon to tell whether this attempted synthesis of Freud and of structural linguistics will work, whether it will provide psycho-analysis with the empirical backing denied to it by neuro-physiology. It may well be that, like Freud himself, Lacan is manoeuvring from too narrow, too naïvely verbal a basis. The study and therapeutic uses of the media of significant communication available to the human person will have to reckon with numerous extra-linguistic codes. Known as "paralanguages," such signal-systems as gesture, mien, dance, dress, non-verbalised sound of every kind, have been much investigated since Darwin's *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* of 1872. As I stressed before, such systems do not constitute "language" and their use by modern man is, at every point, linguistically penetrated or "debased." As the work of Paget, of Kroeber, of R. L. Birdwhistell on sign languages and "kinesics" makes clear, these "paralanguages" form a kind of animate zone around the complete linguistic act.[25] But it would be surprising if an exclusively verbal approach could prove adequate to the communicative energies of the psyche, particularly of the psyche in some partial state of lesion.

YET WHATEVER THE VALIDITY of Lacan's "psycho-semantics," one fact is obvious. The whole future of psychology is bound up with that of linguistic study, with our deepening grasp of man's unique speech-status. Psychology can no longer be separate from our realisation of how radically a particular language, a specific linguistic world-image, conditions the life of the mind.

Already it is apparent that any fruitful study of the genesis of personality in the child is, at decisive points, a study of the development of speech and of the links between speech and conceptualisation. Monkeys are less like child-

[24] The greater part of Lacan's writings has been collected in *Ecrits* (1966).

[25] Cf. A. J. Greimas, ed., *Pratiques et langages gestuels* (*Langages*, 10, 1968).

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ren than behavioural psychologists or incensed parents would suppose. We are also beginning to suspect that certain patterns of *anomie*, of anti-social and anarchic conduct, are related to verbal inadequacy, to the inability of the grammatically underprivileged to "branch into" a society whose codes of communication and idiom of values are too sophisticated. Henceforth, it is unlikely that clinical and social psychology, cultural anthropology and the study of language can get very far without constant collaboration and cross-reference. A book such as L. S. Vygotsky's *Thought and Language* (1962) written in the context of experimental psychology, points the way.

Literature & Linguistics

LITERARY CRITICISM and literary history are minor arts. We suffer at present from a spurious inflation of criticism into some kind of autonomous role. The interest wasted on the personality and quarrels of critics, the mass of criticism produced about works of literature which few of the educated public ever bother to read for themselves (T. S. Eliot on Dante is a representative case)—these are phenomena of journalism and may be indices of a general enervation. Critics and historians of literature write about writing; they offer books about books. It is nonsense to overlook this ontological derivativeness, let alone exalt the act of commentary above that of invention. Today there is even an academic métier in the criticism of criticism. Not very many statues are being raised to writers, but contrary to Sainte-Beuve's gloomy prognostication, there may be before long to critics.

A plain view of the dependent, secondary nature of literary and historical comment is more than a necessary honesty. It may, in fact, open the way to a legitimate future for criticism and rescue it from some of its current triviality and megalomania.

Being words about already extant words, a discourse on modes of discourses already established, the propositions of the critic form a meta-language. That a number of literary critics have mimed in their work the expressive techniques of the text they deal with, that important literary criticism will, at times, pass into the category of "active form," does not alter the fact: criticism, analysis, *explication de texte*, commemoration (a remembering with the reader), are linguistic constructs scaffolded about a previous linguistic construct. However eloquent or poetically suggestive in statement, the critic's job of work is more truly akin to that of the logician, grammarian, and linguist than it is to that of the novelist, playwright, or poet. But precisely in that may lie the way ahead.

Every work of literature, from the barest incantations known to ethnography to the "randomised" fiction of Mr. William Burroughs, is a specialised language-act (what the latest school of criticism in France calls *écriture*).[26] It is a piece of language in a heightened condition of order, elision, reference, ornament, or phonetic expressiveness. "Literature," exactly like any act of communication, is a selection from the available totality or potential of semantic resources in a given language (or, in rare cases, more than one language). The difference being —and it can only be put roughly—that literature selects according to aims and criteria other than immediate utility and unreflective colloquialism. Literature exists only because there can be realised—again, very roughly—a membrane to divide it from the common flow of discourse. Certain lexical and syntactical material is "filtered out" according to principles other than those of basic communication. The membrane may be exceedingly thin and permeable: extreme *verismo* aims at an idiom almost completely open to the inrush of the ordinary "unselected" vulgate. But there must be a separation, a voluntary sifting according to observable criteria, for the novel, poem or play to achieve actual being.

Once such a separation occurs—it need be no more than a modern dramatist splicing the tape he has hidden in a railway waiting-room—there results a linguistic structure, an *écriture*, of immense complexity. The number of formal variables, the range and intricacy of possible conventions, the individual, local, temporal modifiers in a literary text, are fantastic in number and specificity. By comparison, even the most taxing problems in formal logic are one-dimensional. Once it is in a condition of literature, language behaves exponentially. It is at every point more than itself. No mere inventory can exhaust the possible interactions between semantic units in even a "simple" lyric. All language, as we have seen, stands in an active, ultimately creative relationship to reality. In literature that relationship is energised and complicated to the highest possible degree. A major poem discovers hitherto unlived life-forms and, quite literally, releases hitherto inert forces of perception. Even as Cézanne discovered the implicit, but before him "unseen"

[26] Jacques Derrida, *De La Grammatologie* (1967), and Philippe Sollers, *Logiques* (1968), give a picture of this precious and hermetic but also stimulating approach.

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weight and blue-shadow rotundity of apples or the patient gravamen of a chair-leg.

THE COMPLEXITY AND DELICACY of the material of literature are such that neither formal logic nor linguistics have contributed more than the obvious to our understanding of a literary work. Efforts have been made to analyse the structure of poems or of paragraphs of narrative prose with the aid of symbolic logic, to dismantle the machine and locate its sources of impact.[27] Almost invariably, the outcome is an elegant diagram and a fatuous conclusion. Phonological, grammatological anatomies of literary passages are scarcely better. Their apparatus, particularly statistical, is often awesome, but the insights obtained are usually jejune and in reach of the most obvious critical reading. Neither the linguist nor the phonetician has the historical awareness, the familiarity with formal and biographical context, the training of tactile sensibility, that mark the competent critic. They lack what Coleridge called the required "speculative instruments." Because these techniques are committed to exhaustiveness, all elements must be accounted for, and to a specific degree of rigour. They must, as it were, be accounted for to several decimal places. In fact, however, formal logic and technical linguistics fall short of the provisional exactitudes of good criticism. The latter is precise, but in a very different way. Its precision may lie, for instance, in what it leaves unmapped, in the circle of diffidence it draws around the particular autonomy and "unaccountability" of the creative act. Coleridge's analysis of the nature and effects of metre in chapter XVIII and XXII of the *Biographia Literaria*, is indirectly immediate, it proceeds tangentially to the centre. It does so by mimesis, by a parallel acting out and bodying forth of meaning. The range of kinetic and nervous reference on which it draws is finely commensurate with the shape and difficulty of the question, with the fact (so often slighted by the logician) that the most polysemic of human constructs—a poem—is the object of examination.

But let us be clear. Formal logic and modern linguistics cannot do the job of the critic. But the critic, in turn, can ill afford to ignore what they, and linguistics especially, have to offer. I would go further. The current state of criticism is so facile and philosophically naïve, so much of literary criticism, particularly in England and America, is puffed-up book-reviewing or thinly disguised preaching, that a responsible collaboration with linguistics may prove the best hope.

Such collaboration would by no means be novel. Quintilian and the Renaissance made little operative distinction between the study of grammar and that of grammar animated by poetics or rhetoric. Negotiated via philology, an alliance between linguistics and literary criticism is explicit in the work of Eric Auerbach, Ernst Robert Curtius, and Leo Spitzer. Roman Jakobson has expounded it since 1919 and the discussions on *epitheta ornantia* by the Moscow Linguistic Circle. It underlies a good deal of the critical practice of I. A. Richards and William Empson. It was the goal of Walter Benjamin whose "hermeneutic" readings of baroque tragedy, Goethe, and French symbolist verse relate the 20th-century language-revolution to much older habits of Talmudic exegesis. We need not accept Jakobson's prescription[28] that linguistics be allowed to "direct the investigation of verbal art in all its compass and extent" (*direct* being the over-stated term). But we must acknowledge the full force of his observation that

> the poetic resources contained in the morphological and syntactic structure of language, briefly the poetry of grammar, and its literary product, the grammar of poetry, have been seldom known to critics.

WHAT ARE SOME of the new directions for a linguistically educated literary criticism? Obviously a great deal wants doing in the study of the structure of poetry, in a probing, at once technical and philosophic, of the vital "strangeness," of the strictly confined yet privileged conventions of syntax, of tonal relation, which set a poem apart from all other types of signal. We need more and subtler identifications than are as yet available of the phonetics of poetry, of the musicality which declares, infers or dissolves meaning in a poem. In that way, to what extent is poetic "truth" made to sound true; in what manner is music the verification of poetic statement?[29] We require a congruence of historical, morphological, and literary awareness to tell us far more than we as yet know about the interactions of syntax and genre at different periods in literature. Thus the root-energies of the heroic couplet seem to be an intensification of contemporary speech-forms, a kind of super-grammar; whereas we find in certain schools of modern verse an anti-grammar, an alternative, more contingent order of discourse than is active in normal diction.[30]

[27] A number of such exercises may be found in *Style in Language*, ed. T. A. Sebeok (1960).

[28] See his key paper on "Linguistics and Poetics" (in *Style and Language*).

[29] Many acute observations are contained in Christine Brooke-Rose, *A Grammar of Metaphor* (1958).

[30] Cf. Donald Davie, *Articulate Energy* (1955).

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What are the relations between metrical systems, between the elements of stress, recurrence, rhyme, in a given prosody and the structure of the language as a whole? Russian polysyllabic words admit only one stress and therefore enter into binary metres only if a metric stress is dropped. Does such a linguistic fact relate to the nature of the poetry produced and, in turn, to the patterns of sensibility a poetry generates in the relevant society and culture? May we think of metre as a "substitute-logic," a code of organised semantic sequences which can, but need not, mesh with the casual, temporal, spatial "rules" of ordinary discourse? What can lexical linguistics tell us of the density, of the regional or centralised focus, of the conservatism or receptivity to innovation and foreign import, of a language at different stages in its history? Surely it is no longer necessary to regard as authoritative, let alone verifiable, Eliot's famous dictum that "something happened to the mind of England" between the time of Donne and that of Browning. If such a statement is to have meaning, it must be accountable to the history of the language. The true "evidence" for Eliot's theory is his own achievement as a poet; it is a programme for his own verse that is being argued here in a characteristically masked form. Indeed, Eliot's literary criticism may be the last to be so influential yet so casual in its linguistic and philosophic interest.

Beyond these lines of enquiry into the shared life of grammar, phonetics, logic, linguistic history and poetry, there lie areas of extreme difficulty.

Do literary genres—the verse epic, the ode, verse tragedy, the prose novel—have some kind of interior life-cycle, do they correspond to needs or occasions in the language itself and lose their conviction when those occasions pass or those needs are fulfilled? What is the act of translation? What linguistic, philosophic, and poetic functions are involved when a line of poetry moves across the border from one language to another, and how is the very possibility of translation underwritten by recent models of transformational grammar?[31] If certain civilisations produce "greater," more consistently vital literature than others, is part of the reason linguistic? In other words, are some languages, in a way we cannot even formulate precisely, more suited to literary expression than others? Do their syntax and vocabulary contain a greater potential of expressive mutation, of "language set apart"? And in what way does literature generate further literature? To which question the converse would be: does the existence of a Dante, of a Shakespeare, of a Goethe in a given language inhibit the recurrence of comparable achievement? Are there entropies in language and expressive resources as there are in matter?

In 1941, John Crowe Ransom advertised: *Wanted: An Ontological Critic,* a reader equipped to disclose in poetry "the secret of its strange yet stubborn existence as a kind of discourse unlike any other." A complete ontology of poetic form and of poetic effect is very probably beyond our means. More than any other speech-act, the poem goes to the roots of language itself, to the unique communicatory and responsive dialectic of human identity. But advances can be made and their interest will, in Ransom's phrase, be "profounder and more elemental" than that of the majority of what now serves as literary criticism and literary history. Neither has yet registered the decisive truism that literature—all literature—is a form and function of language. It is the poets who have always known that.

In the Absence of Fantasia

As we noted, the "language-revolution" arose from an urgent sense of linguistic crisis. Today, we can see how accurate Mauthner and Karl Kraus were in their alarmed foresight. Even as we are beginning to know more about language, to ask better questions about the reciprocities of speech and human identity, language itself is under pressure.

I have sought elsewhere to locate some of the main sources. Totalitarian politics, be they Fascist, Stalinist, or tribal, have set out to master language. They must do so precisely because a totalitarian model of society lays claim to the core and entirety of the human person. Modern tyrannies have re-defined words, often in a deliberate, grotesque reversal of normal meaning: life signifies death, total enslavement stands for freedom, war is peace. Stalinism and current tribal hysterias labour, often with success, to uproot the past tense from the safeguard of common remembrance. Stalinist and Maoist historiography re-invent the past. Historical occurrences, the names and very existence of human beings, unacceptable ideas, are obliterated by decree. An artifice of unanimous memory—a drilled recollection of fictions and non-events—replaces the natural plurality of individual recall. In the grammar of totalitarian speech, which Kenneth Burke[32] looked at even before George Orwell, conjugations of the verb

[31] The author is at present preparing a study of this topic.

[32] See his essay, "The Rhetoric of Hitler's 'Battle'" in *The Philosophy of Literary Form* (1941).

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take place in a depersonalised present and in a utopian future (a *plus que parfait*, if I may reverse the ordinary meaning of that tense). Being a falsehood constantly altered and renewed, the past is made present. To unspeak the actual past, to eradicate the names, acts, thoughts of the unwanted dead, is a tyranny of peculiar horror. Pursued rigorously, it cuts off humanity, or certain societies, from the vital responsibilities of mourning and of justice. Man is set back in a landscape without echo.

Moreover, the planned falsification and dehumanisation of language carried out by totalitarian régimes have had effects and counterparts beyond their borders. These are reflected, though in a less murderous way, in the idiom of advertisement, wish-fulfilment and consensus-propaganda of consumer technocracies. We live under a constant wash of mendacity. Millions of words tide over us with no intent of clear meaning. Quiet is becoming the prerogative of a sheltered élite or the cage of the desolate. As a result, expressive modes have been grossly inflated. Their discriminatory precision, their graphic, verifiable content have been eroded to a public smoothness. The percentage of cliché, of language-tags shared by all and lived by none, has risen steadily. A study of random samples of urban telephone calls suggests a drastic diminution and standardisation of vocabulary and syntax accompanied by a formidable growth of actual speech-output. In the world of the telephone we speak more to say less. It may be, correspondingly, that in that of radio, television, tape-recorder and film, we hear more and listen less. Lexicographers estimate that the English vulgate contains in excess of six hundred thousand words. Less than one hundred words account for seventy-five per cent of all messages transmitted by telephone and telegraph. An analogous reduction of grammar, of the available delicacies and interrelations in sentence-structure, underlies the rhetoric of advertisement and mass-journalism. We write fewer personal letters and our letters are shorter than in middle-class usage in the 18th and 19th centuries. Our schooling puts an ever-diminishing stress on verbal remembrance. How many educated individuals today can recite by heart more than a few tatters of poetry or prose? We read more in actual volume of print, but less that is exacting and linguistically enriching.[33]

If the politics of terror press on the individual, on his right to remember and to make personal statement, so do the politics of licence. That the near-abolition of verbal taboos, particularly with regard to the erotic, has narrowed and weakened the imaginative authority of literature, seems probable. What is more difficult to show, but more corrosive, is the effect of the removal of verbal inhibitions on the life-force, on the centre and mystery of language. Saying all, and saying it in the same market-place words as everyone else, means imagining, personally recreating less. We face a new situation here, and one that is obviously difficult to analyse. But taboos or speech-zones reserved for occasions of special intimacy and seriousness, had a vitalising as well as a protective function.[34] Words which used to lodge at the heart of conventional silence, that were only expended in an act of complete trust and exchange of self—as sexual terms might be spoken loud in the last privacy of love—are near the deep springs of language. They kept it, in some degree, magical. Verbal reticence is the only thing that relates our publicised, exhibitionist sensibility to antique energies and sources of wonder. There was a time when the word was *Logos*, when a man would not readily deliver his true name into another man's keeping, when the name or numinous titles of the deity were left unspoken. By hounding all reserve out of our ways of speech, by making loud and public the dim places of feeling, we may be hacking up by their roots (roots, one suspects, closely related) indispensable forces both of poetry and eros. Parading so openly, being so wastefully shared, our lives, and the language in which we experience them, go the more naked.

A MORE GENERAL CHANGE may be implicated in these devaluations. Ten years ago, I called it "the retreat from the word." Conceivably, verbal communication will play a smaller, a less creative role than before, in the life of consciousness. Today, non-verbal codes such as those of mathematics already map and control much of reality; soon, with a change in the sociology and criteria of literacy, they may come to communicate that reality to more and more human beings. The binomial primer, the grammar of calculus and set-theory may come to be as current as the more traditional "first reader." No word-signal can go beyond childish simile when trying to tell us that a table or a chair is a system of electrons in statistically-describable motion, separated by distances and intricacies of force comparable, on their scale, to those in the galaxy. Mathematics can say this precisely and can make its statement exhilaratingly suggestive to those who know its syntax.

[33] Cf. Robert Escarpit, *La Révolution du livre* (1965).

[34] For a rather superficial but well-informed statement, see W. Simon and J. Gagnon, "Sex Talk—Public and Private" (*Etc.*, xxv, 1968).

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At many points in our immediate culture, language-forms seem stale or unwelcome, like actors from a condemned playhouse. Abstract art scorns verbal paraphrase. It demands that we learn to read its own self-contained idiom. A painting of a man in a golden helmet or of a blue bowl with red apples may, through its concentration of visual and tactile means, be "untranslatable" into any other medium; but in so far as it *represents*, as it admits of a title, the Rembrandt or Chardin canvas is an intensely "stated," syntactically organised proposition. *Black on Black* or *Composition Ninety-one* are not. A comparable advance into the absolute characterises the abandonment of classical musical forms. A classical sonata or a romantic symphony, with their exposition, thematic development, recapitulation and conclusion, had a marked structural analogy to the grammar of speech. The music of Stockhausen and Cage, especially where it invites a free choice of sequence, a randomisation of performed units, breaks with the architecture of language. (It is precisely a dependence on ordered sequence, an impossibility of wilful reversal or random placing which, as generative grammar reminds us, constitute language.) Today words seem to comprehend less of reality, and to tell us less of what we need to know.

So much is fairly evident. What lies further can only be conjecture.

I WONDER WHETHER the primacy of language as we have known it in human civilisation, as well as many of the dominant syntactical features of language, are not the embodiment of a particular view of man's identity and death. The trinary set, past-present-future, the subject-object function, the metaphysics and psychology of the first person pronoun, the conventions of linguistic repeatability and variation on which we found our techniques of remembrance and, hence, our culture—all these codify an image of the human person which is now under attack. A "happening," an aleatory piece of music, an artefact made only to be destroyed, are strategic denials of the future tense, even as the derision of precedent, the unsaying of history or a contemptuous indifference towards it, are a refusal of a past. In the grammar of the freak-out and the wrecker it is always today. The idea, so crucial to our civilisation, that things said and created now may, by virtue of their impertinence to the present, have a strength of being greater, scandalously more durable than our own, is seen as illusion or bourgeois hypocrisy. To the new vigilantes and utopians of the immediate, there is something outrageous in the possibility that most personal lives are insignificant and meant for oblivion, and that the present becomes future only through the music, mathematics, poetry, and thought of a very small number. Until now, an arrogant, perhaps irrational *dur désir de durer* has been the life-impulse of history. It may no longer be an acceptable ideal. The young militias are right when they bellow; the agitators are showing deep insight when they abrogate all discussion by saying "fuck off." They no longer share the language of their enemies. They want nothing to do with it. They would break free of language as from their own shadows. They must stop their ears to all the ceremonious, ironic voices from the past that are in books, that will outlive them, and that speak of death.[35]

There is also another direction from which the individual "I," the concept of the human person as an irreducible mystery, is under pressure. Totalitarian politics, the long erosion of fear, tend to collectivise men and women, to reduce as far as possible their sanctuary of private identity. So do the conditions of standardised desire, of noise level, of programmed efficacy in a "free society." (The linguistic divergencies between West German and East German speech provide an instructive case of similar deformation under different stress).[36] It is, today, increasingly difficult to "be oneself," to carve out for one's idiom, physical style and habits of sensibility an untypical terrain. Under the piston-stroke of the mass media, of open and subliminal advertisement, even our dreams have grown more uniform. Like our bread, much of our manner of being comes pre-packaged. It is only in secret that we celebrate the insolent wonder of the ego, that we inhale—oh riddle of sensuality—the smell of our own ordure.

With the development of surgical transplants, the very definition of personal existence, of a mortal, *untranslatable* self, grows perplexing. "Which part of my body was I, which will be you?" Rimbaud's *je est un autre,* that prophetic password to the trance and violence of the new freedom, is taking on a medical meaning. But it is a meaning exterior to all known co-ordinates of syntax. With heart transplantation a fact, and surgical transfers of the brain definitely conceivable, the *I/you* disjunction through which the language-animal entered on history is no longer self-evident.

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[35] It is their understanding of the revolutionary nature of a scream and a nonsense-word which make Jarry and Artaud the true prophets of today's insurrections.

[36] Cf. the discussion of this important topic in Hans H. Reich, *Sprache und Politik* (*Münchner Germanistische Beiträge*, I, 1968).

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We are in a process of profound change. I believe that the unstable, transitional status of time and personal identity, of the ego and of physiological death, will affect the authority and range of language. If these "historical universals" alter, if these syntactical foundations of perception are modified, the structures of communication will also change. Seen at this level of transformation, the much-discussed role of electronic media is only a symptom and outrider.

It would be foolish to speculate further. But let us be entirely clear about what is involved. Much of the best that we have known of man, much of that which relates the human to the humane—and our future turns on that equation—has been immediately related to the miracle of language. Humanity and that miracle are, or have been hitherto, indivisible. Should language lose an appreciable measure of its dynamism, man will, in some radical way, be less man, less himself. Recent history and the breakdown of effective communication between enemies and generations, as it harries us now, shows what this diminution of humanity is like. There was a loud organic and animal world before man, a world full of non-human messages. There can be such a world after him. Wallace Stevens heard its premonitory signals on a winter's day:

The leaves cry. It is not a cry of divine attention,
Nor the smoke-drift of puffed-out heroes, nor human cry.
It is the cry of leaves that do not transcend themselves,

In the absence of fantasia, without meaning more
Than they are in the final finding of the air, in the thing
Itself, until, at last, the cry concerns no one at all.

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Father's Day

Thunderbreak of rage, the sun punched black;
Snowmen fandangoed in the heatwave he ordered;
He ripped the fields' green covers off and ground them to mulch.

His eyes trumpeted, declared frequent wars;
His whims fell among us with crushing tonnage;
Long promises and histories vanished like bubbles.

He stoked my belief in Father, the God,
Whose vengeance was heavier than the big religious book.
My tears and fears fuelled his engines of laughter.

And he has not changed. Nor I. But something has:
Authority has been spirited away: each anger,
Aspiration, impulse and hunger has become pitiable.

Belief has gone like a bubble. He is seventy-one
And I must protect him; he is so vulnerable
Stripped of my faith; he is younger than his youngest son.

Vernon Scannell

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Ben Morreale

Tales of Academe

Down and Out on the American Campus

THERE IS an area in the academic world set between U.C.L.A. and the Bronx Community College filled with intellectual vagabonds, mental tramps, educational medicine men, too-wise and cunning graduate students, aristocratic débris whose fathers—seeing revolution coming in the 18th century—taught their sons a *métier*, Marxian fakirs in search of peace, and hordes of workingmen's sons who believed in the purity of their professors' ideas; and then the multitude of down-and-out students who wander in this world looking for some spiritual nourishment. There are all kinds of currency in this world, and more than one way of being down-and-out.

This skid-row of the academic world is hidden, put out of sight, and some will even tell you that it does not exist except in the mind. It is for this reason that one can only catch glimpses of this land when in a firefly wink it opens up and we see it from the corner of our minds. A book review of a novel on academia begins: "The academic world must be a truly dreary place if all these tedious novels cascading down upon us are to be believed. . . ." An article, humorously describing the American Historical Association's annual meeting (referred to again with intended humour as the "Slave Market") remarks: "Some come to make one more attempt before they sink into the oblivion of some tedious place in Iowa. . . ." A classical scholar speaks of graduate schools: "The wretched pedantry, the meanness of motive, the petty rancour of rivalry, the stultifying professionalism . . . are as familiar as the air we breathe. We ourselves endured it and now, intolerably, we impose it on others. It is an old story, best avoided."

Unfortunately, it is just this avoided area that bankrupts men. Perhaps because it is *best avoided* that this down-and-out land is a place where tragedy seems less tragic. A good man is found dead drunk in a nearby stream, but still dead, and it seems natural. An ageing man runs off with a young co-ed—much love is squandered, and friends and enemies remark, "Pity, but I expected that sort of thing." Someone's wife in the education department writes a short story about it that is rejected by a dozen magazines with the same phrase, "Oh, dear, this is such familiar ground." A promising student tries to hang himself and when he is cut down groans, "I was looking for an unfamiliar sound." And the old-timer raises his eyebrows, "I'm not surprised, really." There is no grieving here. Except for the boy just cut down who wails, "There's hardly an attempt to understand—it. . . . I mean *understand*. It might explain this loosening of the natural tightness around my heart that makes me want to cry softly all day long. . . ."

Everyone simply withdraws and grieves for himself, and reality of the world can only be approached obliquely, from the corner of one's eye, and an ear tilted for eavesdropping. Until it blows up in a furious rage.

"THEY SAY," one down-and-outer told me, "that Europeans always knew that something existed beyond the Atlantic before Columbus' voyage because of the flotsam and jetsam thrown up on their shores. Plants and trees that did not exist in Europe, and even bodies of strange men that had floated across the Atlantic. That's what I feel like—I keep bobbing up to remind people of this land that is beyond the oceans of their mind."

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Another, a man who had been a forester before he went into English, looked upon himself as an itinerant, an Oakie of the academic world. He travelled in an old car, his kids and his wife in the back making peanut-butter sandwiches, his notes in the trunk of his car which he opened whenever he found, as he said, a grubby job. Then he chanted his litany for a while at some college, and when he heard of another grubby job, made a long-distance telephone call from someone else's phone, wrote a humorous letter, repacked his notes in the trunk of his car, and disappeared leaving a box of Kleenex in his desk and a note on a large pile of otherwise blank paper which read, "When they needed a Socrates, they hired a Luther." In the Fall his replacement comes, a replica, a near-doctor of philosophy from the University of Buffalo. He comes in a five-year-old station wagon, its edges rusted, with a wife, three young children—two from a first marriage—to settle in an apartment with no furniture but a rug and table, its legs cut down close to the floor, on it a long-stemmed rose in a green Italian *fiasco*. Within a week, diapers are stuffed beneath the radiators; within a month the wife is smoking pot again while the philosopher whimpers, "What is this *malaise* that permeates this goddam academic world?" While his wife lights up from the corner of the room and smiles.

The doctor of philosophy, a frail man who covered his Lutherlike anger with a forced Socratic smile—as if he had found his predecessor's note—stuttered, "We're in an exploding system and we scream through it like shrapnel." And his wife, all in puffing on her cigarette deeply and contentedly, repeats, "Keep it funny, man. Keep it funny."

There is one thing all these men and women have in common beside stomach disorders—they want to tell someone about it and, because they consider themselves intellectuals, they want to write about it or have someone, anyone, write about it. The long evenings spent together with colleagues would leave everyone with the word "depressed" pressed to his lips.

"Why can't it be written about?"

"Because writing distorts reality."

"Why?"

"Because you must choose. How can we write a novel and not choose? You end up with no hero, no unity, no non-hero, no drama, no suspense. Our world? The drama is the tediousness, the small crises that persist and are never solved. It's enough to make strong men cry—softly. But then tragedy has a soft core."

THE COLLEGES contribute to this uneasiness, for they search for the Ph.D.s from Harvard, Yale and Columbia, who have published and, if they can't get them, are disappointed. Instead they settle for the person who "is working on his Ph.D." at Minnesota, and when this poor man comes from Duluth in a brand new station wagon—bought by his father-in-law who is a car salesman—with a wife and two children, they settle in the philosopher's vacated apartment, with no furniture but a High Fi set on top of which is a bucket with a bouquet of wheat his wife had gathered that summer in northern Minnesota. Within six weeks he learns that the gap between what he has been trained to do (let alone his aspirations) and what he is asked to do (to teach) is appalling—an abyss. He is soon trembling at faculty meetings as he shouts, "I wasn't trained to teach people to fit into the P.T.A. I wasn't trained to adjust the child to democratic living. Hell, that's indoctrination!" And it isn't long before all the students have, it seems to him, no business being in college. Teaching becomes a conversation between the deaf and the angry. He hates the administration who, he feels, perpetuate this as a plot in building their own empires. He concludes that administrators should only be allowed to sweep the corridors. Finally, he feels that the eye of the administration is upon him and, for the first time in his life—now in its 32nd or 33rd year—he discovers that this is the only way he can make a living. A fear grips him—that will lead to this *maligonia*—the nausea, the need to cry. The second year, in self-defence, he becomes the Rebel in Residence. The last time I saw him, he was furiously composing a funny letter, a gay and witty letter, which he told me he was going to send to 300 colleges asking if there was an opening in his field. He's down and out.

A YOUNG INSTRUCTOR, "Little Eddie Sunshine," as we came to call him, after six months of teaching economics in a Vermont experimental college, came to my home one night with a full bottle of Chartreuse liqueur and announced that he would not give me a drink. And while he drank, he muttered, "It's fixed."

"What's fixed?"

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"This place."

"What do you mean?"

"This place. It's fixed—the faculty meetings, the Democratic Community crap. It's fixed. I'd like to goose all their minds."

Later that night they found him, his face green as the liqueur he had been drinking, in the girls' dormitory where, apparently, for one wild hour he had goosed every girl he found, shouting, "Open up your bowels and let the sunshine in."

Later, he said sadly, "It was the only way I could get to their minds."

He left shortly after for a Presbyterian college somewhere in Wisconsin. Before he left, he looked at me and said, "Somebody ought to write about this goddam hole."

The sociologist at the same experimental college devoted most of his time to reading and collecting novels about academia. He had read them all, made notes on them all, kept files on them all. He considered Randall Jarrell's book, *Pictures from an Institution* (1959) the best of them all. The sociologist was a big man, unaware of his strength because he had never used it, who was constantly on the verge of going to sleep. In his cellar-office he would tell me, "There will soon be seven million college students and God knows how many professors. Let's hypothesise that there will be 300,000 professors. It might be as if the state of Vermont were to teach the whole state of North Carolina!" And he would drone on while he had one of his assistants make coffee for us, giving me figures from Ohio, New York, and California. He had the idea that only a man with no talent, a common man, could write about this world. "And it's important, you know. The world may soon be divided between students and teachers. A new class struggle is

Female Fury

New York City

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION. *Says Miss Bernadine Dohrn, the attractive and scholarly inter-organisational secretary of Students for a Democratic Society. "In almost any woman you can unearth an incredible fury. It is often not even a conscious, a threshold thing. But it's there, and it's an anger that can be a powerful radicalising force. To date, our movement has not really made room for the enormous political potential of women's repression."*

More than 30 per cent of those arrested in Columbia's occupied buildings last spring were women.

Says Miss Robin Morgan, 27, who together with her husband, a poet and leftist writer, forms a "two-member commune": "You have to keep the revolution going in your own life. Having children in the Movement is a tremendous act of affirmation. If you really believe in what you believe, having a child becomes all the more radicalising, all the more reason to fight.... These kids growing up in the Movement face the greatest confrontation, but also the greatest possible hope. They may see the society that humankind has been dreaming about since the beginning.... With each passing day I am a little more willing to fight and die...."

Josephine Biddle Duke, 19, child of a celebrated family of old and immense fortune, who entered Barnard College in the fall of 1967, was among the demonstrators who hurled bags of blood. Among the targets: the limousine of the State Department's former chief of protocol, Angier Biddle Duke, her uncle.... As a television crew prepared to film the scene, students in the front ranks raised their hands in the familiar V that had been the emblem of student defiance only three months before. "Not V's!" barked Miss Duke, several ranks back, "Fists!" During the summer, national S.D.S. adopted the clenched fist as the symbol of revolutionary militancy.... Miss Duke has now withdrawn from Barnard "to give full time to the revolution." Says Miss Duke: "... I don't know when the revolution will come, maybe not in my lifetime. I only know there is no time for fence-sitting.... I think of the future only in terms of my being with The Movement. I change as The Movement changes."

Susan Adelman, 23, a member of Liberation News Service, began her radical odyssey at Berkeley, in 1964, just as the Free Speech movement was in full cry. The only child of a successful, self-made entrepreneur, she had grown up in the tense and cloying atmosphere of Beverly Hills.... She returned home in the summer of 1967 "really on fire." She found herself involved in an intricate schism within the Liberation News Service. She was among the truck-load of L.N.S. insurgents who participated in a pre-dawn raid on the Massachusetts farm of L.N.S. founder Marshall Bloom in an effort to retrieve a printing press and several thousand dollars expropriated from the New York offices....

"Women bring to The Movement the ultimate revolutionary test," maintains Robin Morgan. "Sooner or later we are going to have a revolution because we must. But it has got to take place in a way that has never happened before—not just politically and economically, but in a cultural and even biological sense as well. The role of women is absolutely crucial to these new dimensions of revolution and liberation...."

N.Y. SUNDAY TIMES MAGAZINE

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in the air—and the professors who rule the graduate schools are now the monopoly capitalists. Someone must write about it. For two hundred years we've put our faith in higher education; now we're uneasy. But it must be humorous."

His wife, who kept files on every member of the faculty with the hope of one day writing a book, offered me all her files. "Take them," she smiled feebly. "It could make such a funny book. It really could, you know." As if this experience of the down-and-out world, returned as a book and paraded around would comfort them all. They would pass it from one to the other, like some surrogate judge wearing a polka-dot bow tie returned from Brooklyn to his native Sicily, reading its pages affectionately in spite of the fact that they know more than the book contained. I took her files and tape-recordings of faculty members she had gotten drunk for the occasion. "Please make it funny," she said.

But, then, so many in the down-and-out world hang on to humour to keep them from the edge of hysteria, while genuine laughter is suspect. For there is a good portion of this world that frowns constantly, a dreadful frown, as if there were something wrong with their urinary tract. What sours these men more than anything else is to see anyone else smiling.

In the experimental world there was a Master of English who wrote beautiful poetry about the Jewish prophets, and long philosophical pieces about truth and beauty in the voice of the angry one God Jehovah. He had that kind of mind that would be ruined by a Ph.D. He suspected this and it made him all the more angry, because without it, he knew he was doomed to teach Freshman English and wander in the down-and-out world forever. A finished poem made him smile, but when it came back from *Commentary*, oh, the wailing, the grieving. I could see all the suffering of the Jewish people in that man, as if the Jewish expression, "So, show me where it is written?" was meant as a command to him, personally, and he had failed himself, his people, and his God. On such occasions he would stare at a book by Saul Bellow and mutter, "Oh, these successful writers," and he would wander from room to room. "Oy, oy, I'm going to commit suicide. Oy, oy." He pulled his hair, his glasses slipped to the tip of his nose. In the kitchen he wailed beside the stove while his wife smiled, "Come, come. Let's have some fun. Come."

It was no wonder, then, that if ever he caught me smiling he would frown and shake his head. "Despair, despair, that's what you need."

He soon left the prophets to read Sartre and Kierkegaard, and was quickly convinced that wisdom lay just beyond despair. He was a nice-looking young man, and it did not become him. It made me smile to see such a nice-looking man talking about things beyond despair.

"What are you smiling at?" he shouted. And before I could answer, he growled, "So you think Sartre is a man for ugly people only, and only they should enjoy him?"

It all made me wonder what price had to be paid to be a writer, a Jewish writer. Last I heard, he was writing a novel "about the college," and it was going to be funny.

MARXISM has always brought some comfort to those in the down-and-out world. It is understandable. My Marxian fakir friend with whom I shared a dingy office for a short time at some traditional college, would look up from his desk and say, "You expect Crane Brinton, the capitalist-millionaire of the academic world, to be a Marxist or even *not* to knock it? Man, are you kidding? His texts sell in the millions, paper-backs, the cheques rolling in."

"It's hard work just to type a book," I said.

"Soot, man, he gets himself a *braceros* to do that. Sure he has a sense of humour. He is witteee, witteee," and he frowned. "It's the humour of fat America looking at a starving world. Did you ever see that painting by Daumier—there's this fat Frenchman at a table loaded with food—leg of lamb, wine, bread, nuts, the whole bit. And there's a smile on his face, a real friggin' smile, and he is saying, *'Je suis ravitaillé'*—while there are hunger revolts all over Paris that they're putting down by killing and murdering people. It's the same thing with Crane Brinton—the Walt Disney of historians: I'm all right, Jack—frig you."

He had the built-in prudishness—a hint of the virtuous state he would build—and he never cursed, but used sounds that closely resembled cursing. And yet I thought he would be the happiest of all the people in the down-and-out world—teaching the sons and daughters of the working class. But he only answered, "Soot, man, these guys don't want a revolution. They want *in*. They want to get to the lousy trough.

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And when all America is at the table, they'll have that smile: *'Moi, je suis ravitaillé—le reste, je m'en fous.'* " And to control his anger he laughed loudly, an uproarious laughter.

He was a man in his forties with the body of a gymnast that was beginning to stoop slightly. He had been to seven colleges and universities, mostly of the down-and-out variety; jobs had taken him all over the United States and Canada. He had a Ph.D. in history from a Canadian university, and he knew everybody in the world of small left-wing magazines. He knew the deans of hundreds of colleges and promised you an interview for a job with someone at Boston College. He knew the wives of known authors. He had worked on a tobacco farm in Mississippi when he could not find a job. He said he was from Kansas, but later I

The Booming Campus

Washington

WITH THE *controversial dynamiting of Oaksapp University's historic old Slingborn Hall by student militants, the crisis of the American campus took a fresh turn last week.*

Progressives in the field of higher education had long regarded Oaksapp as a model institution. Curriculum had been abandoned five years ago following protests in which President Dixby Dross was hanged from the historic old Oaksapp oak in the quadrangle, once the traditional site of campus football victory celebrations.

At the same time, Oaksapp instituted a system of student autonomy, gave undergraduates the right to unlimited chapel cuts and granted amnesty to the leaders of S.E.S. (Students for an Exterminated Society) who had led the demonstrations.

A RECENT REPORT *by the American Association of University Students, an organisation established by the National Congress of Campus Activists in 1977 to police the nation's universities, commended Oaksapp for its "relevance to today's world."*

In doing so, it pointed to the installation of billiard tables in every dormitory, the licensing of liquor sales in the gymnasium and the decision to divide the school year into two six-week semesters.

Why then, alarmed educators have asked, were the students moved to dynamite historic old Slingborn Hall? The answer seems to be that Oaksapp, for all its "progressive" adaptation to student needs, has failed to recognise that there is a new mood on the American campus today.

THE SPOKESMAN *for the new mood is the radical SURL (Student Union for Retirement Learning), which was formed last summer at a secret conference held at the Saginaw Blues Festival. The so-called Saginaw Manifesto declares that American universities have "wilfully and callously disregarded their obligation to prepare the concerned students of this country for retirement."*

Hod Cassowary, the 43-year-old chairman of Oaksapp's SURL chapter, put it succinctly the morning after the dynamiting. "Students are tired of devoting 25 years of their lives to universities and then being turned out without so much as a gold watch," Cassowary said.

In meetings with student administrators before the explosion, Cassowary found the president and the trustees, whose average age is 19, "out of it." "I've been on this campus long enough to have earned seven master's degrees and four Ph.D.'s if we hadn't done away with curriculums," Cassowary declared, "and yet my needs are blithely ignored by a power structure of pipsqueaks. 'What are you complaining about?' they asked me. 'We let you have women in the dormitory any time you want.'"

IT IS NOW AGREED *that President Burke, who is twenty years old, alienated many of Oaksapp's more decrepit students when he lightly dismissed Cassowary's demands with a quip. "Old Hod's just hod under the collar," he told the press. His prestige was further damaged when SURL seized his office, rifled his mail and discovered that he had been in correspondence with the Y.M.C.A., the 4-H clubs and other youth-oriented arms of the power elite.*

To many persons, SURL's demands seem purposely devised to outrage the universities. Its central demand is for a programme under which every student would be able to retire, leave college and live on a full pension at the age of 45. Progressive educators argue that there is justice in this demand.

IF THE UNIVERSITIES *are not going to prepare the individual to survive in an extra-campus environment, they believe, it is only fair for the universities to provide their own guarantees of post-college security. The university student today, it is argued, becomes perforce a disadvantaged member of society because of a system which denies him an education.*

SURL also demands that Oaksapp establish a special department of retirement studies with courses in shuffleboard, European touring and checkers. This, of course, would violate the theory of unstructured curriculum.

Finally, Cassowary has demanded that Oaksapp be relocated in Jamaica or a similar environment "more relevant to the needs of retirement education." President Burke is open minded about this proposal. "If there are a few more dynamitings," he says, "we'll have to rebuild somewhere."

RUSSELL BAKER in *The New York Times*

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found that he was from Kerala, India, and for a short time he had been a Methodist.

When I knew him, he wore dozens of buttons on the wide lapels of his outmoded suit, buttons that called for peace, for the freedom of the Negro people. His pockets were filled with pamphlets and books. The window of his office sported a peace pigeon perched on the words "STOP THE WAR IN VIET NAM." The patriots of the campus had thrown bags filled with mud at it and drawn with fingers in it a four-lettered word that one student for a Democratic Society had turned into "BOOK YOU."

My Marxian fakir stayed two years at our college in the provinces and then left without saying good-bye to anyone. He was truly a down-and-outer, a figure out of Gorky's *memoirs* or Conrad's *stories* who had led a kind of Lord Jim existence; his steering mechanism crippled, he drifted, his mind still raging against the storms that had brought him here. And, yet, he survived the best of all. For he had qualities some Marxists have of getting along so well in the capitalist world. He comforted me, too, somehow, for he gave me the feeling that the world, with some patience, might be put right after all.

INTIMACY between faculty and students is encouraged in the experimental down-and-out world where professors, like saints, are called by their first names. It is this saintly quality which the experimental community demands that makes me think that a civilisation should be measured not by its successes, but by its failures. (After all, I know of no saints, as yet, to have come from Harvard—although a number of contemporary gods have been reported to have been graduated into this world.) Certainly, it is true of this down-and-out learned world, where successes are bought at the expense of failures. It is a banality to say that our colleges' success is weighted by the number of students who get into graduate schools. The students in both the experimental and traditional schools are aware of this; that they are being exploited and it makes them cry, or take to pot. But, then, the first look at reality is startling.

The student in the experimental down-and-out colleges is in the skid-row of the academic world, and he knows it—sooner or later. Ignored, usually not accredited, the graduate can become at best a social worker in some Department of Welfare. He comes from all corners of the American middle class, the very wealthy, some working class—and all "ethnic groups," to use their phrase. But, on the whole, they have one thing in common—they are the children of the radicals of the 1930s.

A few of them come from the establishment schools—Amherst, Oberlin, Dartmouth, and the like, where they spent a year or two and then fled. When you ask them why they left, most of them shrug their shoulders and say nothing and look as if they would cry.

Some, however, are older students who have bounced around the academic world as have their faculty counterparts: University of Maryland, William and Mary, Boston U. extension courses, community colleges, night schools in Cleveland and, at age 24 or 25, they show up here where they are given two years' credit for four years of wandering. They come as down-and-outers; one student said, "I'm just a retread." It took him seven years to graduate. "If you stay here long enough, you get to like it."

Another student who had bounced from permissive school to military prep school, who considered himself "About as educated as a pinball," and who indeed viewed the world as a pin-ball machine, came with a bare knowledge of reading and none of writing. When I first knew him, he walked around the grounds winter and summer with a red lumberman's cap pulled down over his ears. He was to write his senior thesis on alcoholism. To study the problem "through experience," he built a still in the closet of his room in Dewey Dorm and made rice beer in two huge crocks he kept in another closet. Every May he gave a gala party to celebrate his new brew. In the years I knew him, each day he appeared on the noon lunch-line already drunk. One day he simply left and joined the skid-row of the experimental community—a group of students who found the experimental world phoney and who settled in the abandoned hill farms like so much débris, just close enough to remind the college that they were still there.

About every ten days or so—as if to prove that ten days was the extent any man can remain alone—late in the evening when the student community was left to itself, they would descend upon the college grounds, hand out pot, talk about suicide, and in the early hours of the morning, fornicate in the theatre, to express their creativeness.

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I often saw my lumberman student, his red cap pulled down, riding a crumpled Vespa from Sears Roebuck; behind him, a pale-faced girl, her long red hair flowing out behind, her swollen belly nestled into his back. I couldn't help but notice whenever they rode that their faces were at the point of crying and, because of the way they rode, back to belly, neither was aware of it.

The girl was from Maine and she had been a member of the experimental community for two years. She never combed her hair; she rarely washed; but she loved to take long walks in the woods when it rained, and in the clearings she gathered mushrooms which she ate raw, dipping them in a large jar of mayonnaise. Gathering and eating mushrooms were the only activities she showed any enthusiasm for. And yet there was an animal smell about her that was feminine and vulgar, whore-like—so necessary to arouse lust in 19-year-olds. If she didn't brush her teeth, nonetheless, her breath smelled of freshly opened oysters. She didn't smoke or drink, and she only took marijuana to be sociable, and welcomed any male to her bed from the crippled to the most handsome with a sense of liberation that many educators of *the whole child* have been looking for for generations. When she became pregnant and began to smell of warm milk and her complexion took on that white winter-butter look, she said nothing to anyone, not even her intimate counsellor, and moved out to the farm house with the rest of the débris. Although she never said it, her presence, her wide green eyes, her full mouth, her quiet arrogance in wearing nothing but a gingham dress, said, "I'm here, damn you, I'm here."

On several occasions she appeared beside me and I walked with her. In this way I had a few conversations with her and I found she had read—I was about to say *everything*—a great deal. She could read French and German and Italian. Now she read nothing, and wrote only one poem, as far as I know, which ended, "My grandfather pressed me in the album of his heart like a butterfly."

The last time I talked to her, she gave me a paperback book, Raymond Aron's *A Century of Total War*. "Have a banality," she said, smiling arrogantly. "Have a brilliant banality," she repeated and she left.

THE EXPERIMENTAL COMMUNITY of down-and-outers tell themselves that they are brilliant and the rest of the world is corrupt beyond correction. It was habit to call those they agreed with "brilliant," so that the old-timer was referred to by his students as "a brilliant listener." One fell in love only with brilliant people. It was understandable, if their teachers were brilliant and some of their friends were as well, then they weren't so mediocre.

So my girl's phrase, "Have a banality," caught me up. One aspect of down and outness in the academic world is the realisation that after much reading of the world's wisdom, one can only come up with a few banalities. Have a banality, then: *"Love is good. War is bad.*

Non-Reading Writers

New York

THEY *are under 30, they are self-assured but nervously angry. They hardly read, but they write.*

"No, I don't read, I don't have the patience," said James Kunen, the author of The Strawberry Statement, *a recent book on his experiences last year as a participant in the student strike at Columbia University. "It's just easier to go to a movie and let it all wash over you."*

The one modern author who appears to have the most relevance for them is Kurt Vonnegut Jr. "He's the one writer I've read more than one book of," said young Kunen. Mother Night *is my favourite. It's him at his best. It very strongly stresses the blurriness of good and evil and the gratuitousness of how things come about."*

"Writers under 30 may be a different breed because their most powerful images are cinematic—that's what they grew up with," said talkative Texas-born Mr. Craig Karpel. "Writers now want to create a printed passage as vivid as a movie scene. It's a rare young writer who doesn't know that he's more consistently moved by what he sees on the screen than what he reads."

"We are a generation raised on rock 'n' roll," said Tom Smucker. "You read Hemingway or Death in Venice *in college and there was no meaning for us.*

"You may have thought pop was trivial, but you knew there was something real about it," he went on. "It's where people were at. You can't pretend you're not part of this culture and you have to deal with it."

Sally Grimes put it just another way. "I find I'm reading less and less. I really don't know why," said the 27-year-old reporter for The Philadelphia Bulletin. *"My friends don't read much either. Everything seems boring. I'm beginning to wonder just how many people are reading. It's ironic, I guess, here we are writers who don't read. That's life, I suppose."*

NEW YORK TIMES

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PEACE BE WITH YOU." It is the lot of the mediocre to be peeling off banalities to students for years. And it might be the cause of the uneasy turmoil in the academic circles all over the world. The mediocre are stretched beyond their abilities until they must admit to themselves that they are mediocre, and they rage.

Is it any wonder then that education, for them, has corrupted the world? Examinations, lectures, requirements, term papers, credits, grades, publishing professors, impersonal deans —all is pretentious mediocrity. And what for? To become a publishing and perishing professor yourself?

Convinced, then, that all other education is worthless, it is not difficult to believe that the experimental world is the only truly creative place. Here all is "creative": there is creative painting, creative dancing, creative speaking, creative poetry, creative recreation, creative and intense relationships, and, finally, creative creativity. It's as if the cynical tag, *"If you can't do, teach,"* had been turned inside out, and those who can't create have simply pulled the word like a curtain to cover all—or most—of the simple and necessary functions of daily life.

Yet all this sustains the Community. It exhilarates them and this exhilaration, sustained over too long a period, brings about hysteria and collapse. It is understandable that the well-meaning revolutionaries of 1793–94 in France went astray: Robespierre died of revolutionary exhilaration—which led them to believe the absolute righteousness of their cause.

Is it little wonder that within a short time they huddle together for comfort in little communities of their own on the periphery of Greenwich Village or some quarter of Washington, D.C., or, God help us, start a kindergarten in Minnesota or a down-and-out college of their own in New Hampshire?

IT IS DIFFICULT TO TELL about the students in the down-and-out traditional colleges. You have less to do with them. They keep their distance and you keep yours. Still, over the years, you catch glimpses from the corner of the mind. A slight boy asked with a queer smile, "What do you think of a teacher who makes you see all the injustices in the world and gives you no answers?"

"Well, it's better than giving you the answers," I said.

"No, I mean, isn't it better *not* to be made aware of them?"

"You *could* do something. . . ."

He interrupted me as if he had heard all this before, with one of the most despairing remarks I've ever heard. "But what if you haven't got any talent? . . ."

Here is the heart of the down-and-out world. Banalities are accepted, despondence of the wise ignored, for the simple fact that the institution wants to survive to accomplish something—achievement at any price. Is this the difficulty, then? That we've been told we're creative in order to fulfil the ambitions of others? Is it this that can make a student at 20 say with tears in his voice, *"But what if you haven't got any talent?"* The student in the down-and-out traditional college believes this to be so. He has a built-in sense of inferiority. The little confidence he has, he doesn't trust.

In a moment of anger, I said to a particularly down-and-out group, "What you people need here is a good Ivan Ivanovich, a good Communist, to make you think about your own values!" A hulk of a boy then seemed to come to life and he made a remark that made my heart sink for this country—if you will permit this odd-shaped patriotism. "But what if he convinces us?" he said, matter-of-factly.

The down-and-outers here prefer hunger to nourishment, ignorance to the difficulties of, if not enlightenment, then thinking. So that many sit with their good faces turned up, asking, "Please educate me." Others sleep with their eyes wide open. The wise grin at you slyly and seem to say, "Educate me, I dare you." It's enough to make anyone down-and-out.

WHAT BANALITY can I peel for you as a conclusion—for conclusions, I am told, are important. The down-and-out area in American academia is vast and growing. There is much confusion down here among students and faculty, faculty and administration who feel something must be done, anything, just get something done. And for the moment it seems like the confusion of the manure heap. But I'm sure of one thing—the future lies with this heap of manure. The privileged are dead or dying, and may they enjoy the privileges of an expiring class—but I'd advise them to learn a trade or, at least, teach their sons one. For the heap is slowly turning over, as if by the consent of two generations, and for a moment there might be the smell of newly turned earth. Given time, a flower or two must bloom.

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Inge Santner

Bombs in Bolzano

Letter from the South Tyrol

"Somewhere in the Alps tonight armed men are on the move with their packs full of dynamite and pamphlets. Somewhere Italian troops are patrolling for them or waiting in ambush.

"Each week now brings its report of shots exchanged, of explosions in Italian police barracks at the Brenner, of a man maimed or killed. The 'South Tyrol question' seems to be rising towards a new climax." NEWS ITEM

ON A GREY November morning in 1918 the South Tyrolese woke up to find themselves a minority on Italian soil. They were as unprepared for the shock as a man would be who had never in his life tried to swim, but suddenly found himself struggling for life in the unfamiliar element. Half a century later they still have not got over the shock, and they are still extremely bad swimmers. The best they can do is to defiantly and desperately keep their heads above water; their self-pitying shouts for help are mixed with bitter curses.

There are many national groups that have little talent for the life of a minority. Are there any so hopelessly untalented and ill-adapted to it as the quarter-of-a-million South Tyrolese?

Originally it was no fault of theirs. History treated them with quite exceptional perfidy. Their fate might have been devised by political chemists as a test-tube experiment to see what happens when ill-assorted nationalities are mixed. A population with a national life of its own—whose favour had once been wooed by the Holy Roman Emperor—was reduced to subjection overnight. The freest farmers in Europe were incorporated in a country of share-croppers and near-serfs that had no experience of independent farmers and peasants. And the most Tyrolean of the Tyrolese awoke in an Italy that was the last state but one in Europe to achieve national unification, was the last to be centralised, was in 1918 still living spiritually in the age of Cavour, and was quite incapable of accepting a national minority as such. Not merely two nationalities and two languages, but two utterly conflicting outlooks on life clashed uncomprehendingly. The patriarchal, conservative peasant austerity of the South Tyrolese found itself at grips with an Italy involved in a 19th-century dream of industry and progress.

The Tyrolese had enjoyed exceptional privileges since the 13th century. They managed to obtain some of these when the Counts of Tyrol —originally lords only of the Vintschgau (now Val Venosta)—united under their hereditary rule the counties of the Pustertal (Pusteria) and the valleys of the Eisack (Isarco), Etsch (Adige), and Inn. In 1363, when the country passed to the Habsburgs (*not* to Austria), they secured for it a special position among the principalities of the Holy Roman Empire.

The Tyrolese farmers were never *"ehr und wehrlos"* (unarmed and without honour). Elsewhere the right to bear arms was reserved to the nobility; it was later extended to their mercenaries, and eventually to the standing army. But from 1511 the whole Tyrolese people possessed the chartered privilege of bearing arms, for in that year the Emperor Maximilian issued an edict making them responsible for the defence of their own territory but exonerating them from military service outside it. What a token of confidence between the master in the throne-room and the masters in the farm-houses! No other *Untertan* of the Habsburgs enjoyed such a distinction, and no other subjects repaid it with such loyalty. In 1703, during

WHEN *the bombs get thrown in Bolzano, Europe seems to be on the verge of a little nineteenth-century war. We return to the problem of present-day minorities (see F. R. Allemann's study of Alsace,* ENCOUNTER, *November 1964) with this unhappy case-history of a "forced marriage."* INGE SANTNER *is a Viennese author and journalist.*

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the War of the Spanish Succession, Tyrolese farmers checked both the *Roi Soleil* and the Electors of Bavaria. In 1809, the year of Andreas Hofer's insurrection, Tyrolese (above all South Tyrolese) farmers fought the Wars of Liberation against Napoleon to the bitter end. They covered the rear of the Austrian army during the latter's battles in Italy in 1848, 1859 and 1866. And it was they who defended the South Tyrol with their companies of riflemen when it was denuded of troops after the Italian declaration of war in 1915.

POLITICAL FREEDOM went hand in hand with freedom to bear arms. With the three original cantons of Switzerland and the Vorarlberg, the Tyrol was one of the earliest farmer-oriented democracies. As early as the 14th century, farmers were among the recipients of charters of freedom, which were addressed to "all noblemen, houses of God, all towns, villages and markets, and everyone, whether noble or not, rich or poor, whatever they may be or wherever they may live, in the *Grafschaft* of Tyrol. . . ." At the same time the country communes attained a wide measure of self-government, and private property in land was guaranteed and declared to be hereditable and alienable.

Under this many-stitched protective mantle of freedoms there was such a flourishing of the arts that later authors did not hesitate to describe the South Tyrol (a little fulsomely) as the "land of European talent." Is it chance that the oldest frescoes in the German-speaking world are to be seen in the church of St. Proculus near Naturns in the Vintschgau? Perhaps. But it is certainly no mere chance that a copy of the *Nibelungenlied* was found in the castle of Obermontani, that Michael Pacher came from the Pustertal, that Rosengarten is believed to have been the scene of the epics about Dietrich von Bern, that Hans Ried of Bozen in 1511 noted down the epic of Gudrun in his *Heldenbuch an der Etsch* (thank heaven he did so, because his copy is the only one to survive), and that both Walther von der Vogelweide and Oskar von Wolkenstein came from the valley of the Eisack. The South Tyrol was a Gothic land which was spared the cultural ravages of both the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation. It remained intact and open to the world, giving and taking from both north and south. It gave to Lower Austria the great baroque painter Paul Troger and to Augsburg the rococo artist Johann Holzer, and it attracted into the country a great deal of German and Italian art, which penetrated into the little valleys and is still carefully preserved there.

★

"A time bomb exploded in a carriage of the Munich-Rome passenger express while it was stopped at the Brenner Pass frontier station tonight. Police blamed the incident on terrorists demanding the union of the South Tyrol with Austria or a greater Germany." NEWS ITEM

NO, IT WAS NO mediocre territory with soft earth and soft inhabitants that the Italians annexed in 1918 and proposed to administer after the pattern of ninety-one other provinces. It was no plasticine country of obedient *sudditi* such as every national state prefers.

To add to the difficulties in the way of a successful marriage between Rome and Bozen (Bolzano), there were the psychological obstacles. Non-understanding between South Tyrolese and Italians did not just date from 1918. For more than 150 years it had been accumulating into orgies of mutual distrust.

Again history was responsible, or more particularly the little Corsican with his great ambition. As part of his imperial policy, Napoleon made a reality of the *italianità* of which Italian patriots had dreamt for 200 years and put together a united Italy. True, his Kingdom of Italy collapsed again, but the idea of the national state survived. It remained firmly planted in the heads of the Italian intelligentsia, and profoundly alarmed the Austrians. The "Royal and Imperial" house in Vienna saw its power, nay, its very existence, threatened. It was indeed hard to reconcile nationalism with the principles on which the Austrian Empire was based. Could the Emperor grant liberty to Lombardy, Venetia, and Tuscany today without losing Croatia or Galicia tomorrow? Italy, the germ-cell of nationalism, was the arch-enemy. Austria saw itself forced to take up the struggle, and it was a grim one, with disgraceful and macabre high-points such as the spectacular execution of Cesare Battisti in Trento.

Needless to say, the South Tyrolese took a prominent part in the struggle. As the most loyal of all the Habsburg loyalists, they felt it incumbent upon them to keep a careful watch on their suspect neighbours in the Trentino. The Italians were later to go on suspecting for years that if the South Tyrolese were offered a little finger they would try to grasp the whole hand, but at this time the South Tyrolese were just as incurably suspicious of them. The Trentino's just demands for autonomy failed on their veto. Their narrow-mindedness even prevented the opening of an Italian-language grammar school at Innsbruck, which as capital of the "one and indivisible" crown territory of the Tyrol belonged to the Trentino. It all became a matter of the laws of action and reaction. In their opposition to the nationalism of

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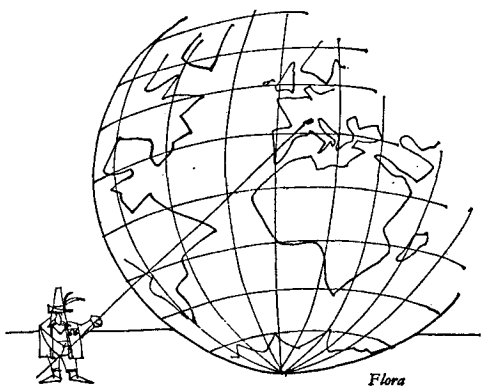
their southern neighbours the Tyrolese became even more fanatically nationalist. They smashed the windows of Trentino shop-keepers—their fellow-citizens—in Innsbruck and threatened them with lynch justice. There could not conceivably have been a worse prelude to the post-war cohabitation between Italians and South Tyrolese, when it was the turn of the latter to demand autonomy.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, the prompt annexation of the South Tyrol—the much-beaten Italians marched into Bozen in the guise of victors only four days after the armistice—found all those involved practically equally unprepared. It's not in the history books, but it can be shown from documents that when Italy was assured of a frontier on the Brenner by the London secret agreement of April 1915, she did not believe that it would ever be possible for the promise to be carried out. As for the South Tyrolese, until the cease-fire they had been ensconced behind an intact front; they had never been noted for political far-sightedness, and they refused to the last to believe that the war was lost. On the contrary, in the spring of 1918 their representatives at the "Sterzinger Diet" were still demanding a shifting of the frontier to the southern foot of the Alps.

What did it avail that after the occupation of Bozen General Percori-Giraldi, the Italian military commander, announced his Government's intention of "carefully and amicably settling all the language and cultural questions of the Alto Adige"? Or that in 1919–20 the King, Government, and Parliament of Italy solemnly pledged the South Tyrolese autonomy and the maintenance of their national identity (in order not too obviously to offend against the flourishing Wilsonian cult of national self-determination)?[1] The forced marriage was bound to founder. Soon after the peace negotiations of St. Germain, which confirmed Rome in the possession of the South Tyrol, its new masters dropped the mask. A ruthless process of Italianisation set in. Its only piquant feature was that it was called "re-Italianisation," because Ettore Tolomei, the Italian "High Commissioner for Language & Culture," claimed that the South Tyrolese were wrongfully Germanised Romans.



★

"Signor Paolo Taviani, Italian Minister of the Interior, assured Parliament and the country tonight that a precise and unequivocable directive had been formulated to combat terrorism in the South Tyrol. 'Terrorism will be fought without any holds being barred, and there will be no delay in applying the necessary measures.'"
NEWS ITEM

AFTER THE FASCIST accession to power in 1922 the South Tyrolese were forced to realise to the full that a minority in a national state had only one duty, *i.e.*, to get lost. German communal administrations were dismissed, German schools abolished, German names obliterated even in the cemeteries, and German political parties banned. The Italian defence of this behaviour to a moderately indignant world was that in the old days the South Tyrol had formed part of the Roman Empire and had only later been occupied by "mountain barbarians." Thus restoration of the original state of affairs was not just legitimate, it was actually a moral obligation. With the Fascist fondness of doing things on a grand scale, this excuse also served to justify the establishment of an industrial zone at Bolzano and the compulsory re-settlement of Italian workers in the heart of German-speaking areas.

The extent to which the policy of "Italianisation" succeeded is shown by statistics. In 1910 the population of the province of Bozen (as it was then called) consisted of approximately 235,000 South Tyrolese and 7,000 Italians (3 per cent). According to the 1939 census the Germans numbered 256,000 and the Italians had increased to 81,000, or 32 per cent. The "national extinction" of the South Tyrolese seemed finally assured when at the dictators' meeting in Rome Hitler, in the name of the *Vorsehung* he so frequently invoked, recognised *"für immer"* the frontier on the Brenner ("manifestly drawn by providence and the history of our two peoples"). From this it was but a step to the Himmler agreement of 23rd June, 1939, which quite openly confronted the South

[1] Freud and Bullitt wrote in their study of *Woodrow Wilson* (1967): ... "He forgot the location of the Brenner Pass and thus delivered two hundred and fifty thousand German-Austrians to Italy. ..."

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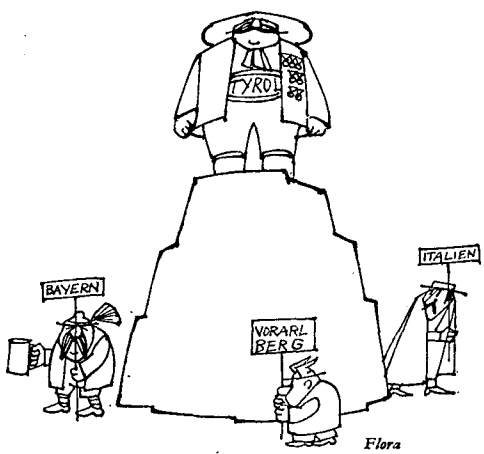
Tyrolese with the alternatives of migrating *"heim ins Reich"* or being left helplessly at Italian mercy. In desperation 213,000 (or 86 per cent of those who were given the choice) opted for German citizenship. The fact that in practice only 76,000 packed their bags and moved to the Third Reich did not prevent the group as a whole from feeling they had now for a second time been sacrificed to world politics. In 1915 the Western powers had sold them to the Italians to secure Italian intervention in the war, and now the Rome-Berlin Axis was confirmed at their expense.

At the end of World War II they saw themselves sold for the third time. Again they appealed for self-determination, and petitions signed by the whole voting population called for reunification with the North Tyrol. But eventually they had to content themselves with the Paris agreement of 1946 between De Gasperi and the Austrian Foreign Minister Karl Gruber for the "granting of autonomous regional legislative and executive power." It took ten weeks of tough negotiation to achieve that. For the West (in view of the Communist menace in Italy) could not afford to see any weakening of De Gasperi's position.

SINCE THEN whole libraries have been written on whether Gruber (himself a Tyrolese) was or was not outwitted by the crafty Italians. Or whether the Austrian Foreign Minister realised that the predominantly German-speaking province of Bolzano, put in the same autonomous pot as the predominantly Italian province of Trentino, was bound to be outvoted. Or whether it was voluntarily or under coercion that the South Tyrolese politicians abandoned autonomy for Bolzano. Above all, whether or not in the past eighteen years Italy had faithfully carried out her pledge of "autonomy."



Flora

Rome pats itself complacently on the back and maintains that the pledge has been more than fulfilled. But violent complaints come from Vienna and Bolzano. All the parties involved have sound arguments to back their case—since the Paris agreement was formulated in such vague terms that it permits all sorts of interpretations. Theory will not help. What does the South Tyrol look like in practice?

★

"Some 7,000 police and carabinieri *are taking part in security precautions today to thwart a possible terrorist attack in Rome on Friday, the anniversary of Italy's victory over Austrian troops in 1918. The huge monument to King Victor Emanuel II, which is also the tomb of Italy's unknown soldier, has been closed to the public."*
NEWS ITEM

THE FIRST THING that strikes one is the far-reaching Italianisation of the towns. Bolzano is 80 per cent Italian (of its 75,000 inhabitants only 16,000 are Germans), Merano (Meran) 61 per cent, and Bressanone (Brixen) 44 per cent. They are a variegated mixture. In the ancient arcades and blocks of modern flats, groups of South Tyrolese alternate with groups of Italians, and sometimes the two actually intermingle. There can be no denying that the face of the towns has benefited from Italian attention: the rather provincial cheeks of yesterday have been touched up with traces of big-town make-up. The Italians have also changed the faces of the young. In every office there are teenage girls with pale cherry mouths (pale lips are in fashion) and coquettishly fluttering dark eyelids. "Typical Italian girls," the connoisseur says to himself—until the little cherry mouths open and pure Bozen-German dialect pours forth. When they come to town to do their shopping the South Tyrolese young men wear their traditional blue aprons and wide short coats. But the young townsmen, who greet each other outside the cinemas with the Italian *"Ciao,"* prefer the risk of bursting the seams of their elegantly cut, narrow Florentine suits. Could the present generation of South Tyrolese town-dwellers do without the chromium glitter of the Italian *espresso* bars, the charming trifles in the Italian boutiques, the Italian passion for motor-car noise, for blaring radio sets, for eloquent declarations of hostility and even more eloquent declarations of friendship? Many honestly confess: no.

About 40 per cent of the German-speaking young people can talk colloquial Italian fluently and without accent. I found that only when some more difficult subject is broached do deficiencies appear in their vocabulary. They find

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themselves at a loss and search helplessly for phrases and expressions. Many South Tyrolese have long been working on equal terms in the industrial zone at Bolzano (once the symbol and the instrument of Italianisation). Spaghetti is likely to be served for the evening meal even in national-minded South Tyrolese households —while their Italian neighbours may well be enjoying a dish of smoked sausage from the Ultental. And the number of mixed marriages (which are of course never mentioned, even unofficially) mounts from year to year. There are plenty of examples of this even among the fanatical advocates of "preserving *Deutschtum*, the German way of life." Dr. Magnago, for instance. His Italian father was born at Rovereto, his mother came from the Vorarlberg, and his wife from Essen.

However, the hard reality of the mountain farmers is still *"rein deutsch"* (pure German) far removed from the lax nationalism of the South Tyrolese towns, which as ancient trade centres are inclined to compromise and interchange (as early as 1809 the chroniclers branded the men of Bozen as "failures" in the struggle for liberation).

True, the much used and nearly always misused words *rein deutsch* stick in the throat, for the South Tyrolese are not by any means pure German. Every valley has, so to speak, its own popular admixture. The dark-haired inhabitants of the Sarn Valley (Val Sarentina) boast of their descent from the Goths (though the only possible candidate for the honour in this respect can be the swarthy Teia, the last King of the Ostrogoths). The people of the Pustertal (Pusteria) through whose blue eyes the "German soul" would at first sight seem most likely to shine, are at least partially of Slavonic origin. The people of the Eisack (Isarco) Valley are Germanised Latins; the thin, dark inhabitants of the Untervintschgau (Lower Val Venosta) are a mixture of Rhaeto-Romans and Bavarians; and the compact settlements of small and minute farmers in the Obervintschgau (Upper Val Venosta) show that it remained Roman longest of all and knew nothing of the Tyrolese inheritance-law that enabled farms to be handed down without being broken up.

So THE SOUTH TYROLESE VALLEYS are not as "German" as all that. But all the same, they made their contributions to German history for centuries, and everywhere the castles of Tyrolese-German noble families cling like eagles' eyries to the rocks. Everywhere German is spoken (though a Berliner or Hamburger would have difficulty with the local dialects), and everywhere the children master Italian no better than German children master Latin. In this respect, since 1918 there have been hardly any changes. Italians are not interested in trying to make a living from fields that slope at an angle of forty degrees, pulling the plough by hand. The lonely life of the high valleys, so near to God and so far from human company, has no attraction for them; they are satisfied with the towns. Even the Fascists said resignedly, "We can't take over the mountains. . . ."

Thus there is no parallel between the Italianised life of the towns and life on the mountain farms. The two are separated by far more than a difference in altitude of three or four thousand feet. But one thing they have in common: in both there is little or no perceptible trace of the proverbial "Italian yoke."

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"'Union with Austria' extremists of Italy's Alto Adige region issued a virtual declaration of war against Italian authority today by announcing a stepped-up terrorism campaign. The proclamation enumerated seven categories of targets, from army posts to post offices and Italian-owned shops and hotels, warning that approaching them 'is forbidden and involves danger of death.'"
NEWS ITEM

THE ITALIAN MASTERS of the present may be deficient in psychological acumen and still fail to understand the ponderous South Tyrolese. They are probably also offended and mistrustful chauvinists, trembling for the last of their "colonies" and reluctant to make concessions for fear of encouraging the South Tyrolese to renew their demand for self-determination. They are quite certainly bureaucrats working under a chaotic, out-of-date, and often vexatious legislative system. But they are no longer the brutal oppressors they were in the Fascist days.

Today the South Tyrolese live as free citizens. Their traditional peculiarities are not encouraged (the Italians, being still nationalists themselves, could hardly be expected to do that) but are fully tolerated. Their children can attend *kindergärten* and schools, where their German-speaking teachers have complete freedom to choose school books from Bonn or from Vienna. There is nothing to offend their national pride, or to prevent them from becoming lawyers (for which a knowledge of Italian law is of course necessary). Numerous scholarships to German and Austrian universities are open to them. The Italian State subsequently recognises their degrees just as magnanimously as it refrains from imposing restrictions on their free choice of occupation. The civil service is also open to them without restriction

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and (what is more) a kind of guarantee is to be given to South Tyrolese officials that in future they will not be transferred elsewhere (a privilege not enjoyed by any other Italian employees). The allegedly "oppressed" South Tyrolese have complete liberty to form German associations, bawl German songs, print German newspapers, vote for German parties, and listen to German sermons. They benefit economically from regional credits (for the spending of which the province of Bolzano shares responsibility). There is nothing to stop the Bolzano business man from cocking a snook at the tax-collector just as successfully as his fellow tax-payers in Milan or Naples; and no law prevents the fruit-growers of the Sarentina or Isarco valleys from acquiring further land. Fully 96 per cent of the soil in the province of Bolzano is in South Tyrolese hands, and South Tyrolese have been able to buy many fruit farms in the Po valley without the Italians having yet denounced "Bozen economic imperialism."

ITALIAN MIGRATION to the area has come practically to a standstill. Inflow and outflow practically cancel each other out. In view of this, any talk of "state-promoted Italianisation" and the "South Tyrolese march to extinction" looks like impudent Goebbels-style propaganda. The facts are even less suitable to justify the "desperation" of the *dinamitardi*.

In short, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that in their unending warfare against the Italian authorities the South Tyrolese, with their much-vaunted risking of life and limb, are fighting for no more than "the Emperor's beard." Their grumbles at official level and bomb-throwing at private level are aimed at unattainable objectives. What is the use of going on stubbornly complaining at being administered by a predominantly Italian civil service—when they have a panic horror of the low state salaries and have no thought themselves of spending a lifetime at an office desk? What is the point in clamouring for a legal ban on the entry of outsiders—when only a trickle of Italians come to Bolzano in any case—and Italy, as a member of the Common Market, is pledged to freedom of choice of place of work?

No doubt a number of keys are out of tune on the legislative keyboard of the "Bolzano-Trent Autonomous Regional Government," but with goodwill and a little adroitness it could be played upon quite passably.

BUT, ALAS, the South Tyrolese will not play. At most they grimly strum from time to time a rifleman's march. A people that, in the past, so readily went out and undertook responsibility now stays at home, sulking in the corner. During the years when they were the helpless pawns of the Great Powers they lost their self-confidence, and they have hermetically sealed themselves off inside their martyrs' mentality. Since the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris they have been waiting for the great miracle from outside that never came—for a satisfactory ending of Italian-Austrian negotiations, for a favourable decision by the United Nations, for an intervention by the Federal Republic, and heaven-knows-what-else. Even in their terrorist outrages they subjected themselves to impulses from abroad.[2] Strangely enough, it rarely strikes this tough and industrious people that it would be a good idea to take on the problems of its own destiny itself.

They have not lost their pride. However high an opinion they may sometimes have of individual Italians, they always talk with contempt of the Italians in general. They regard them as "culturally backward," "lazy," "incompetent," "totally incapable of any kind of organisation." This feeling of superiority *ought* to give them sufficient self-confidence to take the risk of going out and competing with them—but it does nothing of the sort. On the contrary, what they want is to live in a glass case with as many chartered rights and privileges and as few risks as possible. The negotiations of the so-called "commission of 19" on the surrender of certain regional rights to the province of Bolzano was in the last resort nothing but haggling about a legalistic Maginot Line at Salorno. The South Tyrol is already

[2] Recent bombings were the exclusive responsibility of neo-Nazis from Germany and Austria. To the extent that South Tyrol youth participated they were misled adventurers.

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running the risk of becoming in the not-too-distant future a kind of Alpine reserve in the midst of a united Europe. Thanks to its fortress-farmhouses, gothic shrines, gaily decorated village chapels and red-and-white painted shutters, it would be very romantic and picturesque—but it would be hopelessly cut off from the progress of the time.

The lack of civil courage of a people that played its part so manfully in every war must of course have its causes. It is cultivated with almost pedantic zeal by the South Tyrolese *Volks partei,* the only party that represents German interests in the province of Bolzano. It has flourished only too well on its policy of uncompromising opposition to the wicked Italians. "The best politician is he who hurls most abuse on the Italians" is its well-tried motto. By painting an oversize picture of Rome as an always dangerous, always unpredictable, enemy it has been able to hammer into South Tyrolese heads the conviction that the supreme necessity is loyalty to the party—on the ground that only a monolithic South Tyrol stands any chance in negotiating with the powers-that-be on the Tiber.

NOWHERE ELSE IN non-Communist Europe is there a minority so hazy about its real situation. This was alarmingly demonstrated at the Milan "trial of the dynamiters." The peasant lads in the dock really believed that the Germans in the South Tyrol had "nothing to lose but their chains," having had that stupid phrase drummed into their ears by their politicians year in and year out. On their remote farms—36 per cent of the South Tyrolese population live on isolated farms—what chance did they have to form a more rational view? Leaflets still circulate with the poem *Es bluten unsere Bruder, nur weil sie Deutsche sind* ("Our brothers' blood flows only because they are Germans"), and the politicians of the People's Party do not pluck up courage to try to stop the mischief.

Their party is admittedly in a difficult situation. Its proclaimed objective of maintaining the German way of life faces it with what is at first sight a practically impossible task. Italy is a nation of 50 million people, and the 250,000 South Tyrolese could easily be accommodated in a middle-sized town. In view of this numerical disproportion of 200 to one, is this small mountain people not bound to be absorbed by its neighbours in the long run? Or, to put it more brutally, can autonomy hope to do more than postpone inevitable national extinction?

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"Italian customs men today found a suitcase containing about 28lb. of dynamite and some fuses on the Munich-Rome express as it entered the Alto Adige (South Tyrol) region."

NEWS ITEM

A LOOK at the figures, however, suggests a more optimistic view. In spite of war losses, departures under the Himmler option agreement and political pressure, *Deutschtum* or the German way of life between the Brenner and Salorno has succeeded in maintaining itself in the last half century. Its traditional high birthrate (the highest in fertile Italy) has seen it safely through all hazards. Numerically it has succeeded in notably improving its position since 1910 and, in the absence of any repetition of compulsory Italian migration into the area (of which there is no sign either economically or politically), further improvement is in sight. The present proportion of German to Italian speakers among those qualified to vote in the province of Bolzano is 65 to 35, but when the present generation of school-children has grown up it will be 73 to 27. Thus time is on the side of the South Tyrolese (who can actually point with pride to some mountain valleys in which 49 per cent of the inhabitants are under age).

The "South Tyrol problem" is, of course, not solved by the mere fact of the demographic survival of the national group. It is, however, changing in nature. As the economic and social question looms larger the question of "national identity" recedes into the background. In the years ahead the South Tyrolese way of life will be threatened less by the pressure of the Italian population than by the fact that mountain farming is imperilled everywhere.

The social structure of the South Tyrol is grotesquely unhealthy. No less than 60 per cent of its German-speaking population is engaged in agriculture, a record that no one anywhere has any inclination to better. The enthusiast for the agrarian way of life contemplates this situation in alarm, horrified at the fulfilment of his wildest dreams. Here, at last, is a place where there is no trace of the much decried "flight from the land."

If only there were! What, elsewhere, is a cause for concern would be a pure blessing in the province of Bolzano. The North Tyrol shows the path the south should be following in the era of Integration. In 1914 in both parts of the Tyrol, about 60 per cent of the working population were employed in agriculture and 22 per cent in the public services. In the north, where the farms are similarly largely mechanised, only 31 per cent are now employed in agriculture, and this (with the 20 per cent employed in the public services) leaves a surplus

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sufficient to man industry, the tourist trade, and the various urban middle-class occupations. Meanwhile, the South Tyrolese urban middle class has declined from 21 to 7 per cent, public-service employees have almost completely vanished (for lack of German-speaking recruits the provincial parliament at Bolzano has had to be staffed more than 50 per cent by Italians), while agriculture still employs 60 per cent.

Can or should it be an aim of aspirants to autonomy to protect a way of life that in the next century will have no right to exist save as a pleasant sentimental memory? Hardly. An "Alpine reserve" would mean an economic (and ultimately a national) death-sentence on the South Tyrolese. The present task must be to guide the country with a minimum of shocks towards new ends—the development of the tourist trade, industry, and the professions.

The tourist trade is especially neglected. Compare, again, the situation with that in the North Tyrol. In 1910 the number of "nights-spent-by-tourists" on either side of the Brenner was about the same, *i.e.*, 385,851 in the north and 355,059 in the south. But in 1965 the corresponding figures were 17,472,600 on the Austrian and a mere 6,247,500 on the Italian side. Nevertheless, the promoters of the tourist trade at Bolzano could easily be in a superior position. They have things to offer that can be sought for elsewhere in vain: a country of 400 castles that looks like a thousand-folded back-cloth for a chivalric drama; a mountain landscape in which the northern winter and the southern summer interpenetrate each other in a breath-taking spring; where in the July heat you can sniff the odour of the fir trees and at the same time a cool breeze from a glazier brings a whiff of last year's snows. The *Törggelen*—which is what the South Tyrolese call the reflective, fastidious, and quietly exhilarating process of tasting the new wine—alone makes an autumn visit worth while. The valleys that wind upwards between glittering 10,000-foot peaks end in ski-tracks of feathery snow. The *Edelweiss* blooms in close proximity to the palm tree, and flowers grow that are to be seen otherwise only in botany books. The wanderer stumbles across ancient culture at every footstep. The sun shines from an almost dark blue sky, and the *Kaminwurzen* (smoked sausages) blend with the local wine. Unlike all other European tourist centres, the South Tyrol has just two seasons a year. It could sell all four—but fails to exploit any of them.

The South Tyrolese have hitherto ungrudgingly left the industrialisation of the Alto Adige to the Italians. The fact that the prosperity of their province, which is one of the best-founded in Italy, depends to a large extent on the Bolzano industrial zone seems to have caused the leaders of the German way of life no headaches. Until 1957 the South Tyrol People's Party was uncompromisingly anti-industrial. The economic initiative (and therefore the handing out of jobs) lay almost exclusively in Italian hands, but the People's Party adhered unswervingly to the view that factories meant the "decline of a free peasantry into an industrial proletariat." They may have been influenced by the consideration that a peasantry is easier to control and dissuade from emigration than workers, who are less tied to their native place. But then the politicians of Bolzano suddenly awoke to the painful fact that the lack of industry was driving away the sons of the peasants' sons. They were succumbing to the lure of German industry, going to Austria never to return, or heeding the call of the Italian tourist industry (which needs personnel speaking a foreign language). A great many South Tyrolese now live in Rome (though the statistic can be mentioned only in a whisper at Bolzano). The alarmed party went hurriedly into reverse and began imitating the Swabian doctrine of "*Jedem Dörfle sein Fabrikle*" ("a little factory in every little village"). They did so inconsiderately, rather too hectically. They attracted West German industrialists to the country with the promise of "extremely cheap labour" (which of course did not exist). There was much nonsense and disappointment. But on the whole the thirty or so small and middle-sized factories that have been set up are not doing so badly. A modest beginning has been made.

In the professional field the Italians set the pace almost as much as they do in industry. In the province of Bolzano German is the majority language (65:35), but in the academic field it is the German speakers who are outnumbered by 57 to 43 per cent. In the whole Alto Adige there are only seven South Tyrolean judges, not a single public prosecutor, and only a handful of lawyers. How will this much-

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lamented "Italianisation of the intellectual class" (which gives thoughtful Italians I talked to little pleasure) ever be checked if the South Tyrolese do not produce an adequate professional class of their own?

It is of course true that the creation of such a class is a difficult task. In 1945 things began, so to speak, from zero. When the Fascist period came to an end only forty-nine qualified German-speaking teachers were left, and hotel servants, salesmen, and shoe-makers had to be called in to fill the breach. Since then at least a well-trained corps of teachers has been built up again. There has also been a steady increase in Tyrolese students in other fields. Whether these young people will tomorrow or the day after be able to compete with the Italians on equal terms remains to be seen. Instead of going to Italian universities, which would equip them for the fray, 75·5 per cent take the easier course of going to German or Austrian universities. "Our national university is Innsbruck," the People's Party proclaims; and more South Tyrolese read for their degrees on the banks of the Inn than in all the Italian universities combined. Then, when the young doctor or engineer comes home, proudly waving his diploma, his defective knowledge of Italian doesn't get him very far.

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"A bomb exploded near Bolzano today as local German-speaking politicians discussed a secret Italian offer to end the dispute over the area's future.

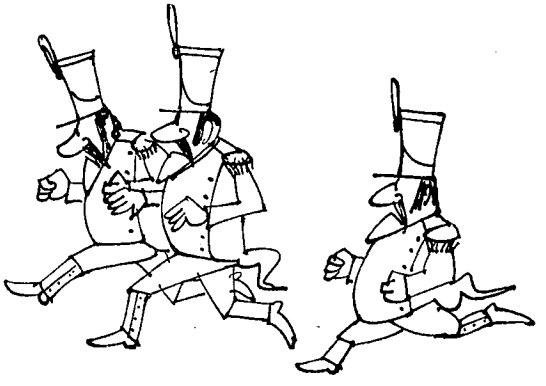
"Dr. Silvius Magnago, chairman of the South Tyrolean People's Party, reported to his party executive in Bolzano on talks in Innsbruck about the Italian offer with Austrian politicians, including the Chancellor."

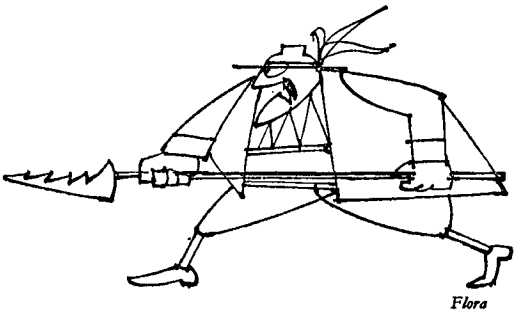
NEWS ITEM

ALL THE SAME, there are certain rudimentary signs of a cautious economic and social reorientation which might lift the South Tyrol out of its stagnation and resignation. If it wants a future worthy of its great past, a tremendous amount still remains to be done.

Italy's German-speaking minority is now at a crucial turning-point. Nationalism, a relic of the euphoric, pathetic 19th century, is on the wane, and with it the claim the Fascists used to make, that "Italy must be Italian, and 100 per cent Italian, all the way to the God-ordained frontier on the Brenner." The Italians have grown wiser, more tolerant, more realistic. They have realised that their attempt to create a Roman tribe of *Alto Atesini* has failed. They no longer want to Italianise the South Tyrolese, and Italians who go to the area do not strike roots there. On the contrary, a man from Roverto who has spent a life-time working in the Bolzano industrial zone returns home, as a matter of course, on the day of his retirement. I also find that the Italians are "tired" of all the domestic and international trouble the South Tyrol has caused them, and want to be "left in peace," if necessary at the cost of the most far-reaching concessions.

The South Tyrolese should have learnt by now not to squander Italian goodwill by sheer stubbornness. They have amply demonstrated their powers of endurance and loyalty to their way of life. What they now need is tactical adroitness. As it was put to me in Bolzano, "It is up to them now to come out and use their weapons in the open instead of going on fighting with their backs to the wall. . . ." They have been caught in a self-made net of mistrust and psychological non-understanding. The prospects facing them are not bad. They depend on a new South Tyrolese political generation which will understand "the Italian mentality." It must also take to heart a fundamental rule of human cohabitation, namely, that in a forced marriage from which there is no escape one should as far as possible avoid hurling abuse on one's partner and calling on the neighbours for help. Small gestures of appreciation are incomparably more effective than the furious assurance that "however hard you try, I shall never find you anything but revolting. . . ."





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Column

DEBATE, DISCUSsion, controversy are of the essence of academic life, only usually they are conducted in decent obscurity and in muted tones that never penetrate beyond the walls of the universities. Belloc's "remote and ineffectual dons" do not so much howl as mumble for their prey, although if provoked in argument they will sometimes be heard to emit a characteristic high-pitched cry, as of the mewing of sea-birds or the twittering of bats as dusk begins to fall.

Sometimes, however, academic debate emerges into the open and the public is treated to the pleasure of observing that in the heat of argument dons no more observe the rules of rational discourse than any one else, and indeed sometimes achieve a degree of acrimony which seems hardly justified by the subject under discussion. In this, of course, they only reveal the vices of their virtues. The passion for ideas can engender as much heat, and sometimes bitterness, of feeling as any other passion, and is no more subject to the rules of reason than an enthusiasm for blood sports. At the height of the argument, intellectual restraint is apt to fly out of the window, and temperament and personality figure more largely than the cool, dry light of reason. That is what makes it all so enjoyable and instructive.

Something of all this might be deduced from an address delivered by the redoubtable Dr. F. R. Leavis at a conference of teachers of English at the University of Wales and recently published in the *Times Literary Supplement*. Dr. Leavis was expounding the thesis that the study of English, and in particular the practice of literary criticism, now has a "central and basic importance" in the life of our universities and has a unique status in any university curriculum. Its claim to such a position is, in Dr. Leavis' view, based on the proposition that "an English school should conceive its business as being to perform, or to make a serious attempt at performing, the function of criticism in our time"; since the development of the critical faculty, and the creation of an educated public which understands how it should be applied, is what a university pre-eminently exists to promote, the study of English should provide a model and an ideal for the intellectual life of the university as a whole.

At least, this is what I understand Dr. Leavis to be saying. I hope I am not misinterpreting him, because I find his thesis important and attractive, but I cannot be quite sure, because Dr. Leavis' prose is not always as limpid as one might expect from one who has had so much opportunity of studying the best models. But there can be no doubt at all about the deep feeling and passion which inform his address; they are what has helped to give Dr. Leavis a stronger influence on his pupils, and on English studies as a whole, than any other English teacher of his generation.

I MYSELF HOPE that Dr. Leavis' claim for English studies will be given the attention and respect it deserves when pronounced by so distinguished a scholar; and I believe him when he says that its recognition might provide, or help to provide, an answer to many of the manifest inadequacies of one existing university system. Theology was once queen of the sciences, but since she was dethroned there has been no other discipline to succeed to her vacant place. In such a situation, university education taken as a whole is apt to become an incoherent and unarticulated conjunction of unrelated specialisms; and indeed it is possible that in such a state of affairs one cannot speak of university education as such in any meaningful sense at all. One can only speak of the education of historians, economists, engineers, civil servants, doctors, and what not. But that any particular branch of study can perform the unifying and organising function which Dr. Leavis claims for English, and that English in fact is that particular branch of study, seem to me to be, to say the least, highly debatable propositions, and to admit of a good deal more doubt than Dr. Leavis seems willing to admit.

But in fact Dr. Leavis makes even greater claims for the study of English. In his view it is capable of playing the leading part in the whole of our intellectual life, of performing a creative function which will affect all our intellectual attitudes, of providing an answer to all our intellectual, perhaps even our emotional problems. "Simply, the living principle, the creative and unifying principle of life, made strongly active as I'm suggesting it should and could be, will affect every patch in the total field and work and make all the difference."

Now this is a very large claim indeed, and Dr. Leavis has not really expressed it quite as simply as he seems to think he has; it is not unnatural that there should be those who are not altogether ready to accept it on Dr. Leavis' say-so. Towards such dissenters, or sceptics, Dr. Leavis displays none of that spirit of collaborative enquiry which he so admirably describes in his account of what criticism really means. They

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are collectively and comprehensively damned as the representatives of the spirit of Philistinism combined with "enlightenment" which he conceives of as the mortal enemy of everything in which he believes. Perhaps he is right; but those whom he singles out as the embodiment of evil make up such a curious, and on the whole innocuous bunch that a detached observer might well feel inclined to say that they have nothing in common except that they disagree with Dr. Leavis or that Dr. Leavis thinks they do. Lords Robbins, Annan, Balogh, and Snow; Professors David Daiches and J. B. Leishman; Dr. George Steiner; Mr. Cecil King; all fall collectively under the lash of Dr. Leavis' scorn and contempt. Even poor Miss Margaret Drabble is dragged in because Dr. Leavis believes, apparently on the evidence of a publisher's blurb, that she committed the mortal sin of taking a first in the English Tripos without working very hard for it.

Dr. Leavis' condemnation of this curiously associated collective embodiment of *der Geist der stets verneint*, of the enemies of the creative spirit, is couched in terms of such dismissive scorn that one is left with no very clear idea of why it is deserved; after all, how does poor Lord Balogh come into it? One has the feeling that some at least of Dr. Leavis' victims would agree with many of the excellent things he has to say about university education, but that if they did so they would only enrage him further. Indeed, one's strongest feeling at the end of Dr. Leavis' address is that, if he himself represents the virtues which he claims for the study of English, somewhere along the line something has gone gravely wrong with them.

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THERE IS SUCH an odour of *odium theologicum* in Dr. Leavis' address that one wonders if he can seriously think it compatible with his claims for the study of English as a source of sweetness and light amid our present discontents. But perhaps an even more extraordinary exhibition of the kind of intellectual schizophrenia which sometimes affects the brightest academic spirits is to be found in some recent pronouncements of a distinguished American scholar, Noam Chomsky.

Professor Chomsky holds the chair of modern languages and linguistics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and he is, by common consent, one of the most outstanding intellects which has ever devoted itself to this abstruse field of study. But one does not have to take Professor Chomsky's intellectual merits on credit. One is, once again, indebted to the *Times Literary Supplement* for making available the first of the six John Locke lectures which Professor Chomsky recently delivered at Oxford. Even as strictly unqualified a person as myself could hardly read it without pleasure and admiration. Professor Chomsky discussed language in terms of concepts which have so high a degree of abstraction and sophistication as to be almost unintelligible to a layman; but he also does so with a lucidity, and a power of sustained argument which, to me at least, make the lecture a model of exposition.

Moreover, his discussion of what it means to know a language leads him into the fields which have a not merely academic importance; indeed they could, at the present time, have the most direct and practical bearing on the lives of each one of us. For a large part of his lecture is devoted to demonstrating (as it seems to me, conclusively) that human, as opposed to animal, language, cannot be explained in terms of behaviourist psychology; and since the activities of behaviourist psychologists are something which everyone at the present time should regard with alarm and suspicion, it is important to have so large a chink in their armour so satisfactorily exposed.

In particular, Professor Chomsky devotes himself (after a side-swipe at B. F. Skinner) to an examination of the views on language of Professor Quine of Harvard, one of the most formidable of modern philosophers and logicians. His attack on Quine's position seems to me devastating, and all the more so because it is conducted with a restraint, a respect for Quine's intellectual eminence, and a kind of elegant destructiveness which make it a model of what intellectual controversy should be; in this respect, Professor Chomsky is the very opposite of Dr. Leavis.

BUT PROFESSOR CHOMSKY is not only a brilliantly equipped student of language and linguistics; he is also a student of politics, and as such has in recent years made himself a hero of the extreme Left in the United States, and in particular of rebellious American university students. His position in these matters is as crude and simple as his attitude to linguistics is refined and sophisticated; it is that American foreign policy is wholly evil, and necessarily so, because it is the direct reflection of a society which is also absolutely evil, so evil indeed that if the United States was capable of having a conscience it would refuse to have a foreign policy at all.

So neat and simple a solution of the vast, complicated and tenebrous issues involved in American policy and the condition of American society today might well arouse the suspicions of even the most naïve student of them. And

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perhaps even Professor Chomsky may sometimes wonder whether it can be true; perhaps that is why he has to assert it with such violence. Perhaps also that is why he feels the need to buttress his views with a display of false scholarship of which he would feel bitterly ashamed in his own specialist field of study. His book *American Power and the New Mandarins* has a wealth of documentation which at first sight is extremely impressive; the sheer weight of it makes one feel that the argument it supports can hardly fail to be true. Yet any intelligent schoolboy could teach Professor Chomsky that, as he perfectly well knows for himself in his own field of study, the mere repetition and accumulation of dubious sources in no way improves the status of any single one of them, or all of them taken together, especially when they are chosen, like Professor Chomsky's, with so selective an eye that anything which seems to conflict with them is rigidly excluded. Professor Chomsky's selection of sources indeed is so tendentious that at times it seems to verge on falsification. Professor Schlesinger took the trouble to verify three statements of President Truman's, quoted by Professor Chomsky, which seemed to him slightly improbable; one proved to be an invention of Professor Chomsky's and the other two derived at third hand from a writer who had placed his own interpretation on what Truman had actually said.

How can one explain the fact that a mind as accurate, delicate and scrupulous as Professor Chomsky's in one field of thought should become so clumsy, bungling and crude when applied in another? It is as if Professor Chomsky had not one mind but two, wholly unrelated to one another, like a surgeon who carries in one hand a scalpel and in the other a bludgeon, and when tired of using the one for its own delicate task proceeds to use the other to batter his patients' brains out. The truth I suppose is that Professor Chomsky has arrived at his conclusions about American policy not by any rational process of thought but by some unique act of intuition which has revealed to him the full horror of the evil that men do, a vision of hell as exemplified by the contemporary United States. He speaks not as a student of politics but as a prophet who has seen the awful implications of original sin and like so many other prophets before him would not hesitate to crucify mankind for the rightness of his convictions.

THIS DOES NOT MEAN, of course, though on the whole it makes it improbable, that Professor Chomsky is wrong in his view of American policy. There is no reason why bad arguments, or bad evidence, might not lead to correct conclusions. But it does mean that when Professor Chomsky talks about Viet Nam or the Korean War we have left the sphere of rational discourse and, if we are to pay any attention to him at all, it must be because of a superior moral intuition which is denied to those who disagree with him. And it also means, I think, that by the methods he uses to make his insight manifest to the world, he helps not to clarify but only to obscure still further the issues to which he devotes, not his mind, which is an admirable instrument, but his emotions, which seem to me uncommonly unpleasant ones; for after all why should one deny oneself the same power of intuition which Professor Chomsky so liberally claims for himself?

I do not write such words with any pleasure. I dislike intensely the state of moral hysteria into which Professor Chomsky whips himself, and regret that so fine a mind should be guilty of such crudities; just as I regret it when Bertrand Russell declares the satisfaction it would give him to see the bodies of his political antagonists torn to pieces by sharks. But in such infirmities of noble minds we should, I think, read a warning. At a time when the influence of the academic interest on public affairs has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, we should remember that academics are no more immune to the forces of irrationality than the rest of us. For that reason, when academics take to the public forum we should observe their performances with particular attention. When men become, as Dr. Leach would say, like gods, they are apt to behave like monsters.

R

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THEATRE

Rites at the Round House

By John Weightman

ACCORDING TO AN ARTICLE I read somewhere recently, Julian Beck's *Living Theatre* would now appear out-of-date in America, where the liveliest minds have progressed to the Theatre of Total Copulation and Public Masturbation. It is very interesting to see how the drama, which presumably emerged as a simulated ceremony from real ceremony, is straining so hard to return to the religious immediacy of its origins. One of the great problems in the modern industrialised world is that our official ceremonies lack conviction; even the investiture of the Prince of Wales, which in one sense has been a public relations triumph, has at the same time been written about and commented upon, as if it were an elaborate non-event. But since official ceremonies are obviously decadent, and religious seriousness has largely deserted the churches, there has been—and there is—a persistent attempt to de-commercialise the theatre and turn it into total rite or substitute church. I would say that the impulse which makes people want to copulate or masturbate publicly and ceremoniously, or to watch such spectacles, is fundamentally religious. They want experiences which they feel to be genuine to assume a social and cosmic significance. In some ancient tribes, the king had, at intervals, to demonstrate the principle of potency by covering a mare in full view of his assembled people. It will be some time, no doubt, before the President of the United States is required to do this, but meanwhile a pop-singer or a group of actors can turn a theatrical occasion into a real priapic holy-day. The next step, logically, should be the Theatre of Genuine Bloody Sacrifice and Authentic Hara-Kiri. It was perhaps, after all, a mistake to abolish public executions, whippings and scourgings, the pillory and the stocks; perhaps they were necessary as a permanent, real-life Theatre of Cruelty. It was certainly a mistake to abolish them while hoping to keep alive the symbol of the Cross. Needless to say, Christianity itself has a most elaborate sado-masochistic structure, possibly the most perfect in existence, but for a variety of reasons it has gone dead on us and the most we can expect is that it will be rediscovered in the 21st century by the Chinese or Lunar *avant-garde*.

MR. JULIAN BECK, as I understand him from his television interviews and the performance of *Frankenstein* I saw at the Round House, is squarely in the middle of the theatrico-revivalist tradition, slightly senior to, and more intense than, Mr. Peter Brook, slightly junior to, and much more intense than M. Jean-Louis Barrault. He is definitely not yet *passé* in London, because the Round House, normally the Albert Hall of the way-out, was filled with a very fashionable and intellectual audience of pop-personalities, actors, and writers, most of them in bright plumage and as pretty as if they had just stepped out of a Persian miniature.

Facing the hemisphere which they decorated so gaily and filled with the marvellous buzz of up-to-the-minute chatter was a three-tier construction in scaffolding, against a dull grey backcloth; and, on the floor beneath, the Living Theatre company, all hirsute, threadbare, and dedicated, squatting in the Oriental posture of meditation with their *guru*, Mr. Beck. Mr. Beck's physique is, as the French say, a whole programme in itself. I always admire bald men who make a go of it, and Mr. Beck combines baldness with a fringe of long hair and the cadaverous, unsmiling countenance of a relentless, medieval monk. Is he consciously trying to resemble the last photographs of Antonin Artaud, I wondered, or has a similar passion produced a similar pattern of skin, bone, and eyes? At any rate, here was a common modern situation: the successful, the wealthy, and the worldly about to watch a performance by the devoted, the self-sacrificing, the utterly convinced. It was, in fact, not unlike Mass in a fashionable Parisian church.

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Mr. Beck seems to me to derive directly from two French sources. His concept of the company as an egalitarian guild, with everyone doing a bit of everything and all working together in a spirit of austerity, comes from Jacques Copeau. This is acting as a way of life or spiritual travelling circus. In the intervals, the performers did not disappear but set about tinkering with their scaffolding in preparation for the next episode, just like the people on the roundabouts and aerial wheels at the Hampstead Fair. Mr. Beck moved about with the rest, hieratically adjusting an electric bulb or majestically tightening a screw. Then, the spirit of the performance derives from Artaud, because the action is not conceived at all as a play in the sense that has been traditional since the 16th century but as a sequence of theatrical images in which bodily movements, inarticulate noises, and rhythmical patterns of sound are much more important than the spoken word; it is symphonic ritual rather than cathartic statement. It is also Artaud-like in that the emphasis is on extreme situations and unbearable suffering. Although I heard Mr. Beck talk a lot about love, one cannot imagine him, any more than Artaud, conveying a sense of lyrical tenderness or spiritual happiness. He comes to flay and to scourge, to tell us we are damned if we do not change, to rub our noses in the rottenness of civilisation. He is a hell-fire preacher.

ABOUT *Frankenstein*, let me say at once that it is a lot more impressive than I had supposed from the fragments given on television. As one might expect from the title, it is a kind of panoramic vision of human history, superior in theatrical impact to that strangely overrated play by Thornton Wilder, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, which was revived last year at Chichester, and reminiscent in tone of William Winwood Read's *The Martyrdom of Man*. The message is, apparently, that man has recreated himself as a monster, although it is not quite clear whether this process began a long time ago, or whether it has been particularly acute since the advent of the capitalist and scientific phase of Western civilisation. Possibly the latter implication is taken for granted, but I feel that the ambiguity is regrettable.

In the last resort, I think, we have the choice between only two philosophies of life: the tragic view and the tragico-progressive view. The latter admits the idea of progress as a good working hypothesis, while at the same time recognising that tragedy will keep breaking in. I am not sure that Mr. Beck has thought the matter through to its intellectual foundations. Like so many indignant moralists, he appears to assume that "they" (*i.e.*, various groups or individuals) are responsible for the evil in the world, and that we should rise up and fight them because the task is obvious. "How can we end human suffering?", he cries just after the beginning of the performance. The answer obviously is that, in the absolute, we cannot, and the question is profoundly naïve. We can only mitigate human suffering here and there, and hope that the improvements will not cause a new evil. On any showing, human beings are only partly responsible for evil, and it is no use getting annoyed with them beyond a certain point, as if they had created themselves and the universe. Artaud—at least if I have grasped his meaning—had a less political view than Mr. Beck; he felt that life was permanently and inherently tragic, and he wanted to evolve a ritual that would give mystic expression to the tragedy. It would not have occurred to him, as it has done to Mr. Beck, to give any theatrical performance the programmatic title of *Paradise Now*. I suspect that Mr. Beck wants to be as intense as Artaud, and at bottom he is perhaps just as tragic, but he has overlaid the tragedy with a partly unassimilated politicism.

FRANKENSTEIN opens with the company meditating for three minutes, with the proclaimed object of inducing the levitation of the actress in the middle of the group, whose name, according to the programme, is Mary Mary. Not surprisingly, she is contrary and fails to levitate, whereupon bedlam breaks loose; half the company sets about torturing and killing the other half. Mary Mary is caught in a net and carried off behind a transparent screen, where, in beautiful shadow outline, Mr. Beck-Frankenstein performs nameless operations on her luscious body. The only effect of this on me, alas, was to inspire sadistic nostalgia. What a pity it is, I suddenly realised, that we cannot go about the streets with a net, catching pretty, long-legged creatures as if they were butterflies, and taking them covetously home for private games. But this, I suppose, was a subjective irrelevance; we are no doubt meant to understand that, levitation not having taken place, *i.e.*, no relationship with the transcendent having been established, humanity tears itself apart.

The dead are used by Dr. Frankenstein, who at this stage appears to be a demonic figure, to create a new artificial and horrible creature. The body of the monster is put together, part by part, while the company marches and counter-marches along the different levels of the scaffolding, imitating the rhythm of industrial

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society and chanting fragments of various creeds and psychologies. All this is jolly good teamwork, but the intellectual content is hardly equal to the vigour of movement.

What importance have we to attach to the various slogans? Are they sincere or derisory? Is the guying of the heart-transplant operation meant to suggest that science is creating horrors? But any forward-looking mind is bound to approve of science when it is used for good, as in medicine. I was puzzled. However, in the end, the monster is complete on the operating table, while at the same time the company, hanging on the scaffolding like a swarm of bees, form the silhouette of a gangling figure with two red eyes, half man half dinosaur. Very effective, in a Grand Guignol way.

I thought Act II contained the most telling theatrical image. A tube of electric lights, set against the scaffolding, formed an enormous human head in profile—the head of the creature on whom Frankenstein was still working at the operating table. (The White actor representing the creature had now been replaced by a Negro, but I couldn't guess the significance, if any, of the change.) While Frankenstein carried on his experiments, the company moved up and down inside the head, over the three levels of the scaffolding, like a visual translation of Descartes' animal spirits circulating from the body to the brain. As the half-naked men and women slithered up and down the poles like aesthetic monkeys, they formed many beautiful patterns and groupings, which were, in fact, old-fashioned *tableaux vivants* put to a new symbolic use. It was not all successful; some episodes taken from Greek myth were like clumsy charades—and in any case, why should an artificial creature relive Greek myth?—but the representations of sleep and dreaming were very fine. At this point, I think, Mr. Beck had forgotten that the creature was an artificial monster and was just treating him as an incarnation of Everyman.

Act III turned the scaffolding into a prison and Dr. Frankenstein, surprisingly enough, into a hero. Half the company, skulking in the back of the auditorium, was arrested by the other half, finger-printed and encaged, with much barking and blowing of whistles. Each prisoner gibbered and writhed in his cell, presumably to convey the anguish of man in a totalitarian society. However, good Dr. Frankenstein instigated a revolt, the warders were knocked unconscious, and the rebellious prisoners set fire to their jail, which was soon enveloped in smoke. As the murk cleared, the company could be seen clinging to the girders once more, in the shape of the gangling monster with two red eyes. The phoenix had risen again from the flames, but perhaps we were meant to think that he is no more assured of survival than the dinosaur was.

THAT IS THE MOST I can make of the performance. As usual, in my niggling way I have looked for a meaning and have found conflicting ambiguities. Who is Dr. Frankenstein: the devil, the perverse instinct in man, or the active impulse which may create or destroy? Is the creation of the artificial man good or bad? As one doesn't know, the piece has little coherence. Act III, a simple affair of goodies and baddies, has hardly any connection with Acts I and II, and all three have internal contradictions. I am left with the memory of one or two independently impressive moments, of an athletic company with a good rhythm producing great splodges of emotion not attached to anything in particular. They are convinced, or appear to be; Mr. Beck is their high-priest; but what, in the last resort is the precise content of their religion? Perhaps just emotion for emotion's sake.

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POETRY

A Razor Soaked in Gloomy Scent

On the Greatness of Hagiwara Sakutarō—By GRAEME WILSON

IT IS NOT surprising that the poetry of Hagiwara Sakutarō is little known in the English-speaking world, because even in Japan the importance of his work is still inadequately recognised. Nearly all Japanese critiques of post-Meiji poetry acknowledge Hagiwara as one of the best (if not, indeed, the very best) of modern Japanese poets; but almost all the critics, having briefly made some such admission, turn their backs on him and give their real attention to poets patently less talented, painfully more diffuse, and far less influential. Why? Perhaps the reason is that Hagiwara, for all his brilliance, seems somehow to switch on darkness, to radiate black luminance. He is an occulting, rather than a flashing, light; but he remains nevertheless a light of the first importance.

He was born on 1 November 1886 at Maebashi, a provincial town near Tokyo where his father was a successful doctor, first in government service and later in private practice. The family was typical of the new Japanese middle class deliberately created by the policy-makers of the Meiji régime, and Hagiwara's home environment was characterised by its openness to modern influences: electric light, the magic lantern, ping-pong, western chairs and tables, summer holidays at the seaside, western playing-cards, the piano, the guitar, the mouth-organ. The eldest of six children, he was a sickly and hence a spoilt child, remaining his mother's lifelong darling. A bad student, his failure to win the academic distinction of which he was obviously capable showed a lazy man's unwillingness as well as a sick man's inability to concentrate. He neither went to a university nor ever seriously studied to develop his natural talent for music. Indeed, modern critics, conscious of his proven genius, find themselves in the embarrassing position of not knowing whether some of the curious words in his poetry are deliberate coinings or uneducated mistakes.

On leaving school, he drifted into a vaguely bohemian life and spent the years 1910–1913 oscillating between Maebashi and Tokyo, reading, learning to play the mandolin, listening to opera, attending foreign plays, reviewing Kabuki performances, writing poetry. His father was very disappointed in him, while the respectable people of Maebashi loudly disapproved of him. His poetry is full of acid and revengeful references to his native place and its inhabitants.

His early poetry is all apprentice stuff in the traditional *tanka* form of five lines of 5:7:5:7:7 syllables. Nevertheless, by 1913 he had won some reputation as a new poet in the traditional mode, and had already decided to devote his life to literature. He formed useful friendships in the literary world; especially with the well-established poets Yosano Akiko (1878–1942) and Kitahara Hakushū (1885–1942), and with two other excellent rising poets, Murō Saisei (1889–1962) and Yamamura Bochō (1884–1924). Then, suddenly, in 1913, he began writing those astonishing and essentially modern poems on which his real and lasting reputation rests. His first book, *Tsuki ni Hoeru* (*Barking at the Moon*) appeared in 1917. It is still generally considered to be his most characteristic work and it made a great impression as soon as it was published. It also involved Hagiwara in a brush

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with the Imperial Censor, who held that two of the poems (*Person Who Loves Love* and *Ai Ren*) would corrupt the young.

Hagiwara was recognised at once as a leading contemporary writer, and devoted the rest of his life to producing a long stream of books. These included six volumes of poetry, several of criticism, two major studies of poetic theory, a novel, an extremely influential study of Buson, and a flood of prose-poems, aphorisms, essays, articles, radio scripts and miscellaneous writings. Throughout, he depended largely on his father for financial support.

In 1919 he married Ueda Ineko, but, though two daughters were born, the marriage was a failure and ended in 1929. A second marriage in 1938 to Ōya Mitsuko proved equally luckless, and she left him after eighteen months. The loneliness, nihilism, and desperation of his later life is painfully reflected in his poems, and the posthumous account of him written by his elder daughter Yōko paints a poignant picture of the ageing poet, fascinated by stage-magic and simple conjuring tricks, drifting into alienation and persistent drunkenness. Kitahara Hakushū, in his introduction to *Barking at the Moon*, likened the quality in Hagiwara's early poetry to that of a "razor soaked in gloomy scent," to the "flash of a razor in a bowl of cool mercury." This razor-edge was never seriously blunted, but its scent soured into the smell of stale beer; and Murō, in his poem on Hagiwara's death, significantly described the realities of life as it continued in the world as "for you mere *saké* spilt along the bar." Hagiwara himself explained his particular liking for beer as conducive to drawn-out argument about poetry in the course of a slow progression into incoherence. Miyoshi Tatsuji, who, from Hagiwara's death to his own in 1964, was Japan's best poet, has described long, fascinating discussions with Hagiwara as he sat drinking steadily in his favourite corner of his favourite beer-hall in Shinjuku; but it is Hagiwara, and Hagiwara only, whom Miyoshi recognised as master. The poet's lonely life was lightened by a variety of new literary friendships; and the deepest (that with Miyoshi) persisted until Hagiwara's death of pneumonia on 18 May 1942, surviving even a quarrel over Miyoshi's frank confession of his dislike of Hagiwara's last book of poems (*The Ice Land*, of 1934).

HAGIWARA BEGAN WRITING during that critical period in the history of Japanese literature when Western influences, almost overwhelming in the Meiji Era (1868–1912), were at last being so successfully assimilated as to permit the regrowth of that essentially Japanese spirit which characterised the succeeding Taisho Era (1912–1926). By 1910 the seeds dropped from foreign flowers (not all of them *Fleurs du Mal*) had taken a good hold, and *wakon yōsai*, the Meiji slogan that stressed the need to meld "Western learning and the Japanese spirit," was a living inspiration. Hagiwara's universality derives directly from this inspiration.

It is still said that the artist's function is to hold a mirror up to nature. The time when that remark was true, if ever such a time there was, is now long past. The artist's function is (and has, I fancy, always been) to hold up mirrors that transmit not the photographer's literal reality but the artist's individual, even cracked, reflection of the universe. His function in the world is not to copy it but to create unreasonable *facsimiles thereof. For artists*, especially lyric poets such as Hagiwara, are not concerned with truths verifiable by photographs, by the due processes of the law or by the disciplines of formal logic. They have those reasons reason does not know. Hagiwara was once asked to explain the meaning of an early poem. He replied by asking if his questioner considered the nightingale's song beautiful. On receiving the inevitable affirmative, he then asked what that bird-song meant.... For Hagiwara holds no mirror, cracked or commonplace, up to nature: mirrors need light. Instead, he turns a radar on to nature's hitherto unpenetrated darknesses, feeling out shapes invisible. The resultant images, shining, golden or greeny-silver, often indeed distorted, may, to a photographer's eye, seem odd; but they are authentic versions, visions even, of the truth. For Hagiwara was a native of that strange world where Dylan Thomas' question ("Isn't life a terrible thing, thank God?") really needs no answer. And of that world his poems are a terrible, but a beautiful, reporting.

HIS EARLIEST TRULY MODERN POEMS, of which the first examples appeared in magazines during 1913, show traces of the influence of Baudelaire and the French Symbolists. He has, in fact, been called "the Japanese Baudelaire" but, though there are obvious resemblances in their attitudes, Hagiwara's poetry (as distinct from his prose) contains none of the intellectualism of his predecessor. Similarly, those poems where he shows most resemblance to Rimbaud are in the lighter lyrical field; and it is interesting to compare Hagiwara's "Elegant Appetite" with Rimbaud's "Au Cabaret-Vert," the poem which Ezra Pound considered Rimbaud's best. Though Hagiwara's work rings with a certain natural pessimism and despair (reflections of ill-health, ill nerves and plain ill-luck), its tone was deepened by study of Nietzsche, Bergson

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and Schopenhauer. Not only his first book but also his middle-period poetry (notably the poems in *To Dream of a Butterfly* of 1923 and *Blue Cat* of the same year) exhibit that pure but desperate lyricism which German critics have called "the Keats sickness." These poems do not argue: they sing.

As the poet aged, his poetry began to lose its lyrical purity and, though it never sank to the level of logical argument, it did begin to organise its imagery into a sort of argument by visual analogy. At the same time he reverted to a more frequent use of the classical Japanese literary vocabulary (a vocabulary or, to be more precise, a syllabary derived from the Chinese), and his poems acquired a clanging rather than a singing quality. These stylistic changes, of which "Late Autumn" is a good example, have been praised as marking Hagiwara's late development towards a more masculine manner. Such may indeed have been the poet's own intention, but I share Miyoshi's view that the change was a retrogression. I would not go so far as to echo his comment—the one that so annoyed Hagiwara—"Even the powerful bow weakens in the end"—but there can be no doubt that the later poetry contains intellectual elements which adulterate, if they do not actually spoil, his earlier pure lyricism. His prose writings demonstrate his reasoned (and, I think, rightly reasoned) antipathy to the styles of political poetry which characterised the schools of the 1930s in most parts of the world; but so far as those poets were poets and not political theorists or would-be politicians, Hagiwara shared their ever-deepening sense of anger, sadness and despair. Some of his later poems such as "Useless Book" and "What I Don't Have Is Everything" are almost querulous. He became eventually so bankrupt of all hope that, in Auden's terrifying words (which might well have been his own), he moved towards the ultimate silence of death,

"Saying Alas
To less and less."

THE REASONS for Hagiwara's importance in the history of modern Japanese literature (and, indeed, in the whole history of Japanese literature) may be summarised under the following six headings: his use of new forms, his use of new language, his escape from traditional metric rhythms, his entirely personal music, his astonishing personal vision, and his unprecedented achievement of sustained lyricism.

The earliest collection of Japanese poetry (the *Manyōshū* of 759) consists largely of *tanka*, but it also contains many poems in the longer forms of the *chōka* and *sedōka*. However, by the time that Ki no Tsurayuki wrote his catalytic preface to the *Kokinshū* (the First Imperial Anthology of 905), the Japanese poetic tradition had already begun to crystallise into a tradition of pure lyricism. "Poetry," wrote Tsurayuki, "has its seeds in man's heart"; and this view of poetry as lyricism necessitating no breadth of learning in the lyricist has remained the main strand of the Japanese poetic tradition. Such a tradition demands precisely that intensity of feeling which is usually most tellingly expressed in short forms; and for this reason the *chōka* and *sedōka* withered away. Though at various times in the subsequent development of Japanese poetry, poets struggled for the freedom of longer forms such as the *imayō, kouta, dodoitsu* and *jōruri*, the five-line *tanka* remained the normal mode of expression. Some measure of freedom appeared to be offered by the development of linked verse (*renga*) in which often different poets would compose successive three-line and two-line groups: but, in the event, this breaking of the *tanka* into a three-line upper hemistich (*kami no ku*) of 5:7:5 syllables and a two-line lower hemistich (*shimo no ku*) of 7:7 syllables merely resulted in a yet greater compression of Japanese poetic form. For the upper hemistich embarked on an independent development to become that flower of Edo poetry, now shrivelled to a tourist's gaud, the three-line *haiku*. Thus, when contact was re-established with the outside world in 1868, the main tradition of Japanese poetry was rigidly confined within the narrow courses of the *tanka* and the *haiku*. The notion of poetry as a vehicle for intellectual thought, the concept of the poetry of social protest, the didactic element in Chinese poetry—all these had ended with Yamanoue no Okura (660–733).

THE FIRST RESULT in poetry of the Meiji reopening of windows on the West was the appearance in 1882 of *Shintaishi* (*New Style Poetry*), a collection of translations of early 19th-century English poems edited by three Professors (significantly of philosophy, botany and sociology) at the University of Tokyo. The preface sharply attacked the cramping brevity of traditional forms ("How can a consecutive thought be expressed in such tight forms"); and three further collections (Shimazaki Tōson's *Seedlings* in 1887, Mori Ogai's *Semblances* in 1889 and Ueda Bin's *Sound of the Tide* in 1905) pursued the same line of attack but broadened the scope of European impact to include French, German and Italian influences. Nevertheless, the main stream of Japanese poetry continued to flow in the form of *tanka* (notably in the work of Yosano Akiko) and Hagiwara him-

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Person Who Loves Love

With crimsoned lips I kissed the trunk
Of the new white birch . . .
Yet even if I were a man of spunk,
No breasts would lurch
Like rubber balls on my chest, and my
Slack skin would smell
Of no fine powder. But what am I
To be wishing me well?
A man in whom the sap ran dry,
A sherd, a shell.

But here, on this fragrant summer's day,
In a sparkling grove's
Clearing, I put myself away
And pull on gloves,
Gloves that over my whole hand slip
Like a sky sky-blue,
And a thing like a corset round my hip
I wrap on too,
And I fix my hair with a bobby-clip
As the young girls do.

I dust my neck with a sort of chalk
And I pat my hair,
Then, with that half-coquettish walk
And mincing air
Which girls affect, I tilt my head . . .
O pity me,
As I kiss the trunk of the new white birch,
As I bend the knee,
As I cling, lips painted rosely red,
To that white tall tree.

Barking at the Moon

On the rotting wharf that pilfering cur,
Pale yapping waif of a wharfinger,
Barks at the moon:
The lonely at the lonelier.

O listen hard. By the wharf's stone wall
Where in the dark the water curls
To lap at land's ramshackledom,
There gloomy voices rise and fall,
Gloomy voices of yellow girls
Singing, singing of kingdoms come.

Why must I hear such singing; why
Must I walk so ware of the world gone wry;
And why, pale dog,
Unhappy dog, am I always I?

Home

Sitting in the old house, speaking
In silence to each other,
With no words said whatever
That either might regret;
Not sworn or open foes,
Not even quittance-seeking
Collectors of unpaid debt.

"Look, I'm your wife. I shall never,
Not though I die, depart."

The eyes, ill-tempered, glaring
Over a daggered nose
Stare from a vengeful heart
And, as our glances cross,
Neat malice nicks my nape.
Sitting in the old house, staring
At nothing; at a loss
How to escape, to escape.

Rotten Clam

Over the naked poll
Of this dead mollusc stuck
Half-buried in the sand,
Its licking tongue a-loll,
Brine, gravel and sea-muck
Flow grating to and fro,
Flow without south or sound
As dreams to silence flow,
Slow-sluicingly.

Flickered through that dumb flux
The tongue's thin gabble glows
Red from the gravelly frot;
And when sad evening sucks
The sea down to expose
Wan flats where sadness broods,
From entrails on the rot
The putrid breath protrudes,
Flickeringly.

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self wrote hundreds of early poems in that form; of these the first five appeared in his school magazine in 1902 and the last group (influenced by Kitahara's work in that mode) in 1913. So, when in 1913 Hagiwara began to write poems in all manner of irregular and typically "modern" forms, he was by no means the first to abandon traditional Japanese practice; but he was undoubtedly the first Japanese poet successfully to exploit the innovations of form derived from Western examples for the expression of traditional Japanese lyricism. It is perhaps worth noting here that Hagiwara did not at any time follow Western example into those striking departures from the Japanese lyric tradition which, picking up the didactic tradition where Okura had left it in the 8th century, eventually developed into modern Japanese proletarian poetry and those contemporary schools which, though named after Eliot's early lyrics, in fact derive from his later (and very un-Japanese) "thinking poetry."

Similarly, though Buson (1716–1783) had tentatively experimented with the use of the spoken colloquial language (*kōgotai*), it was not until the *Shintaishi* movement was well developed that any serious attempt was made to break away from the literary language (*bungotai*) derived from Chinese models in which *tanka* and *haiku* were traditionally written. The three Tokyo Professors expressed in their preface "regret that poetry has not hitherto been written in the colloquial language," but the language used to express the subsequent flow of imitations of European poets did little to assuage that sorrow. It was almost certainly Murō Saisei who first realised completely that the future of Japanese poetry lay in the use of *kōgotai* but, especially after Murō turned to the writing of novels, it was left for Hagiwara to exploit that realisation and so to become the true father of modern Japanese poetry. He exploited the rich resources of the colloquial right down to the darker levels of the vernacular; and his claim that "all new poetic styles issued from this book" (*Barking at the Moon*) is, I think, a fair one.

Though the *Manyōshū* contained poems with lines of a notably irregular syllable-count, all subsequent Japanese poetry was constructed from patterns of lines of five and seven syllables; the so-called seven-five metric rhythm (*shichi go chō*). The words of the Japanese language are so built up from unaccented syllables almost all ending in vowels that rhyme has never been used in its poetry. (In parenthesis, one might remark that one of the further peculiarities of Hagiwara's earliest "modern" poems is that some of them do, in fact, appear to rhyme.) However, this basic structure of the language has resulted in a prosody very closely linked to a syllable-count, and long experience has confirmed the tradition that the *shichi go chō* is the rhythm most natural to the language. None of the poets of the *Shintaishi* movement, despite their attacks on traditional form and traditional language, made any attempt to break away from this traditional metric rhythm. The first real efforts in that direction were made by Kawaji Ryūkō in his volume of poems *Hakidame* (*Rubbish Heap*) published in 1908. But again, though Hagiwara was not the pioneer, he was the first Japanese poet since Manyō times successfully to exploit rhythms other than the *shichi go chō*.

It may well be that Hagiwara's success in advancing Ryūkō's pioneering work was a result of his almost professional knowledge of music. He was obsessed by music all his life. As a small boy he brought home a violin for the school holidays. Although in 1910 he wrote to one of his class-mates: "I have three possibilities: a merchant, a medical student, a suicide by pistol," only his somewhat childish (he was then twenty-four) love of dramatising his feelings of being misunderstood could have led him to omit the real possibility that he would become a musician. In 1911 he spent four months learning the mandolin under an Italian teacher, and prepared—in his usual ineffective way—for the entrance examination to the Ueno Music School. In 1912 he was studying the guitar in Tokyo, and as late as 1914 he was actually teaching the mandolin in a small Western-style music-school recently established in Maebashi. He organised, conducted and played publicly in musical groups. He published criticism both of Western music and of the decline of the *samisen,* and in later life even wrote some minor compositions of his own. Though Beethoven was his favourite composer and though Japanese critics have emphasised the symphonic structure of his middle-period poetry (notably that in *Blue Cat*), his poems reveal an essentially melodic interest.

In this connection it is worth suggesting that the poetry of Hagiwara and the poetry of Federico Garcia Lorca (his almost exact Spanish contemporary) merit comparative study. It has been acutely remarked that, whereas Lorca was obsessed with the terror of envisaged horrors, Hagiwara was transfixed in lasting horror of terrors long arrived. The two poets shared an absorption in greenness ("Here," wrote Hagiwara, "is a little flute whose music is pure green"; "Green, how I love you, green," wrote Lorca). They shared a feeling for loneliness, for rivered landscapes, moonlight and horizons bounded by the bark-

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Useless Book

I saw a man of pallidness
Selling books in the street:
I heard him crying like a fighting-cock
With his ribs all thin.

I once was a man of uselessness.
This was a useless book.
It should be sold to someone
For one hundredth of a yen.

On a cold day close to winter,
Wearing a lined kimono,
The destitution of my lack of being
Has turned, inside me, sour.

How, shedding tears and feeling
In these old yellowish pages
Passion for what impassioned me
Once, o how should I dare
So to keep talking of my lonely life?

My understanding empties:
All that I have is nothing:
There's nothing really there.

What should be bought should be bought.

Though the pedestrians run
And, as they scatter, wind
Whips up its scrolls of sand,
My ancient lines of thought,
All that I felt and thought,
Writhe into grief again.

Look,
This is a useless book
And should be sold to someone
For one hundredth of one yen.

Hunting Fireflies

One from the nape of my beloved sister,
One from a window of the loony-bin,
One from the wound in Christ's bare foot,
One from a crevice in the tomb of kin,
One from the dead heart of a murderer,
One from a fish-spine's shining splay
And one from my own polished hand:
Fire from a world five worlds away.

Death of an Alcoholic

From the dead body of the alcoholic
Lying on its back—slack mouth, sharp nose—
Around the area of the dead white stomach
Something unimaginable flows.

With blood congealed, translucent, blue;
Heart warped and many-angled;
With rotten guts and wrists frayed through
Rheumatically; with sticky tangled
Orts spread wetly everywhere,
The shining ground is bright.

The grass is sharp as shattered glass
And everything is shining
With radium's eerie light.

Landscape of despair,
Landscape with the moon declining.

Ah, in such a lonely place
The whitish murderer's hanging face
Laughs like a shimmer in the grass.

Fieldmouse

Wherein consists our happiness?

The more one digs in muddy sand,
Will not one's grief well up the more
And one the more mistrust one's hand
As shiftiness grows yet more certain
And all the landmarks deliquesce?

Spring that swayed in the shadow of the curtain
Went jogging off like a rickishaw.

Where, o where, is our one true lover?
Though we stand in a field as wide as wind
And blow a whistle, we'll never recover
The daydreamt girls. They will never come back.

And hopeless, honourless, scrubby-chinned,
In tear-stained togs like the sodden sack
That navvies wear, I walk benighted
Into my future's yesterday.

Remorse for things that can never be righted
Stirs like a fieldmouse, runs away.

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ing of dogs. But, above all, they shared a passion for music, for the melodies in struck strings. Though there are, of course, great differences between them (the differences, basically, between the guitar and the mandolin), their high-strung similarities remain. There is no evidence that Hagiwara was aware even of Lorca's existence, and his introduction of an almost Western melodic line to Japanese poetry is an entirely original contribution. But it is so real a contribution that some of his poems (notably "Dice of Pure Silver"), will probably have to be translated into music if they are to be translated at all.

HAGIWARA'S most astonishing originality lies, however, in his unique vision of the world. He had, in a highly developed form, the poet's one essential gift: to see first what all can see once it has been shown to them. "Truth," said John Donne, "is a mountain: who would know Truth, about it and about must go." Hagiwara saw that mountain from his own strange belvedere, and his poems remain like arrow-slits in some cold and lonely siege-tower commanding their singular view of the truth. Some have said that his viewpoint was so restricted as to present a topsy-turvy truth, the universe *in camera oscura*: others that he stood so close to Donne's great mountain that inevitably he stood in shadow. But there seems no doubt that, whatever aspect of the truth he saw, none had quite so clearly studied it before him. It is, I think, irrelevant that Hagiwara revealed so dark a beauty.

> *Who, grown, can look in a true mirror*
> *And have no horror?*

Hagiwara saw everything (not, perhaps, everyone) afresh, as if new-made, as if in vision. Indeed, I deduce he must have had constant access to that admittedly lowest level of mystical experience, the Vision of Dame Kind. How rarely are his poems concerned with relations other than relations with things (a characteristic of that Vision); and how frequently he uses not only the word "things" but the visionary's key-word "shining." I know no other poet, except perhaps Rimbaud in *Les Illuminations*, so simultaneously lucent and obscure. It is as though he knew that the sun, that symbol of Japan, rises as much to cast shadow as to give light. Having abandoned not only traditional forms, traditional language, traditional rhythms, as well as what little residue of thought lay in the associated traditional stock of ideas, he is sometimes criticised for lack of intellectual content, for failing to react positively to the Western revivification of the old Chinese didactic tradition and, in particular, for an uncritical acceptance of the Pathetic Fallacy. But lyric poets are not concerned to maintain logical or philosophical consistencies, and lyricists of Hagiwara's animistic sympathies might well not think that Fallacy fallacious. Though he is buried in the cemetery attached to the Buddhist Shōjunji Temple in Maebashi, he seems never to have adopted any specific religion or philosophy but to have remained a humanistic (or, rather, an animistic) free-thinker all his life. It is, however, relevant to mention, since it explains the otherwise curious frequency of Christian imagery in his poems, that, as a young man, he was much influenced by that cousin, Hagiwara Eiji, a convinced Christian, to whom *Barking at the Moon* is dedicated.

FINALLY, though Hagiwara moves strongly in the mainstream of the Japanese lyric tradition, and though one tributary of his poetic ancestry can be traced back through Bashō to that chill and bitter figure, the one-time master-archer of the late 12th century, Priest Saigyō, he can also claim a place in the main Continental European tradition that runs down through Baudelaire and the Symbolists to the Imagists and their successors. For the element in Hagiwara's work which is utterly unprecedented in the Japanese poetic tradition is the sheer staying power of his lyric inspiration, the unexampled length of poem throughout which he was able to sustain an intensity of feeling which had only been achieved before in short poems such as *tanka*. More than for all his other innovations, Hagiwara's claim to greatness lies in this sustension of lyric intensity. The peculiarly piercing quality of his poetry has been compared to that of a babe new-born into our terrible world. But Hagiwara cried for a lifetime, and in poems that will last as long as the Japanese language.

CONTEMPORARY Japanese poets and critics acknowledge Hagiwara's primacy but tend to regard his work as a dead end. This is, essentially, the criticism made of such slight and minor poets as A. E. Housman; it seems to me unjustified in respect of Hagiwara. It is also argued that the startling originality of his themes and imagery is no more than a direct reflection of the poet's persistent ill-health and spiritual and intellectual neurasthenia. His poetry's consequent aura of irremediable malaise, this argument runs, inevitably appeals to our own distempered times, but it disqualifies Hagiwara from a major place in any healthy tradition. Though it can be argued with per-

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Night Train

In daybreak's feeble light
The fingerprints that sour
The glass of the sliding door
Glint desolately chill.
Rock ridges, barely white,
Are still, quicksilver-still.

No passengers yet wake.
The fagged electric light
Pants wearily. The sweet,
The too-sweet varnish-smell
And my cigar's stale smoke
Have made the morning vile.

Yet, if it seems to me
Vile, how much filthier
It must appear to her,
That wife of someone, met
Merely by rail-chance.
Haven't we
Passed Yamashina yet?

She turns her pillow's vent,
Watching with woman's eyes
Until the cushion sighs
As winded babies do.

In sudden grief we leant
Closer and closer to
And, so companioned,
We watched beyond the pane
Of that drab railway-train
The landscape gorge the light.

And columbines, beyond
Some village wall, were white.

Double Feature

In the darkness of a cinema
In a sleazy part of town
A white dog without ears was killed,
Boot-brutally tramped down.

The ghost of that white earless dog
In after-throes of pain
Appeared upon the silver screen
Over and over again.

Woman

With lips light-pinkly painted
And powder smelling white
And cool about the neck-hair,
Woman,
Relax the tight
Thrust of your breasts against me,
Their sorbo surge.
Be still,
And let your whitebait fingers
Their sly back-tickling skill,
Woman,
Forgo. Abandon
Those surged and scented sighs
With which you now abandon
Yourself against my eyes.
Drop,
Woman,
All your little tricks.
Woman,
You're sad, who know
That women, dupes of knowingness,
Can never let them go.

White Night

The night-frost creeping close
Across that chilling sky
Which steals the sounds of footsteps
Brings feeling to the eye;
The feeling that a veil of shimmering
Light is going by.

Things that were in hiding
Emerge. They skirt around
The willow trees in the distance
With that sly squeechy sound
Of wet straw-sandals walking
On water-rotten ground.

Look, silver weapons in their hands
Sharp in the darkness shine,
Silver weapons held straight up
Above the temple-line;
Arms from the arsenals of light,
Archaic, argentine.

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fect cogency that all lyric poetry reflects some kind of serious disorder in the lyricist, Hagiwara's quintessential sickness seems to me to have no bearing on the lasting importance of his work. I do not suggest that there would be any merit in contemporary imitation of his individual style, diction, imagery or themes; but I do very strongly suggest that Hagiwara's poetry is almost the only example in modern Japanese literature of the successful integration of the Japanese and Western poetic traditions. His poetry is a living synthesis of alien elements, and poets working in either tradition would do well to study the means of his achievement. For Hagiwara has shown that the traditionally compressed Japanese intensity of lyric feeling can be perfectly expressed in the forms and lengths derived from the Western tradition—that the heart of Priest Saigyō can beat in the breast of Lorca. The scientists and surgeons, baffled by problems of "rejection," struggle along fifty years behind him.

It took Japanese poets some fifty years to absorb the shock of the Meiji admission of Western influences, and it may well take another fifty years for the shock sustained in 1945 to be similarly absorbed. The comparative worthlessness, *sub specie aeternitatis,* of the early Meiji imitations of European poets at least suggests the probable worthlessness of contemporary Japanese imitations of Western poetic vogue-styles, which are themselves probably worthless in the first place. There is, of course, no necessary reason why an obsession with the resources of typography, with the restructuring of established syntax and the theories of Yves Bonnefoy, with Olson's Projective Verse, with Concrete Poetry and with the Intentionalist and Affective Fallacies should result in worthless Japanese poetry; but, in practice, worthlessness results. Tradition, said Eliot,

> is a matter of much wider significance [than novelty]. It cannot be inherited and, if you want it, you must obtain it by great labour. It involves, in the first place, that historical sense nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year. The historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole literature of his own country composes a simultaneous order.

In precisely those terms, and by enormous labour, Hagiwara established himself in the Japanese tradition. Only those Japanese who, like him, can refine and develop the poetic tradition of their own country can hope to become great poets. Shinoda Hajime has recently expressed the seminal thought that perhaps the similarities between Hagiwara and Eliot reflect the common derivation of essential elements from the main Continental European tradition; and, if that thought be accepted, the work of Hagiwara holds lessons not only for Japanese poets of the future but for the future poets of the world. Only time will tell; though I dare to believe, in the words of Auden's villanelle, that "Time will say nothing but I told you so."

BUT THESE CONSIDERATIONS only concern Hagiwara's status as a major poet of the world. That he is a major poet of Japan is a fact that I am sure nobody can deny. His phenomenal perceptiveness, his lyric hypersensitivity, his remorseless wringing of the nervous system of the soul are unique. And, if in the long run of our tears he does eventually fail to achieve major world-status, it will only be because those very characteristics which give him such laser-sharp penetration necessarily narrowed the breadth of his vision. For his, indeed, is the heart-break at the heart of things.

I WOULD ADD that the attached poems are translations only in the sense that Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat* is a translation of Omar Khayyam. I have not regarded the literal words in Hagiwara's texts as of primary or even secondary importance. Instead, I have sought first to convey the feel and intent of his work, the meaning of the feelings behind the vocabulary; and, secondly, to re-present those feelings in the forms and vocabulary of English. Cultured Iranians fluent in English sometimes laugh (and so, apparently, does Robert Graves) when told that the English regard Fitzgerald's poem as a translation of the *Rubaiyat*. They are, of course, entitled to their merriment; but I think they miss the point. Fitzgerald knew what he was doing, and he did it well: indeed, it is not impossible (if only because more people understand English than the language of the *Rubaiyat*) that Fitzgerald's re-creation will outlast the original. I make no such claim for the durability of my own efforts, for Hagiwara will hold his high position in the world of poetry without the help of alien support. But I would make a strong claim for the validity of Fitzgerald's mode of translation. Literal translations serve a useful purpose and have their honoured place; but they are hall-marked, branded even, by their need for explanatory footnotes. They are, in fact, clay-footnoted. In contrast, works in Fitzgerald's mode, though they are re-creations, remain creations and aspire to life. They have, and need, no footnotes. They explain, because they are, themselves. It follows, of course, that if

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Field Landscape

At the tip of a fishing pole
Bent round to halve an O,
One minnow jittering
As though electrified.

An old man with his whole
Bent body glittering
In the transforming flow
Of an enormous pride.

But all that countryside
Numb in the summer's warm
Incurious coma lay:
Even the cow that stood
Pat on a distant farm
Stared off the other way.

Late Autumn

A train was passing overhead.
My random thoughts were shadewards led
And, looking back, I was surprised
To find my heart so tranquillised.

Along the autumn streets were strewn
The last rays of the afternoon,
And traffic thronged the thoroughfare.
Do I exist? Is there-ness there?

Yet in a house, a gone-for-broke
House on a backstreet where the smoke
Still hangs in shreds, a window blocks
Its hollowness with hollyhocks.

they fail to come alive they must come to nothing. *"Traduttori traditori,"* say the Italians —translators are traitors. But if these versions of Hagiwara's poetry encourage any reappraisal or wider recognition of his work, I gladly risk that oblivion which is a traitor's fittest doom. Moreover, though translators must in some real sense be traitors, what other form of criticism goes deeper than treachery?

In conclusion, I should explain that, lacking Hagiwara's Catullan delicacy of ear, I have, in translating his poetry (which Auden once brilliantly defined as memorable speech), sought to maintain its memorability with all those technical devices, notably of form, which Hagiwara could afford to disregard. Similarly, I have exploited rhyme. This, as I have said, runs unhappily in the Japanese language, and Hagiwara, who used every other pattern of repeated sound and like-sound, very rarely used it.

But conventional forms have, I believe, developed and survived into conventionality precisely because they mirror best the nature of their origin. Diamonds could presumably be cut into the shapes of peacocks, people, or pantechnica: but the nature of light and the nature of diamond are, in fact, such that the gem reflects most light when cut in shapes that conform to the realities of nature. Poetry, whose deepest roots go down to incantation and whose strength derives from simple song and dancing, risks a withering the more certain the more it fails to reflect the nature of its sources. Hagiwara, a very great poet, could afford to risk such a loss; I cannot. But if these translations, these transmutations, open for the English-speaking reader even the thinnest band of Hagiwara's orchestrated multi-coloured vision, I shall be as well content as he, *frère hypocrite lecteur,* will be lucky.

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NOTES & TOPICS

The Exaltation of Folly & Reason

On Intellectual Opiates — By RAYMOND ARON

A POLEMICAL BOOK which I wrote more than thirteen years ago—*L'Opium des Intellectuels* (1955)—is about to be reprinted by my French publisher, and I have been having thoughts about its "topicality" and general relevance today.

Intellectuals have almost given up smoking Soviet opium since Khrushchev's anti-Stalin speech and the Sino-Soviet schism. The Communist Party still has its organisation, its militants, its *agit-prop* specialists, and even its ideologists and true believers. But Revisionism has deprived the dogma of its absurdities—and its power of fascination. America has never had an exportable equivalent to the system of historico-political thought that the Soviet Union imposed on its friends and erected like a fortress against its enemies. Torn by racial conflict and disfigured by the war in Viet Nam, it does not, in spite of its technical prowess, offer a model of civilisation that other countries want to imitate; still less does it offer any basis for a theory capable of attracting intellectuals in search of a faith.

The events of May in France, following on from the youthful unrest on American campus and West German academic centres, have belied expectations. The attrition of fascist ideologies and the weakening of Marxism-Leninism did not lead to the appearance of "a generation of realists" (or, at any rate, that generation did not last for more than half-a-dozen years). What came, rather, was an explosion of radical Utopianism. The decline of Marxism-Leninism in the West—where it was never indigenous but always a Russian import—favours a resurgence of national traditions and of pre-Marxist types of socialism, Proudhonism or Blanquism in France, populism in the United States, perhaps developments of the "Youth Movement" type (*Jugendbewegung*) in Germany.

For half-a-century the Communist Party kept alive the confused rejection of capitalist society by the French working class (*i.e.*, a fraction of it), and canalised its expression. This latent rejection may be fading away, but it was taken up recently by young workers on their own account and manifested in spectacular strikes. Trotskyist, Maoist, or Castroite groups swarm and multiply and harass the Communist Party from the Left. A section of the left-wing intelligentsia has adopted a kind of wild Marxism with no fixed dogma, but devoted to a cult of the spontaneity of the masses, even if they are only student masses. On the so-called philosophical level, this section of the intelligentsia supports quite different doctrines, deriving from linguistics or anthropology or structuralism, and all claiming virtues of scientific rigour. Can there be a brand of Maoism capable of reconciling the spontaneity of the masses and pure science? "*On a pris la parole comme on a pris la Bastille*," and indeed the rush into words has been like the storming of the Bastille. Sometimes the reconciliation seems to be attained by the manipulation of science so that it seems to illuminate "the radical creativity of a cultural revolution." I am afraid that men of my generation do not succeed in taking this altogether seriously.

ARE WE CONFRONTED with a return to Leninism? The Soviet experience is "dialectically negated," and this is coupled with a rejection of the specious internationalism imposed for the past half-century by Lenin and his heirs. Is this part of a search for a genuinely national form of socialism (in spite of the similarity of the slogans that spread from Berkeley to the Free University of Berlin by way of Paris)? Are we faced with a new force—revolutionary in its impact even if unconscious of its aims—represented by *students*? They are generally of bourgeois origin, and denounce the spiritual mediocrity and injustice of society: it offers them only careers mapped out in advance, and victimises the others who are left behind by prosperity; all appear to be losers in the great competition that modern democracy establishes as a permanent institution.

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PARETO rightly held that rational criticism of *derivations* has very little effect on the *residues*: in other words, on the feelings that make men act, reason, or unreason. Criticism manages at most to reveal the sophistries concealed by the sacred words: *gauche, prolétariat, révolution, histoire*. For lack of those words, the intellectual who is in love with the absolute and is outraged by existing defects of the social order, will find others to justify or rationalise revolt, hostility, verbal or physical violence.

Nonetheless, derivations are symptomatic of a state of mind or of a moment in history. The ideological themes on which the students weave innumerable variations seem to me to boil down to three: (*1*) the Consumer society, (2) Democratisation, and (*3*) rejection of the hierarchy in educational relationships (the latter symbolising interpersonal relationships in industry and society as a whole). Everyone will readily discern that these themes reflect three of the major problems that logically follow from the solutions to the problems of the 1930s and '50s produced, for better or for worse, by the preceding generation.

The criticism of *la societé de consommation* that students, following Dr. Marcuse, generally state in para-Marxist terms, carries on and continues the original, essentially romantic (or "re-

The Perfect Symbol

San Francisco

A NEW YORK-BORN *political scientist identified with liberal causes throughout his adult life has been for months the target of a campaign of abuse and harassment on and off the strife-marked campus of San Francisco State College.*

Professor John H. Bunzel has been told by dissident students that the values represented by him and fellow liberals form a main stumbling block to student revolutionaries. He has been called a "fascist pig" by left-wing radicals. His two family cars have been smeared with paint and their tyres have been slashed, the police say.

A bomb was found outside his office door, he has received countless "crank calls" over the telephone, and his suburban residence, scene of a burglary, is being watched by the police.

Vandals were seen invading the campus office next to his own upon finding his office door locked, and he has been shouted down time after time by jeering students while trying to conduct classes. A visiting official of the American Civil Liberties Union says he was appalled at the classroom treatment accorded Dr. Bunzel, who is chairman of the college's political science department.

"A group of about seven students caused so much commotion and disruption on one occasion that Professor Bunzel couldn't continue the class," a college vice-president said. But a spokesman for the Black Students Union countered by accusing Dr. Bunzel of "harassing and intimidating" students.

Outwardly, the campus was calm today in the aftermath of a bomb explosion Wednesday night that blinded and maimed Tim Peebles, a 19-year-old member of the Black Students Union. The police say he was holding the bomb in his hands, ready to plant it in the Creative Arts Building, when it exploded.

Professor Bunzel said that a member of Students for a Democratic Society, with whom he was on friendly terms, had told him why S.D.S., *the Black Students Union, the Third World Liberation Front and other militants had made him a marked man.*

"You are a perfect symbol," he quoted the student as saying. "You are over 40 years old, you are white and you have a Doctor of Philosophy degree. You are visible, in that you speak your mind in public. You are committed to reason. Your arguments are always rational and organised but, most of all, you are a liberal, you represent liberal values."

Dr. Bunzel believes that "the S.D.S. *types couldn't care less about conservatives and reactionaries."*

"Their focus," he said, "is on the liberals. Protection of the First Amendment, due process and such things are part of the liberal values that thwart the impulses for revolt and revolution. It makes attainment of these objectives much more difficult in an open society. It's the very freedom the radicals are given that undermines this revolution."

According to Mr. Besig, director of the American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California: "Obviously it was a planned effort to disrupt his class."

Professor Bunzel recalled that some disrupters "shouted quotes from Chairman Mao and his little red book" and continued "a machine-like barrage of billingsgate, throwing questions and shouting and waving their hands.

"They addressed me as 'fascist pig Bunzel'," he said. "One more charitable than the rest called me an 'educated pig'.

"After about 25 minutes I dismissed the first class, telling them I intended to teach the course the way it's been taught. One shouted, 'If we have to bring guns in here you won't teach it. We'll teach you about community power.' I was interrupted by a student who spoke for 10 minutes and demanded, Didn't power come out of the end of a gun? He wanted an answer 'right now'."

NEW YORK TIMES

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actionary") criticism of modern times which Marx integrated into his philosophy while simultaneously denouncing it. The worship of money, the inhumanity of interpersonal relations, the desiccating effect of specialisation in the field of work, the alienation of the producer in and by the things that he produces, all these evils denounced by pessimistic nostalgia for the past are not neglected in the works of the Old Left. But the old implication was that the remedy was socialism, *i.e.*, management by the associated producers. But since neither Soviet-style nor a capitalist affluent society has eliminated these evils—indeed, so far from having been cured, they have been aggravated—what then is left? Nothing but the great rejection, *le grand refus*, with no social class to execute the verdict of historical reason—except the intellectuals and the students. The young rebels have revived a basically commonplace criticism of modern life which is itself as old as time, except that they try to give it a new accent. Whether the banal words are Marxist, Bergsonian, or Existential makes no difference; the language changes, but the theme remains the same. Whether the object of production is military power, the conquest of space, or material prosperity, it fails to give "meaning to life," and some price has to be paid for it. The individual has the feeling (and it can actually agonise) that in becoming the master and owner of nature, man has enslaved himself to an inhuman scheme of things.

Unlike the first theme, "democratisation," which is thought of as educational equality for the young of all social classes, cannot be classified as the continuation of an old protest. It represents a stage in the dialectics of equality. Formal equality—*i.e.*, the universal right to education, putting all children in the same schools—is obviously no guarantee of real equality. On the contrary, the social hierarchy is consolidated by selection or educational orientation. The French working man's son has difficulty in qualifying for the *lycée* or if, thanks to gifts displayed at the earliest age, he does

"What Things Have Come to . . . ."

Paris

THERE WERE *disturbances at the Sorbonne on Saturday, during the "soutenance de thèse" which M. Lapierre, of the Nice Faculty of Letters, should have given on "The Treatment of News from Israel by the Great French Dailies in 1958" (thèse complémentaire) and "Essay on the Basis of Political Power" (thèse principale).*

The "rapporteur" for the first thesis was Raymond Aron, director of Studies at the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes. *Although no longer on the staff of the Faculty of Letters, from which he voluntarily resigned in January 1968, Raymond Aron acted as "rapporteur" for this thesis according to tradition, since this responsibility had originally been his.*

Elsewhere, a lecture hall had been assigned to the general assembly of the sociology students, arranged for the same time as the "soutenance" (which was to take place in the Salle Louis-Liard). On the Thursday an evening paper announced the meeting of the sociologists, which led the members of the jury (under the presidency of M. Stoetzel, with MM. Raymond Aron, Balandier, Daval and Polin) to expect possible trouble and to consider their position.

Two attitudes were possible in view of the likelihood of disturbances: either to hold the "soutenance" in a room to which the public was not admitted, or else to let it be known to the "contestaires" that it would be held openly and in the hall originally designed for it and that any demonstration which made this impossible would be most unfair to the candidate (he holds a provincial teaching post and would only be forced to make a second journey to Paris).

The jury decided on the second alternative. Raymond Aron had, in fact, been the previous evening to see M. Las Vergnas, the dean of the faculty, and had told him that he refused to officiate either in conditions of secrecy or of tumult. The dean and the general-secretary, M. Bourjac, replied that they had come to the same decision.

As a result of the disturbances (interruptions, heckling, shouting) the jury twice adjourned the "soutenance" in order to give the candidate a fair chance. He had resumed discussion of the principal thesis when a large number of students began beating on the outsides of the windows of the hall and made it impossible for him to continue speaking.

The dean and M. Polin several times appealed in vain for order. When the windows of the hall were broken, the jury decided unanimously to suspend the session, which will be resumed at a later date. They were all agreed that the doctorate, though fully deserved by a candidate of proved intellectual and moral standing, could not be conferred without the customary "soutenance."

After these incidents the same group of "contestaire" students shouted slogans against Raymond Aron in the courtyard and in the street: "Aron Fasciste!" *This is what things have come to.*

LE FIGARO

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qualify, he runs the risk of failure, of getting lost in a world of culture that is strange to his family, with no help from those closest to him and sometimes with no real motivation for applying himself diligently and succeeding in his studies. When students who, for the most part, come from the privileged classes demand equality in education, are they really expressing a sense of guilt? Are these privileged young people rejecting their privilege? Or, being anxious as some of them are to maintain or increase their privileges (one demand has been: "wages for students"), are they adopting as their own a grievance which, though valid in itself as a result of mechanisms common to all known societies, will preserve its urgency for a long time?

As for the protest against the Hierarchy of university authoritarianism, it partly reflects the student's paradoxical, marginal situation, and partly it symbolises protest against the permanent contradiction between organisation in the interests of efficiency and the democratic, egalitarian ideas as spontaneously interpreted by ordinary mortals.

NOTHING would be further from my purpose than to dismiss these ideological themes as insignificant. But, whether the question is how to improve the "quality of life," or to help workers' or peasants' sons to higher education, or to change the command structure in universities or in industry, there can be no miraculous solution or infallible remedy. These problems can only be tackled by piecemeal reforms, which will have to be different in each country, even if the starting-point is a common aspiration.

These ideological themes are characteristic of a moment in the history of ideas, perhaps of Western society. Does the same apply to the students' revolts? Superficially, they are alike. Students in the East European socialist countries seem to be more "realistic," as they set out their claims for intellectual freedoms which are assured in the West. Everywhere they question both the structure of the university and the structure of society; but at a deeper level the differences are more important than the resemblances.

French, German, or Italian students are shaking a university structure that is far more anachronistic than that of American universities. Whatever "student power" they may finally obtain, the fact remains that the Europeans are in revolt against the survivals of the 19th-century university, while the Americans are in revolt against certain results of the 20th-century university. Numbers result in similar phenomena in Paris and at Berkeley, but

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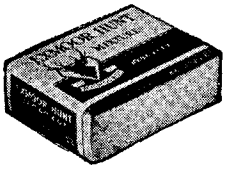

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French overcrowding could yield to reasonable reforms, while Californian overcrowding raises the problem: to what extent can one give a bulging age-group so-called higher education without putting into question the very foundations of the university, and without exposing these masses of young people, who may be adult but are still free of the responsibilities of adult life, to the temptations of blind violence or flight?

Just as the structure of the university in each country will ultimately determine the extent of the student rebellion, so will the national situation determine the kind of influence that that revolt will exercise on the state, or the political or economic system. From Berlin to Berkeley the "angry generation" seems to share the same ignorance of the past. The great Depression, Hitler, and Stalin mean nothing to them. When older generations compare the tasks of the present with the enemies they fought, the new "demons" do not strike them as being so very terrible. But the young of a new generation, and no one can have the right to blame them for it, compares the difficulties with their dreams and refuses to be tolerant. The students of Berlin do not put up with the Bonn republic just because Hitler or Ulbricht are worse; Californian students do not compare the condition of the Negroes with that of concentration camp inmates, or the Viet Nam war with the Russian intervention in Hungary in 1956 or in Czechoslovakia in 1968. Each generation sets out from the acquisitions of the past in search of new adventures.

There may be justifications for so doing, but at the same time a risk is being run: ignoring history and suffering its repetitions. Every generation, in every country, has to translate its spirit of revolt into action. Sometimes, when society or the dominant class has lost the capacity to reform itself, revolution becomes the only way out. When society is not agitated by revolutionary aspirations, when the necessary changes do not require violence (or, perhaps, *exclude* it), radical rejection or *la contestation systématique* serve only as an alibi for conservatism, laziness, snobbishness, unless they end by leading to catastrophe. All societies, whether healthy or unhealthy, react when a certain degree of disorder has been reached. The angry young men of Berlin reject Authority and the Nation which young Germans exalted in 1930, but the fanaticism—the fascist style of action—can be seen again in the streets. Total rejection is morally no better than unconditional submission; both are symptoms of *malaise* (and perhaps a stronger word should be used).

MY CRITICISM (written in 1954–55) of the ideological prejudices of the French post-war intelligentsia do not directly apply to our current ideological themes, though the latter, in spite of their lack of systemisation, preserve a number of the confused and powerful ideas orchestrated by the masters of the old Existentialist school.

There are two reasons why I do not propose to renew my critique. The prejudices of yesterday referred to a reality which was supposed to be an incarnation of *la Raison historique*, namely, the Soviet Union. When the point of reference of the revolt becomes Mao's China, Fidel Castro's Cuba, or an unknown utopian future, criticism based on comparison between the ideology and the reality loses its relevance and possible effectiveness. During the immediate post-war period, derivations presented themselves in a form sufficiently worked out to permit, if not to call for, a range of academic discussion. The residues of the French students who are the followers of Jacques Lacan or Louis Althusser escape from the field of argument. As these young people want to change, not only society, but man himself, and as they refuse to visualise the order that will emerge from the upheaval, what would be the use of a dialogue, which in any case they refuse in advance?

But, in spite of everything, this dialogue of yesterday, which came to an end for lack of combatants, has regained a significance which it seemed to have lost some years ago when Althusser's Marxists contemptuously dismissed as "ideology" the humanism of Marx and of their spiritual father.

The student Commune is the revenge of Sartre on Lévi-Strauss, of existentialism on structuralism; at least that is what M. Epistemon, a psychoanalyst touched by revolutionary grace at Nanterre, considers it to be. The French intelligentsia has lived through some of its finest hours. For three weeks the revolution reigned amid festivities and words. In May 1968 every intellectual in Paris abandoned himself to the exaltation of folly or of reason, depending on his inclination.

My own inclination with the book on *The Opium of the Intellectuals*, first published thirteen years ago, was and still is to make a contribution to the *Critique de la Raison déraisonnante*, the "critique of unreasoning reason," in modest imitation of Marx's own criticism of the young Hegelians, the companions of his youth, who remained perpetual prisoners not in the cave of appearances but in the empyrean of disincarnated concepts.

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The Prophet Ezra v. "The Egotistical Sublime"

On Pound, Eliot, Joyce — By JOHN WAIN

IN NOVEMBER 1917, as the First World War rolled into its final sickening phase, engulfing not only Europe and Asia Minor but also the United States, a small, neat pamphlet was issued by the young firm of Alfred A. Knopf in New York. Unsigned, it bore the title *Ezra Pound his Metric and Poetry*. The author, as "everyone knows" by this time, was T. S. Eliot, who had known Pound personally for some three years and had already learnt crucial lessons from him: or, to put it more accurately, been stimulated and prompted by him to crucial advances in his own work.

Thus early did Eliot begin his lifelong acknowledgment of what Pound had done, and meant, for him. The essay itself is not profound criticism; Eliot will do much better things soon; but it makes the essential points, and it has the interest and excitement of being written by a practitioner in an absorbing phase of his own development. Eliot sketches Pound's development from his first book, *A Lume Spento* (Venice, 1909) to the moment when, in that same year, he printed the first few Cantos in Harriet Monroe's magazine, *Poetry*, and shows the continual advance in technique and the maturing of character that can be seen as keeping pace with it. By the time Pound publishes *Ripostes* (1912), "The effect of London is apparent; the author has become a critic of men, surveying them from a consistent and developed point of view; he is more formidable and disconcerting; in short, much more mature." To the charge that Pound is a jackdaw gathering scraps from various literatures, Eliot has a convincing reply:

> There are influences, but deviously. It is rather a gradual development of experience into which literary experiences have entered. These have not brought the bondage of temporary enthusiasms, but have liberated the poet from his former restricted sphere. There is Catullus and Martial, Gautier, Laforgue and Tristan Corbière.

And to the accompanying charge, that Pound heaped up his materials without due regard for "form," Eliot replies by drawing attention to the alertness of Pound's ear for rhythm and cadence, the devotion with which he has compared and studied many kinds of poetic form, and concludes:

> The freedom of Pound's verse is rather a state of tension due to constant opposition between free and strict. There are not, as a matter of fact, two kinds of verse, the strict and the free; there is only a mastery which comes of being so well trained that form is an instinct and can be adapted to the particular purpose in hand.

Already, I think, the youthful Eliot had hit on the essential qualities that make Pound's poetry interesting and valuable. It is rhythmically alive and supple; the characteristically Poundian note, with its blend of the speaking and the singing voice, has seemed fatally easy to imitate but is in fact very personal to him. It is the work of a man who knows that art cannot be taken at the gallop, and also knows enough about diverse forms and kinds of art to avoid enslavement to any narrow system of regulations. Pound's freedom, like Picasso's, was reached through the formal study of correctness. He was able to teach a whole generation how to move away from strict form while keeping the strictness that matters, the discipline of living statement without padding or self-indulgent imprecisions.

NO DOUBT Eliot left his name off the pamphlet because the names of the two poets were, in literary circles, often mentioned together, and an unsigned tribute, however the shrewd might guess it to be Eliot's, would do Pound more good in the world. Signed or not, it came with the authority of a new and important poet, for Eliot had published *Prufrock and Other Observations* in London only a few months earlier.

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This was the period when Pound and Eliot found their minds working most closely together; soon would come the Poundian doctoring of *The Waste Land* and its dedication to *il miglior fabbro*. But indeed, it was during this decade or so that Pound's mind seemed to have the unlimited suppleness and power that made it able to work with that of any first-rate artist. Before meeting Eliot, he had spent that memorable winter of 1913 living with Yeats in a cottage on the edge of Ashdown Forest, seeing it as a "duty to posterity," and Yeats had shown a surprising docility in accepting Pound's suggestions for his work. "He is full of the Middle Ages," Yeats wrote to Lady Gregory, "and helps me to get back to the definite and concrete, away from modern abstractions; to talk over a poem with him is like getting you to put a sentence into dialect. All becomes clear and natural."

That Yeats, over twenty years Pound's senior and a poet of world fame, should allow Pound so unceremoniously to go through his poems and "eliminate the abstract"—the words are Yeats' own—is surprising and highly creditable. What appealed to Yeats, evidently, was Pound's instinctive drive towards what was clear, direct, unhampered, and above all concrete. In his essay "A Few Don'ts from an Imagiste," published in that same year of 1913, Pound was offering this advice to young poets.

> Don't use such an expression as "dim lands *of peace*." It dulls the image. It mixes an abstraction with the concrete. It comes from the writer's not realising that the natural object is always the *adequate* symbol.

An expression like "dim lands of peace" might easily have come from the early works of Yeats, where such turns of phrase abound. But Yeats, Pound or no Pound, was already moving towards a full trust in "the natural object"—*i.e.*, the object as seen objectively, in its own nature—as "the adequate symbol." From *The Wild Swans at Coole* (1919) through *Michael Robartes and the Dancer* (1921) to *The Tower* (1928) and the final flowering that lay beyond, his achievement was to make his symbols both more naked and more inclusive.

Some fifteen years later, when Pound had washed his hands of London, moved to Paris, washed his hands of Paris and made his final choice of a habitat in Mussolini's Italy, Yeats dedicated to him, as *A Packet for Ezra Pound*, the first exiguous version of *A Vision*, and prefaced it with that shrewd little sketch of Pound feeding the cats in the alley: so tolerant, so affectionate, and yet so undeceived, that we must quote it once again:

> Sometimes about ten o'clock at night I accompany him to a street where there are hotels upon one side, upon the other palm-trees and the sea, and there, taking out of his pocket bones and pieces of meat, he begins to call the cats. He knows all their histories—the brindled cat looked like a skeleton until he began to feed it; that fat grey cat is an hotel proprietor's favourite, it never begs from the guests' tables and it turns cats that do not belong to the hotel out of the garden; this black cat and that grey cat over there fought on a roof of a four-storied house some weeks ago, fell off, a whirling ball of claws and fur, and now avoid each other. Yet now that I recall the scene I think that he has no affection for cats—"some of them so ungrateful," a friend says—he never nurses the café cat, I cannot imagine him with a cat of his own. Cats are oppressed, dogs terrify them, landladies starve them, boys stone them, everybody speaks of them with contempt. If they were human beings we could talk of their oppressors with a studied violence, add our strength to theirs, even organise the oppressed and like good politicians sell our charity for power. I examine his criticism in this new light, his praise of writers pursued by ill-luck, left maimed or bedridden by the War; and thereupon recall a person as unlike him as possible, the only friend who remains to me from late boyhood, grown gaunt in the injustice of what seems her blind nobility of pity: "I will fight until I die," she wrote to me once, "against the cruelty of small ambitions." Was this pity a characteristic of his generation that has survived the Romantic Movement, and of mine and hers that saw it die—I too a revolutionist—some drop of hysteria still at the bottom of the cup?

This is the insight of a poet, and a great one. Pound's sympathy for the stray cats is based not on love of the cats but on the need to fight something, to resist and be indignant about something, to hit back, to strike an heroic attitude even in a small matter. If cats were human beings, we could organise them and thus "sell our charity for power." Yeats here puts his finger on that dark spot in Pound's character which made him into a Fascist—the need to dramatise a set of grievances, to embrace a system constructed out of negatives, in the hope that if he invested enough strength of will and purpose he could turn the sum total into a positive.

About this time, too, Eliot began gently but firmly indicating that he and Pound did not, in fact, hold identical views, however close a bond there might be between them as artists. In his lectures at the University of Virginia in 1933, published the next year as *After Strange Gods*, Eliot touched on the same impulse in Pound that had alerted Yeats, the need to use

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resentment as a motive power. He described the "hell" passages in the Cantos as "a hell for the other people," and went on to say that in spite of Pound's learning in medieval literatures, his identification with them seemed to be of the surface; that he was "attracted to the Middle Ages, apparently, by everything except that which gives them their significance."

Naturally Pound was not going to stand for that, and when in the same year he published (with the firm for which Eliot worked) his collection of essays, *Make It New*, he included in the Introduction, or "Date Line," an obvious reference to Eliot's comment. After dismissing Christianity in comic-satirical terms, he went on—

> Further attempt to answer Mr. Eliot's indirect query as to "What Mr. P. believes," would be perhaps out of place at this juncture. The peculiar frenzies of the Atys cult seem unadapted to the pleasanter parts of the Mediterranean basin. I have, I think, at no time attempted to conceal my beliefs from my so eminent colleague, but I have at all times desired to know the demarcation between what I know and what I do not know....

The heading "Date Line" is significant. At the head of his note Pound writes, *"Rapallo Jan. 28th, anno XII."* He is using the Fascist calendar, as he frequently does in his correspondence at this period.

So WHAT? Where are we going? My excuse for heaping up this (to many people) familiar data is that a book has appeared which takes one's mind back once more to the story of Pound's involvement with the literature and art of his time, to his presence as instigator, toreador, gadfly, mentor, fixer, during the decade from 1910 to 1920 and for several years spilling out at either end of that decade. Pound knew virtually everyone who was engaged in the effort to bring to birth an idiom that should be of the 20th century rather than the 19th; to all of them he offered encouragement, and to many of them he was able to give practical help. They reacted in various ways. At one extreme we find Wyndham Lewis, who accepted Pound's help during the difficult war years, and later made one of his bullying attacks on him in *Time and Western Man* (1927). At the other, Eliot with his unfailing loyalty and generosity to the man, even when he must have been horrified by the ideas and attitudes. Yeats accepted Pound's help gracefully and repaid the debt with affection, though with unfailing clear-sightedness. And now, at last, we have the full story of Pound's relationship with the one colossus still to be

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named: James Joyce.[1] Mr. Forrest Read has brought together, and set in a connecting thread of narrative, the surviving letters between Pound and Joyce, and also Pound's repeated pronouncements on the importance of Joyce's art. The result is sometimes hilarious, sometimes saddening, always deeply revealing.

WHEN CONTEMPLATING Pound's literary career, the first thing that strikes one is his altogether exceptional generosity to fellow-artists. I do not blame artists for being jealous and suspicious of one another; it is better simply to accept this as a fact of nature, for, as Blake noted,

The poison of the honey-bee
Is the artist's jealousy.

Still, it is a sadly obvious fact that writers, in particular, are nearly always very grudging in praise of their coevals. They find it easy enough to be generous and encouraging to very young writers, and to make the right noises in the presence of aged practitioners who have survived from the generation-before-last; but among their own generation, against whom they feel they are being measured, they show the pursed mouth and the narrow, sidelong glance. (This is why, incidentally, publishers show very little discernment when they egg on practising writers, in mid-career, to write books expressing their opinion of their fellow-practitioners, to unburden their souls between hard covers on "the novel now" and such-like themes. Surveys of this kind should be left to non-practitioners who have no deflecting personal interest.)

Pound is the great exception to this rule, sitting at the typewriter day after day and knocking out articles in support of those contemporaries in whose work he believed—Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, Gaudier-Brzeska, George Antheil and, repeatedly, Joyce. He pestered official bodies and private patrons for grants: he hammered wedges into orthodox opinion; he scurried about finding accommodation, fixing jobs, having this translated and that published, till the reader follows the account with increasing dizziness. Surely there has never been such an example of selflessness on the part of a practising writer; if we comb literary history we can turn up a few examples of writers who have helped their contemporaries, but on the way we shall encounter dozens of shocking stories of meanness, vindictiveness or (at best) a steady indifference such as Joyce maintained towards his contemporaries from first to last.

Why, one asks oneself. Why was Pound so different? The answer lies partly in Pound's generosity which (within a personal rather than a political context) has never been in doubt. But there is something else. Pound's make-up as an artist has also to be considered. If the word "fascist" could be cleansed of its hideous associations it would make an excellent description of Pound's turn of mind, for *fascis* is Latin for a bundle, and Pound has always delighted in making up bundles. Though he has spent so much time fighting the literary establishment, he is not by nature a lone wolf, as Joyce was. He does not mind finding himself in opposition, but he dislikes solitude; he has none of the Joycean predilection for ploughing a lonely furrow. All his life he has liked to travel in a "cloud of witnesses." In a sense, all his work is propaganda for an ideal civilisation, a City of Man; he has never sought to claim our attention for the promptings of his individual inner voice, but rather for something of value that he has found in Provençal, in mediaeval Italian, in Anglo-Saxon, in classical Latin or Chinese. The early *personae*, masks of the Roman actor, modulate easily into the key-figures of the later Cantos, from Jefferson to Confucius.

Pound has, then, always sought to win our assent not simply to his own thoughts, but to the thoughts of other minds with whom his has been in resonance. And here we have the clue to his astonishing generosity. Not to belittle it, but to bring it within the sphere of human comprehension. In his best years, Pound saw himself as the instigator of a new Renaissance. He loved Europe, but the Europe he found when he arrived (from Idaho *via* Wabash College) was moribund in so many respects: moribund in art, in literature, in civilisation. Finding here and there a practitioner of one or another art who shared his dissatisfaction and—more shakily—shared his programme for improving things, Pound hooped them all together within his enthusiastic approval as a *fascis*, called by him "the party of intelligence." From the start, he needed "a party," just as Joyce, from the start, needed to avoid any such embroilment.

IN THE END, it could not be done. Pound reached out for valuable elements wherever he perceived them, and at first his mind was big enough and strong enough to provide a marshalling-yard for everything that came in. His work up to, say, 1930 really does have a unity: the unity of his own personality and of the coherence of those things he finds necessary. After that, "the centre cannot hold." More and more material

[1] *Pound/Joyce*. The Letters of Ezra Pound to James Joyce, with Pound's Essays on Joyce. Edited and with Commentary by FORREST READ. Faber and Faber, 70s.

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keeps arriving, and there is really nowhere to put it. I leave aside, for obvious lack of competence to discuss it, the question of how far Pound's mental stress, the partial cracking of his mind that seems to have set in by about 1940, aggravated this situation and how far it was merely the result of trying to fulfil an impossible programme. What, on the other hand, I *can* see is what anybody can—the result lying before us on the printed page. The Cantos begin to ramble and become boring; there is, under the shock of calamity and suffering, a new and poignant note in the "Pisan cantos," but shortly afterwards the old disintegration sets in until we reach the incoherent unreadability of *Rock-drill* and *Thrones*.

Much the same thing happened to Joyce in his last twenty years, though for opposite reasons. Where Pound's later work flies apart from centrifugal force, all the fragments pulling away from the centre, Joyce, after the great central effort of *Ulysses*, began to revolve in ever-narrowing circles until he finally disappeared up his own orifice. *Finnegans Wake*, in spite of its impressive testimony to its author's willingness to "work" in the sense of putting in a vast number of hours at his desk, is in fact the product of exhaustion; it adds nothing vital to *Ulysses*; the best way to get it into perspective is to set it beside the late poems of Yeats, which really do represent a renewal of strength. Yeats, in old age, *moved*; Joyce went round and round.

I REALISE THAT IN TAKING this disenchanted view of the late Cantos and of *Finnegans Wake* I have against me the devoted testimony of all those "specialists" who have written shelf after shelf of books on both these topics. These books, however, seem to me the product of an amiable and interesting hobby rather than of any vital concern with literature. Both Joyce and Pound are, of course, major authors with masterpieces to their credit; they rightly engage the attention of critics, editors, biographers; but the kind of "Poundian" or "Joycean" whose mind relishes the slow shredding-out of clues in the *Wake* or the later Cantos, who is drawn to these works by the opportunities for sleuthing that they afford, seems to me on much the same level as the "Baconian" of yesteryear, whose motive for reading Shakespeare was to hunt for cryptograms. They neglect the essential importance of the very authors they expound; in place of vital human concerns, they offer a hobby, a pastime for winter evenings.

IF I HAVE HURT anyone's feelings, I am sorry for it, but at least I can cite support from Pound in my opinion of *Finnegans Wake*

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("nothing short of divine vision or a new cure for the clapp can possibly be worth all the circumambient peripherisation"), and from Yeats on the Cantos. Since Yeats died in 1939 he obviously did not see the real splintering of the later Cantos, but we can guess what his attitude to it would have been, not only from specific criticisms he made of Pound, in print and elsewhere, but such remarks as that in a letter to his father during the composition of *Per Amica Silentia Lunae*:

> One goes on year after year getting the disorder of one's own mind in order, and this is the real impulse to create.

No doubt we all have our own idea of what constitutes "getting the disorder of one's own mind in order," and both Pound and Joyce probably thought of themselves, in the system-building of their later work, as doing just that. But neither's system impressed the other. Pound originally championed Joyce as the exponent of a hard clarity, something to set over against that squashy, over-decorated quality he seems to have found everywhere in English and American writing of the recent past. Time and time again, in his propagandising articles, he presents Joyce as the heir of Flaubert, the master of exactitudes. It ties up with that recurrent theme of his, the contention that national and international truth-telling, the clear-sightedness that does not put up with evasion and cant, withers away before the power of language cleanly used. Pound stated these two points of view, the Joycean point and the general point, so repeatedly that one can hardly open the book without coming upon one or the other, and they often occur together, as in this passage from his article in *The Egoist* for February 1917:

> Flaubert pointed out that if France had studied his work they might have been saved a good deal in 1870. If more people had read *The Portrait* and certain stories in Mr. Joyce's *Dubliners* there might have been less recent trouble in Ireland. A clear diagnosis is never without its value.
>
> Apart from Mr. Joyce's realism—the school-life, the life in the University, the family dinner with the discussion of Parnell depicted in his novel—apart from, or of a piece with, all this is the style, the actual writing: hard, clear-cut, with no waste of words, no bundling up of useless phrases, no filling in with pages of slosh.
>
> It is very important that there should be clear, unexaggerated, realistic literature. It is very important that there should be good prose. The hell of contemporary Europe is caused by the lack of representative government in Germany, *and* by the non-existence of decent prose in the German language. Clear thought and sanity depend on clear prose. They cannot live apart. The former produces the latter. The latter conserves and transmits the former.
>
> The mush of the German sentence, the straddling of the verb out to the end, are just as much a part of the befoozlement of Kultur and the consequent hell, as was the rhetoric of later Rome the seed and the symptom of the Roman Empire's decadence and extinction. A nation that cannot write clearly cannot be trusted to govern, nor yet to think.
>
> Germany has had two decent prose-writers, Frederick the Great and Heine—the one taught by Voltaire, and the other saturated with French and with Paris. Only a nation accustomed to muzzy writing could have been led by the nose and bamboozled as the Germans have been by their controllers.
>
> The terror of clarity is not confined to any one people. The obstructionist and the provincial are everywhere, and in them alone is the permanent danger to civilisation. Clear, hard prose is the safeguard and should be valued as such. The mind accustomed to it will not be cheated or stampeded by national phrases and public emotionalities.

To Pound, that is, the essential Joyce is already there in *Dubliners*, and is fully developed in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. When *Ulysses* begins to roll off the assembly line, Pound is equally enthusiastic about it, and appears willing to accept it on the same terms, *i.e.*, as an exercise in truth-telling. One looks in vain for any discussion of the real significance of *Ulysses*—its mythopoeia. By providing Mr. Bloom's adventures with their Homeric backdrop, Joyce had moved on from late 19th-century realism to the characteristic vein of modern literature, the mythologising of experience.[2] Pound was at this very time writing his early Cantos, using the Odyssean parallels in much the same way, yet he seems curiously to attach little importance to the fact that he and Joyce had both taken this crucial step at the same moment. Joyce, in spite of his detachment, was very well aware that something of this kind was going on; not long after his arrival in Paris he writes to Stanislaus:

> Odyssey very much in the air here. Anatole France is writing *Le Cyclope*, G. Fauré, the musician an opera *Pénélope*. Giraudoux has written *Elpenor* (Paddy Dignam). Guillaume Apollinaire *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*.

[2] It is particularly interesting that the Pound/Joyce volume should appear, presumably by chance, at the same time as the first popular low-priced edition of *Ulysses* for a mass market (Penguin Books, 10s).

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"Madame Circe," he adds (25 July 1920) "advances regally towards her completion after which I hope to join a tennis club."

Still insisting on the point that Joyce was a truth-teller, a swiller-out of the Augean stables, Pound could go along as far as *Ulysses*. After that, the journey seemed to him to be on a wrong route. He dropped off long before *Finnegans Wake* took its final shape. Joyce, for his part, had never had anything to say about Pound's art and seems to have regarded his involvement in politics with lofty amusement.

> The more I hear of the political, philosophical, ethical zeal and labours of the brilliant members of Pound's big brass band the more I wonder why I was ever let into it "with my magic flute. . . ."

Pound, of course, remains: not only as a poet to whom one can always turn back with satisfaction and stimulus, but as that rarity, a genuine "key figure," one of those men against whom the other men of their time instinctively measure themselves. His art breaks down, in the end, because his grip on his own reality becomes weak; he tries to carry such a load, and without firm ground under his feet—as a cosmopolite, a citizen of nowhere—it is impossible. Joyce failed in his later years for the opposite reason; he stood on the same spot and bored in like a termite. Meanwhile, Eliot and Yeats developed and moved on; and the minor figures, such as Wyndham Lewis, disappeared in a cloud of querulousness.

And Joyce? Does he come out of it as merely selfish, a one-way valve for appreciation, kindness, encouragement? I do not think so. His was not the usual shrill, nagging ingratitude of the literary character. It had something much more rock-like about it. In character, Joyce was like a Henry Moore sculpture on a bare hillside. He never budged; he never made concessions or explained himself; if people saw what he was doing and supported him in it, he was grateful, but if they fell away he barely noticed the fact. If we search for a parallel to the Joycean temperament in previous literary history we shall, I think, find it best in Wordsworth. Mr. W. W. Robson, in his *Critical Essays* (1966), writes with fine perception about Wordsworth's undoubted egotism:

> This topic is not a simple one. Wordsworth's creative genius is intimately bound up with his way of using the word "I"—a word so simple to use, so baffling to think about. His sense of the unfathomable depths of the mind, the ego, unforgettably stated in the opening of *The Recluse*, is pervasive in his best poetry. His greatness appears in the unmistakable note with which he speaks of

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To think, to hope, to worship and to feel,
To struggle, to be lost within himself
In trepidation, from the blank abyss
To look with bodily eyes and be consoled.

He would not be Wordsworth without it; and yet.... Keats found a great phrase, summing up the blend of admiration and censure which we cannot but feel, in the presence of his unflagging solemn self-preoccupation: "the egotistical sublime." Censure there must be; we cannot ignore the ordinal moral meaning of the word egotism. But in mitigation we must remember that few original geniuses have ever been met with such derision and incomprehension.

Yes, the Keatsian phrase fits Joyce as perfectly as it fits Wordsworth; he was egotistical and he was sublime, and he needed to weld these qualities together into a carapace that would help him to endure misunderstanding and ridicule. In the end, Joyce strikes one as a lesser artist than Yeats, for precisely the reason that Yeats could take his carapace off when necessary. Yeats' stubborn pride, his fierce joy in isolation and *plaisir aristocratique de déplaire*, are fully developed by the time he writes "To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Nothing"; but he can come out from his shell, and be soft and vulnerable to life, and so he goes on developing, suffering, growing. Joyce, after *Ulysses*, cultivated the ultimate defiance of the artist: "this is right because I do it." In the end, his refusal to explain himself, to listen to any syllable of criticism, is symptomatic of a hardening of the mental arteries. He was, we may fancy, not altogether joking—not joking at all, perhaps?—when he wrote to Miss Weaver about *Work in Progress*: "I know it is no more than a game, but it is a game that I have learned to play in my own way. Children may just as well play as not. The ogre will come in any case."

Visit to Inner Space

On Nuttall's "Bomb Culture" — By David Martin

It is characteristic of a writer like Jeff Nuttall that he has no external biography.[1] The fly-leaf gives us a foreground not a background: there isn't even a claim to the status of "genuine working class." We know that he plays the trumpet, but do not know where he went to school. "Nuttall" suggests Lancashire. Was he the clever boy who went to the Grammar School, found it stiff and stuffy, and then drifted into those groups of jazz club dropouts described in Brian Jackson's study of *Working Class Community*?

One wants to know those things because he is so confusing. He speaks with many voices, all of them interesting, but it is difficult to know which is his. One moment he is a rural innocent dancing around a phallus, the next restating the Augustinian doctrine of original sin and empathising with William Burroughs on the margins of Manicheanism. He is also confused and confusing in the sequence of his ideas, not of course that one would expect an exemplar of McLuhanite psychic subversion to write with the linear rationality of an Ayer. More than that he confuses his own autobiography with the history of a culture—as if the Direct Grant Schools had already disappeared. No doubt he is the new new wave, but often the fate of waves is to disappear into the sands. Towards the end of the book he seems on the verge of a breakdown and then suddenly turns and addresses the psychic world (and himself) in terms which suggest a "return" to right reason. One has the impression he may soon be able to listen to Mozart without wanting to smash something. His is the kind of rich, disordered imagination that has to explore all his own contradictions before it can begin to establish any form of coherence. This book could be the end of one stage and intimation of the next.

Let me take his main thesis: that the rebellious culture produced by the "Bomb"—the Bomb being a kind of concentrated symbol for the last quarter of a century, is a reaction in favour of life by all those who cannot accept the suicide pact made by the Squares: the Fathers and the Politicians. The inhabitants of the Bomb Culture live in a uniquely contingent world and it is the politicians who are to blame. This argument is not of course a new one: referring to the late 1920s Herbert Butterfield remarked on

[1] *Bomb Culture*. By Jeff Nuttall. MacGibbon and Kee, 36s.

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a tendency to blame the Fall on to the politicians and the older generation. For Mr. Nuttall one doesn't need to be born again to escape the Fall: it is enough to have been born after 1945. The Fall-out supplants the Fall.

The denigration of politicians by those who are ignorant of politics or who are hooked on the pleasures of moral indignation is frequent enough and occurs as much on the Right as it does on the Left. But in Jeff Nuttall's case it is a flight from politics by someone who has half-glimpsed the complexities of the situation and who can only blame the politician for his limited success in dealing with such complexities. Yet political success is always limited because the material of the politicians' art is the most recalcitrant of all. Mr. Nuttall's complaints are those of an action painter sneering at somebody who works in mosaic. Most of the time it is a triumph to survive; and the achievements of a de Gaulle are positively Byzantine in every sense.

This is where the paradoxes of our situation are most evident; and no explanation of our situation is adequate which does not lean heavily on paradox. The point is that our world is both more contingent, because of the politicians, and also more secure, equally because of the politicians. We feel on the edge of destruction *and* on the margin of undreamt-of securities, horrified and dazzled by a cosmic question mark and a cosmic promise.

Mr. Nuttall's explanation leans too much on his own autobiography in that most young people are *not* facing that cosmic question mark but simply luxuriating in the securities at a level which allows them no access to the costs humanity has paid to acquire them, nor even to the very notion of cost, let alone of opportunity cost. (Leave that to bourgeois economists: but it is a central concept of sociology as well.) After all, it is the generation immediately preceding my own and Mr. Nuttall's which *should* be alienated. They lived, contrary to his supposition, in just as contingent a world as ours, though the form of the contingency was different; and they were actually asked to pay the costs of alternative choices, including those Marxists who actually had to run Communist societies as distinct from those whose Marxism is that of playboys in the Western World. (*Cf. Student Power*, by Alexander Cockburn and Robin Blackburn.) Now, however, we in Western Europe are no longer asked to pay, except in terms of the psychological turmoil illustrated in this book, precisely because of the Bomb we execrate and because the shield of the hated Americans protects us. Perhaps this is partly

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"What Nathan Leites is looking for, and finds, is a set of tendencies, of ways of feeling, of attitudes, that appear to him to be more or less characteristic of a given sector of the French people. He observes the French as they live and speak, as they behave and, above all, as they write. And he does so with the utmost possible detachment."—*Raymond Aron* 117s

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BY IRVING A. SPERGEL

Mr Spergel, asserting that delinquency and other critical problems of inner cities must be confronted consciously and systematically rather than intuitively, explores the variety of approaches available for both the professional social worker and the concerned layman. 90s

why we hate them: they preserve us even from the unpleasant experience of conscription. In short, the spiritual exhibitionists of our time have the money and the opportunity to mount their travelling exhibitions because of their "lying Dads," precisely because of American power and the sheltering, tolerant affluence of the despised liberal societies. Mr. Nuttall is quite wrong: the fathers ate the "sour grapes" (however much it is the children's teeth which are set on edge), and some of them have even enough security to enjoy the luxurious guilts of the really rich.

Jeff Nuttall is more convincing when he describes the sequence of sub-cultural development, and in detail he is highly perceptive. He believes a convergence has gradually taken place between the student world and the culture of the under-privileged. This convergence produces a world-wide coalition against the squares, for which the assistance and leadership of the Left-liberals is no longer necessary. The old lib-labs—a Kingsley Martin or a John Collins—specialised in "honourable argument" not psychic subversion. But in a world where the linear sequence of logic has become the total and immediate impact of the image, the only viable tactic is to massage the soft psychic underbelly of the system. *C.N.D.* was the last time the old Left-liberal led the new generation: when that had failed the young decided to do their own thing. After that not even Arnold Wesker's Culture-for-the-Masses was acceptable. The sequence ran from the "Teds" to "the Underground," with the Goon Show, skiffle, and the Beatles expanding the link between students and the underprivileged. The sub-cultures of the world united against Culture; and the new clerks betrayed Culture in its own citadel.

Sometimes Nuttall writes as if this were new: certainly the treason to culture in the old sense seems to me notable in its extent. Roy Fuller's recent lecture (*T.L.S.*, "Philistines and Jacobins," 20 February 1969) has argued that the prosperous Philistines of the last century were as nothing compared to prosperous barbarians of the present. Yet the ideas are not original and the range of artistic reference and literary quotation in this book sets them, however, unsystematically, in some sort of historical depth. Indeed *Bomb Culture* is a sort of extended epilogue to Mario's Praz's *The Romantic Agony* and an anthology of the spiritual disorders consequent on Romanticism. My own work on pacifism analysed the last outbreak of these phenomena in the 1930s: the inherent antagonism between the Left rationalists and the Romantic anarchists, and the recurring overlapping sequences of dreaminess and activism,

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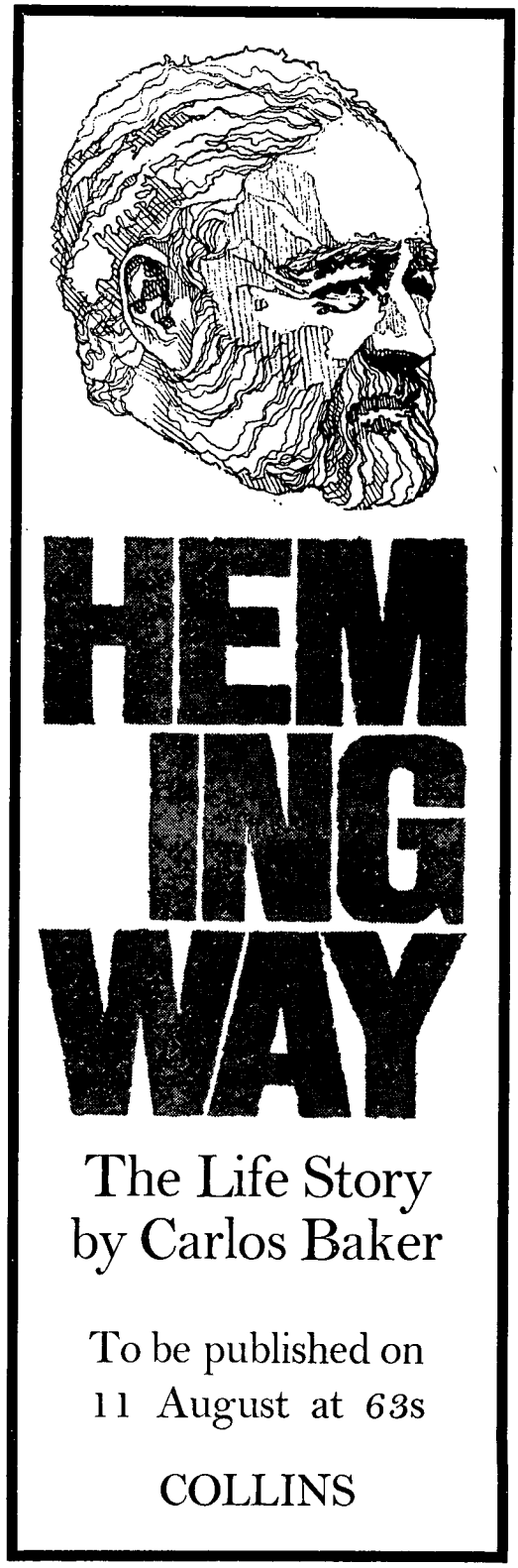
withdrawal and potency, making love and making war.

Indeed some of the categories of the sociology of religion are worth invoking in dealing with this kind of material. Broadly we are dealing with modern versions of the mystical and sectarian mode of protest. The mystical mode recovers the total simplicity of the world of the Child and aspires to a unity of experience, with or without drugs. In this condition the mystic may also find himself exploring every negative experience in order to make possible his return to the world as a "total" human being. Meanwhile he cannot meet the demands of the world or comprehend its external complexity because nothing is relevant except his own internal experience and his quest for wholeness. If wholeness cannot be achieved he confines himself to exploring the fullest extent of negation in all its Manichean disgust and obscene diversity. Nuttall describes this state of mind in William Burroughs. This is not usually a serious danger to society, except in so far as such people can combine the child's world with a total lack of self-control in which the experience of God is achieved orgiastically. It remains a nuisance, of course, because the mystic is outside of time, of rational social-organisation, of technical efficiency, even indeed outside communication (especially, on occasion, the communication of language). Hence the preference for art and film. He achieves a psychic return to an unsemanticised world before the word brought order and temporal sequence out of chaos. To quote from a manifesto in this book, he aspires to a "world without clocks."

THE OTHER MODE is a sectarian one which is also the next point of development in the child's world: binary discriminations—hence, perhaps, the role of this notion in facilitating the popularity of Lévi-Strauss. The world of politics is seen in terms of straight oppositions derived from the vocabulary of religion, not only True and False Consciousness but the children of Light and the children of Darkness. Moreover, original sin is an important category misused to indicate the systematic character of the evil which encompassed every aspect of the great society you are fighting against. Everything connects with everything else: Viet Nam and examinations, or (to use an example given in this book) the "Moors murder" was a sign that "it" had started. On the whole this type of politics, in which all the categories of political calculation and balance of evils are indiscriminately overwhelmed by the categories of sectarian religion, is more characteristic of the so-called "Socialist Societies" in our universities than of the Underground described by Nuttall. Never-



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theless he has his own basic division into Hippies and Squares in which the former possess all the ontological advantages. Quite characteristically he believes that only the young semi-psychopath is capable of creation just as only he is capable of genuine, enjoyable procreation. To adapt to his own style: the sex life of the squares always goes off at half-cock. Nor it is credible to him that even squares trained in universities are capable of seeing "orient and immortal wheat" through their windows at ten o'clock in the morning.

Yet the "creative" work he cites (leaving Mailer aside) shows little enough capacity, and his only riposte is to claim that "toffee-nosed" university people are debarred from appreciating those marvellous offerings. Indeed, now that the men of the Underground have been through a "range of exaltation and despair unique since Shakespeare" their "supremely informed sensibilities" are ready to surprise us all.

Happily such faith is matched by saving doubts. First, he queries whether the Underground may not be an inverted case of the evils it most declaims against. Second, he restates not only the orthodox doctrine of original sin but also the Christian doctrine of mystical experience. In his view, to be alienated is the defining characteristic of being human—and the attempt to end the rich possibilities of alienation, and the divine purpose underlying it, is man's most disastrous aspiration. As regards mysticism: "You can't dig It if you are It." He invites "us back to the Self, to classic form and rational serenity. . . ."

It is almost as if he realised that the dynamism of our civilisation depended on an interplay between distortions too gross and balances too serene. To rest in the achievements of that civilisation is certainly not enough, but it does look as if Mr. Nuttall may be tired of peddling his own accelerated obsolescence. I doubt whether he is quite ready to enjoy the praise of a square but I'm afraid I have to say it—both he and his book are, as the Laugh-In man has it, very interesting.

Young Man from the Rhondda

Print of a Hare's Foot. An Autobiographical Beginning. By Rhys Davies. Heinemann, 50*s*.

Mr. Rhys Davies is a very good writer who in a long life has never had the public recognition he deserves. One hopes that these chapters of autobiography will help to repair the omission and serve to remind people that he is among the best short story writers of our time. Indeed, they have the same qualities of freshness and compassion that are revealed in his stories; the difference is that here it is his own experiences which Mr. Davies recounts, only he sees them with very much the same eye as he turns upon those of others.

Print of a Hare's Foot tells the story of Mr. Davies' early life, first in childhood and youth in one of the most remote outposts of the Rhondda at the beginning of this century, and later as a young man on the threshold of a literary career in London. Mr. Davies is an old man now, but one has the sense that he still sees with a boy's clear vision. Many people before him have attempted to describe the extraordinary, one is tempted to say unique, society that until recently existed in the mining valleys of South Wales; no one, I think, has brought it to life quite so vividly as Mr. Davies does here.

It was in many ways a savage and violent society, marked by the scars of some of the harshest industrial conflicts this country has ever known. Yet its harshness was tempered by the dignity and warmth, a sense of shared humanity, which the South Wales miner never lost in good times as in bad. It was also, in one of its aspects, an almost claustrophobically closed society; the strange landscape of the South Wales mining valleys, in which the rural and the industrial combine so dramatically, was the background to a peculiarly close and intimate social life in which religion, beer, song, rugby football, socialism and whippets all had their part to play. Yet, in another aspect, it was a society which was open to all the world; the valleys, the grimy streams that ran down them, the coal that came out of their bowels, the tramline following the course of the single village street of the Rhondda, all made their way down to the docks and ships of Cardiff, and through them made their presence felt at the ends of the world. The Rhondda was a major factor in the industrialisation of the planet; and in the same way the miners' struggle for a life which recognised his human dignity made him a participant, and a leader, in a world-wide conflict.

Mr. Davies' account of his childhood and youth in this exotic society has a wonderful spontaneity; every detail in it is vivid, exact, authentic, and never blurred by overemphasis or exaggeration. He has the seeing eye of the born writer, but what comes as a surprise is that he preserves the same simplicity and clarity of vision in the very different world of literary London in the 1920s; the scene here is, for most

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people, a much more familiar one, but in Mr. Davies' description, we see it as he saw it himself, with the eyes of a young man for whom it was an almost total contrast to anything he had known before.

In one respect, also, these later chapters constitute an important contribution to literary history. In 1928, the windfall of a publisher's advance, "a sweet lump of money properly deposited in a bank," enabled Mr. Davies to satisfy an ambition to make a long stay in the South of France and there one day in Nice he received the following letter from Bandol:

> *Dear Rhys Davies,*
>
> Mr. Lahr sent me your address. Would you care to come here and be my guest in this small and inexpensive hotel for a few days? Bandol is about 20 minutes on the Marseilles side of Toulon; 20 minutes from Toulon. My wife and I would both be pleased if you come. I'm not quite sure how long we shall stay here—but anyhow ten days.
>
> *Sincerely,* D. H. LAWRENCE

Mr. Davies' account of his stay with Lawrence was originally published in *Horizon*, but one is grateful for having it here in more permanent form. Lawrence was then a dying man, living a life of peripatetic exile which, however, did not protect him, or his paintings, poems, novels from the persecution of the British censorship. Both his physical illness and the intense suffering caused him by his estrangement from England made him moody, unreasonable, cantankerous; yet they did nothing to impair the force and attraction of his personality.

> I mused over his extraordinary attraction as a person to look at. There was something of both a bird and a lizard about him—light and winging, no flesh hampering him. Yet the dark torrents of hatreds and teeming awareness in that frail figure! The curious bearded man on the *plage* was somehow electrically dangerous; he bore a high voltage of life.

Mr. Davies' account of Lawrence at the end of his life is one of the most sympathetic and understanding portraits of a man of genius ever written; no wonder Cyril Connolly was excited when he received the manuscript at *Horizon*. But it is a tribute to Mr. Davies' own book that it makes it entirely understandable to us that, if he liked Lawrence, so also Lawrence liked him.

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Return to Cairo

By Ibn el-Assal

THE FIRST IMPRESSION that one gets returning to Egypt after an absence of some time is unmistakably one of greater freedom. In the past, criticism of the régime tended to be furtive, the speaker looking around carefully and making sure who was within earshot before he spoke. Now it is much more open. People tell jokes or make explicit criticisms even of the President at dinner parties and in public places without bothering to look around and see who is there. Only the presence of foreign correspondents seems on occasion to inhibit the expression of unorthodox views. Otherwise criticism is not only more outspoken but is much more violent. Whereas previously it tended to be directed against the régime as such rather than against Nasser in person, it is now both more vicious and more personal in tone. A line which was familiar at an earlier time, as also in other dictatorial régimes past and present—that the leader was good but the men around him evil—is no longer heard. Criticism of Nasser has become much more direct, and reflects even on his personal integrity. He is accused of favouring his family and allowing them to acquire positions of wealth, power, and above all comfort. During the first few weeks of my stay in Egypt I heard only one person speak well of Nasser and of the régime, and he was an Englishman. Egyptians were either silent or hostile.

In view of this overwhelming attitude of dissatisfaction and disapproval, I was puzzled by the dramatic events following Nasser's resignation in June 1967, and the apparently unanimous desire of the Egyptians or at least of the people of Cairo to have him back. I put this question to a number of friends, whose answers fell broadly into two groups. One school of thought was that the whole thing was a pre-arranged comedy, organised by the police or the Arab Socialist Union—there were various nominees for the role of producer. Another view was expressed by a friend who put it this way: "When we heard the news of his resignation, our immediate reaction was that after having got the country into such a mess, he couldn't just walk out and leave it for someone else to clear up. What the crowds were in effect saying to him was 'You got us into this. Now you get us out of it.'..."

The greater degree of outspokenness is, however, misleading and does not really mean any greater freedom. On the contrary, the relaxation of pressure on the population in general is an excellent example of the skill of the régime in political manipulation—perhaps the only political skill which they possess to any degree. While, wisely, they are allowing people to talk more freely, they are allowing them far less scope to do anything about it. The means for the detection and suppression of *organised* opposition are much more effective. It is perhaps more striking and more significant that while there is more freedom in the country as a whole there is far less freedom within the ruling group. Whereas previously there was quite considerable scope for argument and criticism in Nasser's immediate circle, this has now ceased. The President now has his hands directly on the levers of power. Those who disagree with him or oppose his policies in any way, still more those who might conceivably form the nucleus of any kind of opposition group, have been systematically eliminated from positions of authority. They have not as yet been eliminated in any further sense but are still living peacefully in Cairo. They appear, however, to be under strict observation.

IN THE COMPARATIVE GENTLENESS with which opponents within the régime are treated, Egypt is still some distance from being a totalitarianism of the Central or East European type. The same kind of gap can be seen as between "Arab socialism" and the East European variety. Under Arab socialism as practised and applied in Egypt, the rich have been deprived of their riches, but apparently not of their ability to accumulate new riches. This has produced some curious results. Many former wealthy families whose wealth was in land or industry, finding themselves deprived of their former assets, have found new ways of using their talents. A number of them have invested what little remained of their money in such enterprises as night-clubs and restaurants, of which a surprising number

THE AUTHOR *of this article recently returned to Egypt from North America. He has preferred to use a pseudonym.*

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have been established in Cairo in recent years. These are highly profitable institutions, and have the great merit of not figuring in the national development plans. They are patronised by wealthy Arabs from oil-rich countries such as Libya, Saudi Arabia, and Kuwait, who come with vast sums of money to spend. They are also patronised to some extent by what is left of the Egyptian middle and upper class. Wealth acquired by means of night-clubs and restaurants has several advantages from the point of view of defending oneself against taxation and sequestration—the two principal menaces of the Arab socialist programme. In fact, those who make money in this and other ways seem to take good care not to accumulate any kind of visible capital, but to spend or remove their profits as quickly and as completely as possible. This means that a considerable amount of money is in very rapid circulation, inducing a rather febrile and specious prosperity in certain circles. It also means of course that nothing is being built up, and that the prospects of the economic future of the country are becoming steadily dimmer.

MANY STORIES ARE TOLD about the sequestration administration. Their general purport is to show it as prejudiced and incompetent. Both charges are, alas, easy to prove. Sequestration orders were for long directed principally against foreign and minority-owned assets. The tripartite aggression in 1956 justified the sequestration of British, French, and Jewish (not Israeli—obviously there were none) assets. Belgian misdeeds in the Congo furnished the occasion for the seizure (as a matter of African solidarity) of Belgian property in Egypt. Land reform required the sequestration of land-holdings above the permitted maximum—and so towards a larger and more general programme of nationalisation. Sequestered properties were not, however, simply confiscated. The previous owners retained a form of title, and in some cases received a monthly allowance from the sequestration authorities. Some of them qualified for other benefits. The large-scale dismissals of servants and other employees by suddenly impoverished plutocrats created distress and discontent. The authorities responded by arranging for these servants to stay at their posts, and draw their pay from the sequestration office. The former owners thus kept their servants, but with the uneasy knowledge that these were now paid by and answerable to another authority. In a few cases owners were able to obtain the annulment of the sequestration orders and the return of their property—except that usually there was nothing left to return. This was not due to corruption but to the apparently inevitable inefficiency of such arrangements.

The Crisis of National Identity

NOBODY SEEMS TO HAVE a good word to say for Arab socialism. Commercial, professional, and middle class elements bring against it the usual complaints which are brought against socialism in Western countries. Left-wingers dismiss Arab socialism with contempt as a half-hearted and inefficient compromise which has the merits neither of socialism nor of capitalism. According to them the only way to solve the economic problems of Egypt is to introduce "real" or "scientific" socialism—*i.e.*, the real thing as practised in Eastern Europe. According to this view Arab socialism is a mere sham—an ideological justification for the confiscation of Egyptian Moslem property when the supply of non-Egyptian and non-Moslem property for confiscation has run out. It has "nothing to do" with socialism in any real sense. The more pessimistic say that Arab socialism means socialism run by Arabs—and whatever kind of socialism they adopt in theory it will be "Arab socialism" when they put it into effect. In this respect Arab socialism will be the same as Arab democracy, Arab liberalism, and Arab capitalism.

I found this kind of rather neurotic self-criticism very frequent. It can be discerned for example in the political joke—that standard expression of dissent in autocracies. But whereas the political joke in Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia tended to be directed against the leader or against the régime, in Egypt it is as often as not directed against the Egyptian nation itself. It is not uncommon to find the expression of extreme nationalist views coupled with an almost nihilistic rejection of the Egyptian nation as incapable of anything at all.

The Egyptian nation? This raises another and interesting question. For a long time now the Egyptians have been suffering from what American psychologists and literary critics call "a crisis of identity." Are they Egyptians or are they Arabs? In the past they were quite happy to be simply Moslems or Copts, without worrying about a national designation. But in the modern world this is no longer adequate. There have been periods when they identified themselves—at least politically—as Egyptians, as inhabitants and citizens of a country called Egypt, which should find its political expression in an Egyptian state. During that period Egyptian intellectuals were inclined to argue that the fact that they spoke Arabic did not make them

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Arabs, any more than Mexicans were Spaniards or Americans were Englishmen. They expressed attitudes varying from sympathy to contempt for the Arabs of the East, but clearly differentiated themselves from them. They were Egyptians—the proud and legitimate heirs of the ancient glories of Pharaonic Egypt.

At other times they identified themselves as Arabs rather than Egyptians, and found their past heroes in the Arab caliphs rather than in the Egyptian Pharaohs. During the last fifteen years or more, the *Arab* rather than the *Egyptian* line has been dominant. It found its highest expression in the creation (in 1958) of the United Arab Republic after the union with Syria, and in the retention of that title by Egypt alone even after the Syrian secession. During this period even the very name of "Egypt" was wiped off the map. I was told that in elementary schools the history primers dealing with the ancient period spoke not of ancient Egypt but of "the ancient history of the southern region of the United Arab Republic." I do not know whether this is literally true, but it is not untypical of the attitudes that were current at that time. "Egyptianism" as distinct from "Arabism" was regarded as sectional and sectarian or, even worse, as an expression of Coptic influence. This was a damaging accusation.

During the last two years there has been a considerable revival of Egyptian as distinct from Arab identity. The war against Israel, the subsequent defeat, and the invasion by Israel of Egyptian territory helped to concentrate Egyptian feelings rather more powerfully on their own native land. With the enemy on the Canal and within gunshot of the Delta, it was Egypt herself that seemed to be threatened, and there were many Egyptians who began to ask how this came about. Many Egyptians still express loyalty to the Arab ideal and insist on the importance of the Arab world for Egypt—sometimes in political terms, sometimes more nakedly in economic terms (*e.g.*, on the lines that the Arab world forms the natural economic hinterland of the rising Egyptian industry, or that Egypt requires the oil revenues which Arabia gets but does not know how to use). Others have adopted a rather more cynical view of Arab unity. Time and time again I heard people cursing the Syrians—"They got us into this and then they didn't fire a shot." This is perhaps not quite fair as a description of the Syrian role of the events of May and June 1967, but it is not altogether wrong.

One hears the same kind of opinions expressed regarding the Palestinians, who are believed to have got the Egyptians into a mess and done nothing to help themselves. It is curious that the Palestinian Arab guerrilla organisations, whose emergence as a new and powerful factor in Arab and Middle Eastern affairs occupies so much attention in the West, receive far less among Egyptians. During several weeks in Egypt and many conversations with many Egyptians, I only heard the Palestine guerrillas described once as a new and significant factor, and that was by a young man who was educated in England and returns to that country very frequently. I had the distinct impression that he derived his opinions from the B.B.C. and the *Observer* rather than from any local sources.

There had been earlier setbacks to the cause of Arabism in Egypt—such as the brief and ill-fated union with Syria, and the bloody and costly failure in the Yemen. These, however, worked both ways. The union with Syria, while it lasted, showed some of the advantages which such associations could bring to important groups of Egyptians, many of whom held positions of power and profit in the "northern region." Even the war in the Yemen was not without its rewards. Egyptian troops were rotated fairly rapidly, and many found the opportunity in Arabia, in the usual manner of armies abroad, to buy and sell their way to moderate and relative wealth. Many a Cairo taxi-driver acquired his vehicle with money brought back from the Yemen.

The defeat in 1967 was another matter. This time the defeat was immediate and overwhelming. It brought no gains to anyone—and it brought the enemy right into Egypt. In the inevitable search for scapegoats, "Our Arab Brothers," for whom Egypt had made such sacrifices and from whom Egypt had received so little help, were obvious candidates.

"Egyptianism" v. "Arabism"

This discussion of the nature and identity of the country—Egyptian or Arab—is one of the most hotly debated themes at the present time. The Copts, as one might expect, are almost solidly in favour of an Egyptian rather than an Arab identity, and indeed opponents of this point of view tend to dismiss it as a Coptic aberration, feeling that this is in itself sufficient to discredit it. It is, however, by no means limited to Copts. There are many Egyptians who begin to think once again in terms of an *Egyptian patriotism* rather than a Pan-Arab nationalism and to argue, not without some show of justification, that "Arabism" has brought many troubles and no gains to Egypt.

The Egyptian press remains of course strictly

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controlled and for the most part state-owned, but a careful reading reveals some of the problems and differences of opinion which agitate people. The question of Egyptian or Arab identity is a good example. The official line is still unremittingly "Arab," and any formal opposition to this would be impossible in the public media. The issue, however, finds expression in indirect form. During a recent conference held under the auspices of the Egyptian government to commemorate the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of the city of Cairo, a Soviet scholar—of all people!—submitted a paper in which he argued that the name "Cairo" is not, as everyone has hitherto thought, of Arab derivation, but goes back to an ancient Egyptian name. This paper was reported at some length in the official daily newspaper *Al-Ahram*. This was followed by a lively controversy which ran for several weeks and attracted a great deal of attention. Quite obviously the contributors and readers of the newspaper were not working themselves into a passion over so obscure an issue as the etymology of the name "Cairo." What really interested them was the question whether they were Egyptians or Arabs, whether their Egyptian or Arab loyalty was supreme. The dispute on etymology was an argument on this question in disguise. The point was nicely summed up by an Egyptian-minded intellectual.

"I have heard of a woman pretending to be younger than she is," he said, "but not a civilisation. Our civilisation is 5,000 years old—and we invite the world to celebrate our 1,000th birthday!..."

There is one other field in which criticism—social and moral rather than political—appears in print, and that is in fiction. Egyptian novelists and short-story writers—and there are some very good ones working in Egypt today—present, for those who can appreciate it, a vivid picture of the quiet desperation of modern Egyptian life. It is perhaps fortunate that censors rarely understand literature.

OTHER QUESTIONS of great public concern can be discerned dimly as through a glass in the arguments and discussions in the Cairo daily newspapers. The different factions do not put forward their views openly, but these can to some extent be detected through the accusations which groups make against one another. From this and other evidence one gathers the impression that there are within the ruling *élite* three main tendencies at the moment. In the centre there are the Nasserists *tout court*, those who support the President whatever he does, and have no political ideology of any kind other than such support. To the right of these there is the group of those who are alarmed at the too great influence which the Russians are acquiring in the country, and who feel that a more genuinely neutral policy would be desirable. To the extent that these desire to resume some sort of dialogue with the West, they might be described as "pro-Western"—but hardly more than that. On the other side, there are those who believe that Arab Socialism having failed, real or scientific Socialism must be tried. They would wish to collectivise or nationalise the economy of the country as a whole and apply the same sort of methods as have been applied in Eastern Europe. This would, of course, inevitably mean very much closer association with the Soviet Union—a consequence which is accepted with varying degrees of enthusiasm. Members of either one of these groups would have a good chance of seizing power if Nasser should fall.

Apart from these there are also the Muslim Brothers, who are of course not represented in the ruling group at any level, but who have very powerful and widespread support in the country as a whole. Their chances would come only if the régime is completely destroyed—a contingency which seems unlikely at the present time. A man high in the counsels of the Muslim Brothers was quoted to me as saying "I wish that the Israelis would really conquer Cairo—that would make our task much easier." I can see the logic of this rather strange pronouncement.

ATTITUDES TO THE NATION and to the régime have of course a considerable bearing on the vexed problem of Israel. If the conflict is between a country called Israel and a country called Egypt, then the problem is much nearer to solution. Between Israel as Israel and Egypt as Egypt, there is no really fundamental problem at issue, and it should not be difficult to reach some sort of compromise. I found Egyptians who argued precisely along these lines. Another thing that struck me is that the passion against Israel and against the Jews which one has been led to expect from international press reports is usually lacking, or at least is no greater (and probably less) than before. There is of course a very strong feeling of anxiety at the danger which threatens the very heart of Egypt, and a great feeling of indignation. This indignation is not directed exclusively against the enemy. Often, it is directed against those, in Egypt and elsewhere, who got them into this trouble and who are now preventing them from getting out of it. One of the banners carried by student demonstrators last November read: "FORWARD, MOSHE DAYAN!" This was not of course an expression of pro-Israeli sentiments—

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though it was used by the prosecutors to support the absurd claim that the demonstrations were instigated by "Israeli agents." The rhetorical point that the student demonstrators were making is one often heard in conversation—that "any change," even an Israeli occupation, would be better than the present régime.

A picture that is often presented abroad is of Nasser as a moderate, holding back—with increasing difficulty—an infuriated Egyptian nation that is hell-bent for war. My own impression is the exact opposite—of a peaceable and weary people lashed and dragged by their leaders. The average Egyptian, young and old, is heartily sick of adventure and war. He asks nothing better than peace, even with Israel, on terms that are reasonable and honourable for Egypt. It is the régime which needs a state of war and a war-psychosis, with an endless series of incidents and crises, in order to maintain its rule over a reluctant country. Nasser himself is too heavily committed to pan-Arabism and the struggle against Israel to make peace even if he wants to—and the appearances are that he doesn't. There is in Egypt a great fear of the unknown, and even Nasser's bitterest critics sometime express anxiety about what might happen after the fall. Even in France, incomparably more stable and less troubled than Egypt, there were similar misgivings before the departure of de Gaulle. How much more so the Egyptians, with their immense and manifold problems. A state of war increases their anxiety, and reinforces their unwillingness to risk a change. A state of peace would make the retention of Nasser less necessary, and make his rule less bearable.

Nasser himself would prefer a state of war, short of actual war. His problem is to restrain two groups who think otherwise—on the one hand, those who would like to make peace on "Egyptian terms," *i.e.* securing the evacuation of Egyptian territory and leaving the Arabs in the East to arrange their own affairs; on the other, the war party—the soldiers who are determined to wipe out the disgrace to Egyptian arms and honour, and the politicians who are irrevocably committed to "the Arab cause." It is by no means unlikely that a régime might emerge after him, or even a successor in the same régime, which is much more likely, who would be able to take a different point of view. One should not underrate the possibilities of rapid change of mood and direction in Egyptian politics.

The demand for the union of Egypt and the Sudan—the unity of the Nile valley—was one of the basic demands of Egyptian patriots for seventy years. King Farouk actually went so far as to proclaim himself King of Egypt and the Sudan, thus putting himself into a position from which he could not retreat on this subject. Yet the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a new régime freed the Egyptian government from this embarrassing title and claim and made it possible to accept and recognise the independent nation which had meanwhile emerged in the Sudan. The long standing Egyptian demand for the union of Egypt and the Sudan was dropped—and the astonishing thing was that there was practically no objection in Egypt! The Egyptian interest in the Sudan is older and better grounded in reality than the Egyptian interest in Palestine. Although the Palestine issue has been embittered by three wars, it is by no means inconceivable that an Egyptian régime or ruler might emerge which would be prepared to cut its losses in Palestine in the same way as Neguib and Nasser did in the Sudan. In such a case there would no doubt be political opposition in Egypt, but I doubt if it would seriously incommode a determined Egyptian government. The problem of a settlement between Israel and her genuinely Arab neighbours in the East is of course quite another matter and would be very much more difficult —though on the other hand it is not easy to see what they could do once the great prop of Egyptian support is removed.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS can be obtained in Cairo—though occasional pages or even whole issues may be missing. They are however difficult and troublesome to get, and while I was there I relied on the local newspapers. These present a somewhat curious view of the world. One recognises the familiar outlines of places and people and events, but they appear in a strange and rather distorted form—with the perspective and realism of a medieval Islamic miniature. They are, so to speak, at some distance from reality and at a slant to it, and include a fair measure of pure fantasy. To begin with, I was able after my arrival to recognise the events and the situations to which newspaper articles and news items referred and to make the necessary adjustments. But after spending a little while in the country, I found my connection with reality slowly slipping. I began to feel myself much more influenced and affected by what I was reading, and unconsciously yielding to the Western-induced habit of believing that what one finds in print in a newspaper must have some sort of foundation of truth. One may doubt, one may feel that there is exaggeration, misrepresentation, or distortion, but one stops short of rejecting the entire story as a fabrication from start to finish.

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There were several items I accepted as truth because I had read them in the newspapers, and I did not discover until some time later that they were the purest invention.

ONE OF THE ACCUSATIONS commonly brought against the régime is that it had encouraged "immorality," or to put it in another way, that its activities have led to a breakdown of the old high Islamic moral standards. As usual, morality means primarily sexual morality, but not exclusively. Standards of honour among craftsmen, workmen, artisans, shopkeepers, etc. were once very high—in spite of the common Western belief to the contrary. They are now declining, to something more closely approximating a tourist or soldier's view of the Egyptians. This is a source of reproach. Even more sensitive is the sexual issue. In the new night-clubs and restaurants a visitor may see an astonishing sight. Young men and young girls sit together, publicly indulging in what the Americans call "heavy necking." This is not entirely new—what is new is that the girls are no longer professionals of vaguely South East European extraction but young Egyptian Moslem girls of what I might perhaps be excused for calling good family. Such conduct would have been inconceivable up to a few years ago in what, despite all the social and political changes, remained a conservative society in its moral and religious aspects. It is now taking place on a wide scale, and is deeply shocking to those who still believe in the old standards and the old way of life. This may yet prove to be one of the most serious grievances against the régime.

The Minorities

ONE OF THE SADDER CHANGES that have happened in Egypt is the virtual destruction of the minority communities. It is often said that the Egyptian Jewish community has been a casualty of the Arab-Israel struggle. In a sense this is true—but it is not unlikely that the Egyptian Jewish community would have suffered the same fate even had there been no Arab-Israel struggle. The Jews in Egypt were by no means the only minority. There were also some 70,000 Greeks, 50,000 Italians, and smaller groups of Levantine Christians, Cypriots, Maltese, Armenians and others, many of them established in the country for generations. All these have suffered the same fate. Without actually being driven from the country, they have been induced to leave by the steadily increasing pressure of Egyptian Moslem nationalism, which made it very difficult for members of foreign communities or even minority religious communities to make a livelihood. The Greeks, the Italians and the rest have gone home, and the 65,000 Jews who once lived in Egypt are now reduced to barely 3,000. Theoretically, the Jews, who had been in the country for thousands of years, were an Egyptian religious minority like the Copts, not a foreign minority like the Greeks and Italians. But in fact this distinction was blurred. The poorer Jews were indeed genuinely Egyptian—poor, sick and downtrodden. The upper-class Jews, however, were mainly foreign by origin or adoption, and preserved their foreign language, culture, and citizenship. While the poor Jews spoke Arabic, the rich Jews usually spoke French or Italian, and were in consequence seen as part of the privileged alien domination. When the end came, they shared the fate of other foreigners in Egypt—but worse, because of the conflict with Israel.

Egyptians react rather angrily to any suggestion of "anti-Semitism." Sometimes they produce the rather illiterate argument that they cannot be anti-Semitic because they are themselves Semites. This is, of course, absurd. Egyptians and other Arabs are, however, justified in disclaiming the kind of hostility to the Jews which is to be found in Christendom. This is a Euro-American rather than an Afro-Asian phenomenon, and has no real equivalent in the lands of Islam.

Nevertheless, it is not surprising that the impression of Arab and Egyptian anti-Semitism should have got around. A visit to the bookshops of Cairo, even to the kerb-side kiosks, shows them to be full of the most virulent anti-Semitic literature, much if not most of it translated or adapted from European works. Arabic translations of the famous *"Protocols of the Elders of Zion"* are to be found everywhere, and are quoted and distributed by the government in its various propaganda and information agencies. Hitler's *Mein Kampf,* in Arabic, is another widely distributed classic. There is an enormous literature of books dealing with Zionism and Israel—natural and reasonable enough. Many of them, however, begin and conclude with statements about the wickedness of the Jews as such and the Jewish conspiracy against the human race, for which they rely very heavily on the *"Protocols"* and other European anti-Jewish literature. The choicer specimens include charges that the Jews use Christian and/or Moslem blood for religious ceremonies, were responsible for both World Wars as well as numerous earlier troubles, are trying to dominate the world by secret conspiratorial means, and—a recurring theme—thoroughly deserve the hatred and persecution

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which they have throughout their history attracted to themselves. This sometimes leads to the exoneration of Hitler and Eichmann, who are presented as martyrs in a worthy cause.

Even serious authors go in for this kind of theory. A well-known professor of political science, in a widely-read book on Zionism, quotes Hitler in support of the authenticity of the "*Protocols*," which (he argues), is in any case demonstrated by the whole course of modern history; he goes on to argue that the study of what Hitler wrote about "World Zionism" is a vital necessity for the Arabs after what happened in 1948. Another, among many, is a distinguished diplomat, Ahmad Farrag Tayeh, who was Egyptian consul-general in Jerusalem during the final stages of the Palestine mandate, Minister to Jordan in 1951–52, and foreign minister after the revolution. This gentleman wrote an extremely important book describing what he saw in 1947 and 1948. His book begins with an introductory chapter based on the "*Protocols*" and French anti-Semitic tracts, on the Jewish plot to corrupt and rule mankind and their secret domination of the Anglo-Saxon countries. Most other books dealing with Israel, Zionism, or the Jews—and there are literally hundreds of them—bear to a greater or lesser extent in the same direction. Similar views are expressed in newspaper and magazine articles, and in radio and television programmes.

THIS GENERAL IMPRESSION of "anti-Semitism" which one gathers from literature and journalism is reinforced if one considers some further factors, for example the presence of large numbers of Nazi refugees, many of them now disguised under Arab names. Most of them live in Meadi, once the favourite suburb of British administrators and officials in Egypt. The former English club at Meadi is now largely frequented by Germans of this and other kinds. It is a strange irony.

Yet in spite of this, in spite of the anti-Semitic literature, the Nazi advisers and the destruction of the Jewish community, the observer would be wrong in ascribing racial anti-Semitism to the Egyptians. Foreign visitors, accustomed to the anti-Semitism of Europe and North America, expect to find a physical and personal rejection of Jews. There is none, not even among the authors and translators of anti-Semitic propagandist works. The régime has no doubt tried very hard—but it has failed. From the Egyptians in general, and what is more important from those Jews themselves who still remain in Egypt, I was assured again and again that "there is no real hostility." Action taken against the Jews in Egypt is purely and entirely the work of the régime and does not rest on any real popular feeling. It is astonishing to what extent the flood of hostile propaganda in books, newspapers, magazines, radio and television has failed to penetrate the Egyptian and to affect his basically kindly and tolerant attitude. The Egyptian is capable of violence in moments of passion and anger, but he is at root a humane and easy-going sort of person. It is difficult, for example, to see Egyptians engaging in the kind of blood-bath that has characterised changes of régimes in Iraq in recent years, or enjoying the public hangings which appear to be the most favoured spectacle in that country.

There remains, however, the genuinely difficult situation of the few thousand Jews who are still in Egypt. There is a certain irony, too, in that situation. During the last twenty years or more most of the Jewish community of Egypt have left. Some have settled in Israel, most have gone to Europe and the Americas. Those who have remained are the most authentically Egyptian of all. These are the poor Jews from the old Cairo ghettos, who still wear the *galabiya*, who speak nothing but Arabic, and who cannot conceive of life in any other place. Their life has always been hard and poor—the discrimination now levelled against them by the régime makes only a marginal difference. There have been other troubles in the past, they say, "and God has helped and they have gone"; these, too, will no doubt go in time. During the last two years the authorities have arrested several hundred adult male Jews, for no apparent reason; at least, no charges were ever preferred and no trials ever held. The reason given in statements abroad was that these were defaulters from military service. This is palpably untrue, since Jews are never permitted to serve in the armed forces, let alone required to do so.

Several hundred Jewish heads of families were detained at the Toura prison near Cairo. After a while arrangements were made to release them in small batches, but this ceased after the death of General Riyad and the wave of indignation that followed it. The remaining prisoners, between 300 and 400 of them, were transferred to another prison near the Barrage, where they are being kept in conditions of great hardship. Those Jews who remain at large do not appear to be subject to any kind of restraint or persecution. They are allowed to follow their professions, and to move freely around the country. They are not, however, allowed to leave.

AT THE PRESENT TIME it is fashionable in Arab countries—no doubt under Soviet influence—to use "Nazi" as a term of abuse. This has not always been so in the past, and even

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now many Nasserists make no secret of their wartime sympathies for Nazi Germany. Anwar el-Sadat in his autobiography has spoken of his role in organising a group in Cairo to help German spies. President Nasser himself, in his recent interview (2 March 1969) with the *New York Times*, when asked who was the man who had influenced him most, named General Aziz Ali el-Masri. General Aziz Ali el-Masri was the leader of the group of dissident officers to which Nasser and his friends belonged. He was also strongly pro-German, and in touch with Hitler's command. At one point arrangements were made to send a German plane to fetch him. Fortunately or unfortunately, depending on one's point of view, the plot was discovered in time and the General was arrested. Many others played a similar role and are not averse to talking about it. Generally speaking this pro-Nazism was pro-German and anti-British rather than connected with Jews or Zionism as such. At that time they were concerned with "the freedom of Egypt," and they naïvely believed that this was the way to obtain it. There were some, however, who seem to have gone a little further, and these are occasionally embarrassing to their present-day friends and associates.

Last year the Arab Socialist Union held a meeting in Cairo in order to mobilise international support from Left-wing elements in favour of the Arab cause. Quite a number of Leftists (both new and old) were present, including several Jews. At the final plenary session, to which resolutions were submitted from the various meetings, there was an untoward incident. One of the resolutions proclaimed the support of the meeting for all progressive movements wherever they might be, including Israel. The Syrian representative objected to the last two words "including Israel" on the grounds that since Israel was by definition aggressive, since its very existence constituted an aggression, to talk of progressive elements inside Israel was a contradiction in terms. The Chairman, a self-proclaimed wartime Nazi sympathiser now high in the councils of the Arab Socialist Union, appeared to agree, and summarily deleted the offending words. Among those who tried to raise their voices in protest was a European Jewish Marxist, who had come, so he explained, out of progressive solidarity with the Arab cause, and therefore deplored the spirit behind this change. The Chairman would not allow him to speak, and gave his reasons, with some vigour. He knew, he said, why "this Jew" had come; he knew what "this Jew's" real purpose was, and he would not let "this Jew" have his way. These remarks were of course made in Arabic and it is not known whether they were translated for the benefit of "this Jew" and other Marxist Jewish visitors.

BOTH JEWS AND COPTS, during the period of Western cultural domination, began to give their sons European first names; Moslems did not. An Egyptian with a given name like "Louis" or "George" might be either a Jew or a Copt. If the latter, he may need from time to time to prove his Coptic identity—usually by producing a certificate from a Coptic priest. This has the advantage of proving that he is not a Jew; it has the corresponding disadvantage of proving that he is not a Moslem.

THE POSITION OF THE COPTS continues to be curiously anomalous. The Copts are native and Arabic-speaking. They are undoubtedly the most authentically Egyptian of all the inhabitants of the country. They are Christians—but of an Egyptian national church which existed before the coming of the Arabs or Islam. Of all the inhabitants of Egypt they alone can claim to be the authentic descendants of ancient Egyptians, unmixed with Arab or Turkish or Circassian or Mamluk blood. While remaining Christian they did, however, adopt the Arabic language and to this extent became incorporated in the new identity which Islam imposed on the country. They have been rather luke-warm on the subject of "Arabism," still more so of pan-Arabism. In the old order which was officially based on Islam, the Copts had a recognised and accepted place as a tolerated minority. In the new order based on nationality, they should have been accepted as full equals—but they never really were. Their position was rather weakened during the period of the British occupation, when as Christians they enjoyed a certain favour from the occupying power to whom they were able in various ways to make themselves useful. That no doubt is the reason why anti-British attacks during the occupation and, more recently, during the struggle for the evacuation of the Suez Canal Zone, were not infrequently accompanied by campaigns against the Copts as well. At the present time the régime theoretically maintains the position that the Copts are fellow-citizens and complete equals, but it is not always so in practice. The Copts cannot really complain of any genuine persecution—though this does not stop some of them from doing so. There is, however, a very definite ceiling to their advancement in government service of any kind—and in the socialist society of the present time the term government service embraces an ever wider range of activities. Some Copts complain with equal vigour

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of what they regard as the neurotic tendency of their co-religionists to see anti-Coptic discrimination where there is none, and to attribute their own personal setbacks to prejudice against the group to which they belong. The real problem is one of insecurity. The Copts, particularly but not only the middle and upper classes and those with any kind of professional ambitions, do not feel at ease in modern Egypt.

This is one of the factors which has led to an entirely new phenomenon in Egyptian life—emigration. For hundreds and indeed thousands of years Egypt has been a country of *immigration* not of emigration. The hospitable land and people of Egypt, the wealth of the Nile valley, have in ancient, medieval and modern times attracted immigrants from many other countries who have come to Egypt, settled there, and contributed to its growth and development. Egyptians themselves have never shown the slightest inclination to leave their country, even in times of real poverty and distress. Perhaps the most striking change the present régime has introduced in Egypt is in this respect—there is no immigration but, on the contrary, there is now considerable emigration. As a local wit put it, "Nasser began by wiping the name of Egypt off the map—now he is getting rid of the Egyptians too...." Many thousands are already reported to be in Canada, where they have joined the Syrian, Lebanese, and other Christian émigrés from the Arab world. This represents a very significant development, for such a group constitutes a real bridgehead, a sufficient number of brothers, uncles, cousins, etc., to welcome a very much larger number. Egyptians are also going to other countries which are willing to receive them. Copts form a substantial proportion of the emigrants, but by no means the whole. Even Moslem Egyptians are now leaving Egypt and settling in countries overseas. The régime, after some initial reluctance, has apparently decided to allow this emigration. From its point of view it has the merit of siphoning off active and discontented elements who might otherwise cause trouble at home. Also it has, incidentally, the effect of draining away the most active and enterprising and often the best qualified elements in the country. This constitutes a permanent and perhaps irreparable loss. From the official point of view, however, the departure of dissident elements is a gain which far outweighs the loss of qualified elements.

Moscow to Cairo

THE COMMUNISTS are once again very much in evidence in Cairo. At one time they were rather severely repressed and a number of them were sent to a special concentration camp in the desert, where it is understood that they were very badly treated. Later they were released and a curious episode followed. According to the version that was put about, the Egyptian Communist Party had a meeting at which it agreed that in the present state of Egypt's development, a Communist Party was not required. It was accordingly decided that the party should be dissolved and that its members should join the Arab Socialist Union as individuals and work for the accomplishment of socialism in this way. It was noted after this that a number of Communists were appointed to positions of some influence and power, especially in the mass media. They can be heard and read almost daily on radio, TV, and in the main daily and weekly papers. The suspicion is general (and probably justified) that this was part of a deal imposed upon Nasser by his Russian friends—the release of the Communists and their appointment to certain positions, in return for the formal dissolution of the Party and support of the régime.

These Communists are a rather interesting lot. Generally speaking—though there are exceptions, especially in the universities—they are among the most intelligent, educated, and cultivated people that one meets in Egypt. They are also purposeful and determined. Often they are the sons and daughters of the great families in the past, a surprising proportion of them being the offspring of Turco-Circassian Pashas. Many of them were educated in French schools, often mission schools, and in French universities, where they acquired a characteristic French intellectualism and *gauchisme*. At the present time most of those who are still in Egypt seem to be fairly pro-Muscovite; the "Pekingese" have either gone into hiding or into exile. There are also quite a number who remain pro-Communist but with a certain detachment from Moscow (after the events in Czechoslovakia). Egyptian acceptance of the Russian action in Czechoslovakia is by no means as unanimous as one might gather from reading the press and listening to the radio.

Another place where Communist influence can be seen is in the bookshops. The selections of books on current affairs, politics, and history show a much wider range than in the past. A few years ago, one would have found books on Egypt, on Arab affairs, and of course on Israel and the Jews—but very little else. Now there are books on Asia and on Black Africa, on Europe and on Latin America, as well as on a wide variety of political, social, and economic topics. These present, overwhelmingly, the Muscovite line. It is, of course, anti-imperialist, and imperialism is another name for the West.

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Both the vocabulary and the ideology reveal the source. Books on earlier history show a much wider range of ideological commitments, but the modern world can, it would seem, be seen only from one viewpoint. Only on Israel is there some disagreement in the literature. For one school of thought, the enemy is "world Jewry," which cunningly manipulates American politicians; for another the enemy is "American imperialism," of which Israel is the dupe and puppet.

Another interesting feature of the bookshops is the output of literature on the Crusades—which are now a subject of considerable popular interest. They are also a common theme in journalism and even conversation. The attraction is obvious, and both writers and readers find comfort and encouragement in the story of how the Crusaders came from Europe, established themselves by force and aggression, maintained their states for a while, and were finally driven into the sea. The parallels are, so to speak, interchangeable. The Crusaders were early imperialists; the imperialists are modern Crusaders. The Moslem Holy War was yesterday's nationalist struggle; the nationalist struggle is today's Holy War. The Latin kingdom was a Zionist enclave, and Saladin was the Nasser of his time, who overcame the tripartite aggression of the Third Crusade. The end, it follows, must be the same. A European visitor who pointed out that the end was the Mongol invasions aroused some displeasure.

ONE OF THE REALLY STRIKING things that a traveller returning to Egypt after an absence notices is the immense unpopularity of the Russians. The kindest remark I heard about the Russians from anyone was: "We can't do without them—we need them in our present troubles." Even this rather unenthusiastic commendation was rare. Usually what people said about the Russians was very much harsher—though expressed with greater caution and more precaution than criticism of Nasser and his government. People appear to be more afraid of Russian reprisals than of those of their own rulers. Some, such as military officers who had dealings with them, complained of Russian crudity and bullying. Shopkeepers, guides and others complained of their parsimony. In shop after shop, particularly in the quarters dealing with tourist goods, I was told how sad it was that the Americans and British were no longer coming—just a few very rapid French tour parties. "But you have the Russians," I said. This was usually greeted with a storm of abuse. The Russians buy nothing and give nothing. They even get their cigarettes in their own clubs—and they won't, if they are asked, give anyone a cigarette either. The Russians apparently have not yet learnt that one of the ways in which a foreign presence can make itself tolerable is by spending money—preferably not too lavishly, but noticeably—among local shopkeepers. A more serious complaint about the Russians relates to their growing domination. I was, for example, told again and again by various friends that any member of the Soviet Embassy, even the humblest third Secretary, can call President Nasser at any time of the day and night and see him immediately if he wishes. I do not for a moment believe the truth of this story, which is altogether too improbable; but the mere fact that it is related—frequently and by many people—is in itself a political fact. There is a widespread belief that the Russians need Nasser because he keeps them in Egypt, and Nasser needs the Russians because they keep him in power. This belief does not add to the popularity of either Nasser or the Russians.

Of Milk & Beef

EGYPTIANS IN CONVERSATION tend to make frequent comparisons between the Russians and the Americans, the two great super-powers. They compare the way they behave, their attitudes to Israel and to the Arabs, their cultural, commercial and political methods, their colleges and universities, their ways of dealing with their "clients." The comparisons are by no means always in favour of the Russians, and frequently quite to the contrary. There is a growing tendency, particularly among intellectuals on the one hand and among business people on the other, to recall sadly "the days when Egypt had free and open contact," and exchanges both of goods and ideas, with the West. Russian films are found to be heavy and didactic and quite incredibly boring. Cinemas which show American or West European films are usually crowded; those which show Russian films are almost invariably half-empty. This is a source of quiet satisfaction to many Egyptians and of baffled resentment to Russians. In the same way sophisticated Egyptians, accustomed to the "Western ways," are repelled by the Russian political and even intellectual style, and sigh wistfully for their lost association with the intellectual and cultural life of the Western world.

Another comparison which is frequently made is between the Russians and the British. This is in itself rather sinister, for it means a

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comparison between the two powers which at one time or another have dominated and occupied Egypt. Egyptians are painfully aware that the British occupation began in circumstances rather similar to those which prevail now. A hundred years ago the master of Egypt was the Khedive Ismail, an ambitious and extravagant ruler who squandered vast sums on useless display at home and fruitless adventures abroad. To pay the cost, he borrowed money in Europe, and tried to curry favour with his creditors. President Nasser is seen as "the Khedive Ismail of the present time."

WHERE ISMAIL aped West European liberal democracy, Nasser apes East European socialism —and the one resembles its original about as closely as the other. Where Ismail ran up debts with British and French bankers, Nasser runs up debts in Eastern Europe, and the result could well be the same. Already the Soviet Embassy in Cairo is conducting itself in much the same way as the British Residency in the old days, and the Russian Ambassador is behaving, so I was told, "like a High Commissioner." Egyptians are caustic on the subject of Nasser's speeches about the selfless generosity of the Russians and their unwillingness to ask for anything in return for their aid. "Why should they ask for anything," someone remarked, "when they get all they want without asking?" The Russians have not yet established a real military presence, but they are moving rapidly and dangerously in that direction. Egyptians feel that their independence is now in real danger, that they may be seeing the beginnings of a Russian occupation which will be harsher and, above all, longer than the British one. Several friends in conversation drew attention to the fact that the Russian tendency is not merely to exploit but to "eat" the countries into which their troops and experts move. "We shall share the fate of the Tartars and the Uzbeks" was a dreary comment which I heard more than once.

EGYPTIANS LIKE TO quote the story of the Arab general Amr Ibn el-As, who conquered Egypt thirteen centuries ago. He expected the Caliph in Arabia to appoint him governor of the country, but the Caliph only offered him the command of the troops in Egypt, while another man became governor. Amr refused this command, in the memorable phrase: "Why should I hold the cow's horns while someone else milks her?" The British, too, came to Egypt for milk. The Russians, it is feared, may want beef.

EAST & WEST

Letter from Germany

Bonn is not Weimar

By F. R. Allemann

EVERY TIME there is a crisis in the German Federal Republic fearful spirits paint the fate of the old Weimar Republic on the wall in the darkest colours. When German democracy catches a cold there is no lack of doctors who immediately diagnose an attack of pneumonia like the one that carried off the first German democracy thirty-five years ago.

Burned children fear the fire. The Germans, who in any case have never suffered from an excess of democratic self-confidence, invariably see catastrophe threatening their second republic the moment its democratic machinery ceases to run smoothly. This happened in autumn 1966 when, in the face of a critical aggravation of the financial crisis, Dr. Ludwig Erhard's cabinet broke apart and after a tug-of-war lasting for weeks Erhard was replaced by Dr. Kiesinger and the *kleine* Bonn Coalition by the *grosse*.

During the last two years the same mutterings have started up again. Since the shots fired at Rudi Dutschke drove the most active section of the students out into the streets, unrest and riots have remained a regular feature of the street scene in German university centres. In the Weimar Republic street fighting was the order of the day. If its Bonn successor now goes through the same experience people jump to the conclusion that it will go the way of Weimar, and actually evoke the spectre of civil war—on exactly the same principle according to which, some three years ago, the first real crisis which the Bonn Government underwent after seven-

F. R. ALLEMANN *is a Swiss journalist and author who has contributed regularly to* ENCOUNTER. *Among his books are a study of the Swiss Cantons, two volumes on Middle East Nationalism, and an analysis of present-day Portugal. West Germany will shortly be holding its fifth national elections since the establishment of the Bundesrepublik twenty years ago.*

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teen years of exceptional stability was immediately exaggerated into a state of emergency.

Bonn ist nicht Weimar ("Bonn is not Weimar") was the title I gave thirteen years ago to a study of the opportunities and dangers facing democracy in the Federal Republic. Few people read the book, but they quoted its title all the more frequently. Characteristically, they generally did so when they saw an opportunity of questioning its apparently so reprehensibly optimistic thesis. That Bonn *is* Weimar, or at least is in danger of *becoming* Weimar, has come to be one of the favourite ideas of journalistic Cassandras which they bring out on every suitable, and even more on every unsuitable occasion. This is not new. In the very first years of the Federal Republic friends and foes of the new democratic experiment were alike obsessed by the idea that something similar to what happened between 1918 and 1933 was bound to be repeated after 1949.

"Weimar" has become for the Germans—and especially for the democrats among them—what psychologists call a trauma. They once failed to take advantage of the opportunity for democracy and threw it away in a manner that led to barefaced tyranny and from tyranny straight to total collapse. Whenever they feel symptoms in their political body that are even remotely reminiscent of the fever they suffered at that time, they react neurotically to them. Instead of soberly analysing the symptoms and looking for the disturbances that have produced them, they collapse on to a sofa and murmur in panic: "*Ganz wie in Weimar*—Just as in Weimar...."

IN REALITY this monomania is nothing but a convenient means of avoiding recognition of their true situation and thus dodging any therapy of their thoroughly real disorders. If the Federal Republic fails it will not be because it is faced by the same or very similar difficulties as those which brought down the first attempt at democracy in Germany, but for another reason: because it imagines itself to be suffering from sicknesses from which it is not suffering, thereby overlooking the true nature of those illnesses that really have attacked it. When its citizens feel unwell, they can think of nothing to blame but the Weimar bacillus. Through rigidly concentrating on what once happened to them, and according to widespread opinion could happen to them again at any moment, they fail to attack the disease where its true roots lie.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED in Germany in early '30s—and what is happening now?

The Weimar democracy perished in the vortex of the most serious world economic crisis since the dawn of the industrial era. But even before this, it had suffered from a potentially fragile constitution. And this above all for one reason: because a large section of the German people had from the outset been not merely critical, but undisguisedly hostile towards the State that had taken the place of the Hohenzollern Monarchy and, along with the rest of its inheritance, had been forced to shoulder the blame for the defeat of 1918. Some—those on the Right—dreamed of a return to the greatness of Imperial Germany, now hopelessly lost, or imagined that all the country needed was a strong man to restore "order." Others saw the cause of the trouble in the half-hearted pseudo-revolution that had followed the lost war and sought salvation in Communism.

The democratic centre was weak and only occasionally able to form even an adequate parliamentary majority out of its own strength and without the aid of people who wanted nothing to do with the Republic. It grew even weaker as the tempests of the world economic crisis drove more and more voters into the arms of the most radical of the Republic's opponents. Then the Nazis and Communists developed into that "negative majority" which was united in a ruthless battle with the "*System*," but in nothing else, and whose exponents fought one another to the death.

It was this memory which the fathers of the Basic Law had in mind when they set about drafting a new constitution as a democratic emergency roof for the three Western occupation

Loriot

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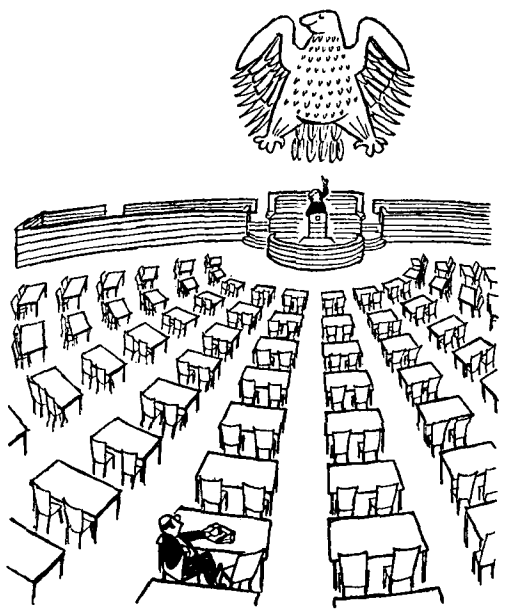
zones. This undertaking, too, was completely dominated by the effects of the Weimar shock. The main concern was how to prevent the emergence of fresh "negative majorities." Out of this sprang both the endeavour to deny anti-constitutional parties any share in determining the political will of the nation by means of a veto enshrined in the constitution, and also the new concept of the "constructive vote of no confidence."[1]

In reality, however, the starting-point of the Federal Republic was in no way to be compared with that of its predecessor. If during the Weimar era a large minority, which later grew into a majority, had rejected the democratic State from the outset, there was now—under the influence of the disaster into which National Socialism had plunged the German people—an overwhelming and ever-increasing majority prepared to make the best of democracy.

Please note: this did not by any means imply that all Germans had become democratic overnight. They accepted democracy because this kind of order satisfied their need for peace and quiet after decades of constant revolutionary upheavals, because it made few demands on its citizens, and because moreover, during the long era of Konrad Adenauer, it achieved an undreamed-measure of stability and above all of economic prosperity. They wanted no more. It never occurred to them that democracy is a difficult form of government that depends upon the collaboration of the citizens.



Loriot

THIS ATTITUDE OF PASSIVE ACCEPTANCE presented a chance and a danger. A chance that something like a democratic tradition might develop out of gradual passive habituation to the democratic process (for what else is tradition but habit that has become established and is taken for granted?). And the danger that a régime which rests less upon the conscious will of its citizens than upon their adaptation to existing, and for the moment apparently highly satisfactory, conditions is ill-prepared for stresses and strains. That such stresses and strains might, indeed would, occur had always to be assumed. If I ventured in 1956 the prognosis that Bonn was not Weimar, this statement by no means implied a prediction that the Federal Republic would always cope with its problems in effortless *élan*. It meant that the tests which stood before it would be of quite a different kind from those on which the Weimar Republic had bled to death.

Everything that has happened since then has rather confirmed me in this conviction than shaken it. And this is not because I have any tendency to dismiss the present crisis of the Federal Republic as innocuous. "Bonn is not Weimar" does not mean that everything is in apple-pie order. Nor does it mean that the weaknesses and infirmities of the political organism that are coming to light today are less dangerous than those which brought down the weak-chested ancestor of the Bonn State, which itself is not exactly robust. It simply means that they have a different root. To reduce it to a very simple, no doubt over-simplified, formula—the democracy that collapsed in 1933 was the victim of constitutional high blood pressure—today's fainting fits, on the other hand, are the consequence of a low blood pressure that has lasted far too long.

WHAT MADE the Weimar Republic's life difficult from the outset was the lack of a minimum of what the political scientists call a "consensus." There was absolutely no agreement about even the fundamentals of the political order, precisely because the State was opposed in principle by a large proportion of its citizens. Antagonisms and conflicts are inevitable in a democracy. But when there is no longer any common ground on which they can be settled, the danger exists that the community will split apart when confronted by an acute crisis.

[1] Article 67 of the Basic Law reads: "The *Bundestag* can express no confidence in the Federal Chancellor only by choosing a successor with the majority of its members and requesting the Federal President to dismiss the Federal Chancellor. The Federal President must comply with this request and appoint the Chancellor elect.—Forty-eight hours must elapse between the request and the election.

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The West German Federal Republic has never known any similar state of fragmentation. There have indeed been harsh political controversies. But the subject of dispute was merely the form and political orientation of a community life supported equally by all, or almost all, the adversaries—if we leave aside the Communists and Neo-Nazis, who were progressively withering away and sinking to the point of total insignificance. The struggle was for a greater or lesser degree of external attachment, a greater or lesser degree of economic planning, a greater or lesser degree of participation in the growing social product. But it was fought out, not merely formally, on the basis of the constitution, which was recognised and invoked equally by all the antagonists.

And no one ever lost sight of the fact that they were all in the same boat and that only the course to be taken by this boat was at issue, not whether they should sink it or change to another ship.

BY THE END OF the 1950s at the latest, even these controversies began to fade away. The Opposition, which had always supported the State, now stepped on to the Government platform as regards the major questions of practical politics. By accepting the "social market economy" as well as the Atlantic Alliance and the goal of European Unity within the framework of the six States of the European Economic Community, the Social Democrats reduced political conflict to an argument about shades of emphasis and the question as to which of the competing groups could best carry out the policy which they all advocated.

The slogan on which the *SPD* fought the *Bundestag* elections of 1961 may be regarded as a classical expression of this transformation. The Socialists did not want "to change everything, but only to improve much" (*nicht alles anders, aber vieles besser machen*). Thereby an objective alternative was replaced by a personal one. The problem was now merely whether a Government led by Willy Brandt would best be able to steer the ship of state towards the universally accepted goals.

This political situation of almost total consensus reached its climax and conclusion with the formation of the Great Coalition. After essential political differences of opinion had been eliminated from the conflict between the two major parties, the Federal Republic was now vouchsafed a Government whose ninety per cent super-majority in Parliament excluded even the possibility of a personal alternative and could no longer be unseated from without by democratic methods. If Adenauer's Government, at least in its later stages, and the Government of the unutterably unpolitical Erhard from the beginning, had been reproached for their "immobilism," this immobility had now been positively institutionalised in a régime without Opposition.

The Great Coalition—let us not deceive ourselves about that—is in practice nothing but the exact political equivalent of that vague "*formierte Gesellschaft*" dreamed of by Ludwig Erhard with his fateful predilection for phrases as high-sounding as they are hazy: a society of perfect "integration" and agreement, deceptively free from tension, in which incipient conflicts are not fought out but either reconciled or simply stifled. But a democracy without an Opposition is a soup without salt. With one difference: a salt-free diet may be recommended for health reasons. Democracy without Opposition, however, not only tastes insipid but is also an unwholesome diet that either makes people apathetic and slack, or else provokes violent defence reactions in an organism that needs tensions in order to stay alive.

THE NEW RADICALISM as expressed in the student unrest (and in a different fashion in the growth of the *NPD*, most recently in the provincial elections in Baden-Württemberg) is nothing but one such defence reaction. Anyone who is not satisfied with existing conditions, anyone who considers reforms necessary, today inevitably runs his head against a wall—because there is no longer anyone to guide this dissatisfaction into democratic channels, to represent the will to reform in Parliament, to express the desire for change in constitutional terms and above all to gain respect for it. Such opposition as exists today finds itself thrown back upon the instrument of provocation, even of violence, as the only one by means of which a minority can make itself heard and compel the compact majority at least to take some notice of its minorities.

Even while the *SPD* stood outside the Government it was admittedly just as much part of the "Establishment" as it is now, when it sits in the cabinet. But at least it left to those who hoped for changes—with the exception of small groups of outsiders cut off from any sort of mass basis—the possibility of an alternative administration more willing to carry out reforms. But the moment this hope was nullified by the Great Coalition the buds of extremism began to blossom. Anyone who interprets the demonstrations and acts of violence, in which the "Extra-Parliamentary Opposition" indulges, as the products of a cunningly thought-out strategy of revolution—as the Springer press especially is con-

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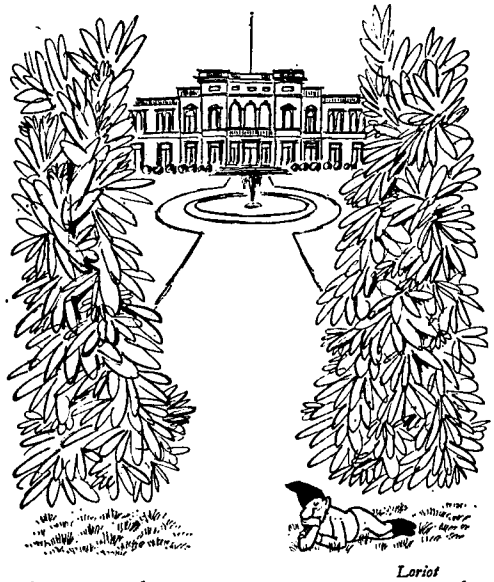
stantly doing—is overlooking this connection. In fact they are less the outcome of a robust will to power than a manifestation of impotence. The rioters riot because they see no other way of effectively proclaiming their rejection of existing conditions.

Nothing is more characteristic of this than their action against the Springer papers. The enormous success of the publisher Axel Springer, which has given him a position of such unique power in the world of journalism, springs precisely from the fact that his newspapers and periodicals—and above all an organ like the *Bild-Zeitung* and its various offshoots—exactly mirror that unpolitical and self-satisfied consumer society, based on individual advancement and collective coma, against which the youthful revolutionaries are revolting. Why does every third German read the *Bild-Zeitung*? Because this magazine indulges his aversion to serious discussion as well as his prejudices and secret longings. To this extent the master of the mightiest press empire in Europe is entirely correct when he attributes the enormous editions of his products to a "readers' plebiscite" and feels that he has thereby received a democratic mandate.



Loriot

WHEN THE STUDENTS besiege his printing-presses, seek to prevent or at least delay delivery of the *Bild-Zeitung*, set fire to the firm's trucks and smash the office windows with stones, they are trying to strike at a "symbolic figure" of society, because they cannot get at this society itself. They strike out wildly at symbols because in their heart of hearts they know that they are absolutely incapable of anything else—namely, of a political action aimed at radically altering this society.

That they are thereby—against their will—merely playing into the hands of those who wish to replace the slack but spontaneous Federal Republican consensus by one that is taut and safeguarded by authoritarian means, is another story. "We don't need to make any more propaganda; the students are doing it for us!"—this statement by an NPD man on the occasion of a rowdy election meeting very nearly broken up completely by squads of youthful hecklers ought to make us think. And Herr von Thadden's men know very well that in the face of left-wing radical excesses a strategy of fake democracy offers the best results—ten per cent in Baden-Württemberg.

The more noisily and provocatively the Extra-Parliamentary Opposition behaves, the more quiet, obliging, respectable and "loyal to the State" becomes the image presented by the right-wing radicals. "DEMOCRATS VOTE NATIONAL DEMOCRAT" said their election poster in Baden-Württemberg, and at their meetings the front of the hall was decked out with a black, red and gold flag bearing the initials of their party; their speakers had strict instructions to behave with as much moderation, restraint, and good manners as possible.

For while the Ultras of the Left are seeking a substitute satisfaction for frustrated hopes of reform in pseudo-revolutionary gestures, the Ultras on the opposite side have learnt that the German bourgeois must not be scared, but would prefer even protest to be administered in the shape of tranquillising pills. And so today the admirers and heirs of Hitler assure us that all they want is more calm, more order, that is to say, that they are nothing but more vigorous and less inhibited Christian Democrats.

This is revealing. It illustrates the fact that the manipulators of authoritarian longings are at least better psychologists than those of the anti-authoritarian revolt. The former try to evade and trick the resistance to radicalism by an outward but demonstrative acceptance of the democratic rules of the game; the latter lash out in all directions all the more wildly because they think there is no other way of piercing the dense layer of indifference, and with these revolutionary antics in an utterly unrevolutionary situation they are blindly playing the game of the worst reactionaries.

ONLY IF WE BEAR these facts in mind can we grasp the fundamental difference between the present situation and the other one, in which the Weimar democracy was ground to pulp between the millstones of the anti-democratic forces. Certainly parallels can be drawn—but they lie only on the surface and are decep-

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tive. In the days of Weimar, political opponents fought in the streets; during the last year we have once more witnessed such battles. At that time murder was one of the instruments of politics; with the attempted assassination of Rudi Dutschke a political leader has become the target of a would-be murder for the first time since the founding of the Federal Republic. Between 1918 and 1933, and particularly during the last years of this era, the extremes lifted one another up like the opposite ends of a seesaw; for some time we have been able to observe at least the beginning of a similar process.

But the radical difference in the starting-point seems to me far more important than any such parallelism of individual phenomena. The Weimar Republic was a weak State because it was absolutely unable to bring about any agreement on essential points and because it was confronted by powerful—at critical moments overpowerful—Opposition groups, which questioned its very essence. The Federal Republic, on the other hand, has suffered, at the latest since the coalition of its two strongest political forces, from an excessive consensus and from the atrophy of oppositional energies.

Weimar was faced with mutually exclusive alternatives; Bonn has happily manoeuvred itself into a position in which there are no visible alternatives. In the early '30s a trend towards the two radical poles of aggressive hostility to the State arose out of a permanent state of high pressure that was intensified to the limit by an economic disaster of unheard-of proportions and culminated in a violent explosion. In the late '60s the radical tendencies of certain strata of society—intellectual youth on the one hand, and the "nationalist" bourgeoisie on the other—represent nothing but a reaction to a chronic low pressure that is paralysing the political organism.

Against the State of Heinrich Brüning (1930–1932) masses were mobilised and filled to excess with political ideology. Kurt-Georg Kiesinger's Government, which rests precisely on the masses' loss of interest in politics, is being assailed by an activist minority just because they know that they can neither win over and convince the compact majority, nor defeat and overcome it, but only antagonise it.

One situation is no less dangerous than the other. A State can not only smash to pieces against an excess of opposition; it can also waste away from an excess of agreement. The Germans in the Federal Republic never understood, let alone took, the chance offered by the presence of a strong democratic Opposition. As a result they have now conjured up an anti-democratic Opposition which, while it cannot overthrow the State, can show up its helplessness.

For almost two decades Germans did not know what to do with the alternation of Government and Opposition in which lies the essence of democracy. Now they must see that they have thereby driven that part of the next generation which has grown tired of the everlasting monotony and the empty fuss of politics into an attitude of negative protest. Out of a panic fear of "experiments" they confuse lethargy with stability. Now they are astounded to see that for sheer lack of training, the organs of their democratic body are suffering from galloping atrophy. And when this disease can no longer be overlooked, they can find no other means of describing it than the magic formula *Bonn ist doch Weimar* ("Bonn is Weimar after all")....

It is nothing of the sort. It is the mirror image of a society that fears nothing so much as change and desires nothing so much as peace and quiet. The death agony of the Weimar Republic was almost like a burning fever; the Bonn Republic's agony bears more resemblance to sleeping sickness. Those who cannot see the difference make a cure impossible.

Western Germany does not need more calm and order, but readiness to carry out reforms. It does not need an even more ruthlessly drastic State authority, but recollection that the "open society" can only subsist if it does not remain a sleepy society. The malaise from which it is suffering can no more be cured by the truncheon than by rioting and grotesquely inappropriate shouts of "*Ho-Ho-Ho-Chi-minh!*". There is only one cure for the sickness of democracy: a democratic (but certainly not a "national democratic") Opposition. Today unrest is the citizen's first duty—but a purposeful unrest that does not impotently throw stones at the walls. The problem is not to frighten the citizen, but to give him courage.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXII

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LETTERS

Is Pornography "Better"?

I SHOULD BE obliged if Mr. Rolph would either substantiate or withdraw the statement in his article "The Age of 'Obscenity'" [ENCOUNTER, June, p. 20].

> I recall this because of its interesting implication that, in Mr. Allen's view, pornography is rather worse than obscenity or indecency, which can appear innocent by comparison with it. Mr. Geoffrey Gorer thinks it rather better.

In the essay which I contributed to the symposium *Does Pornography Matter?* which Mr. Rolph edited, a large part of my argument was that obscenity and pornography have different frames of reference, as indeed Mr. Rolph shows in his generous quotations on p. 21. Since the frames of reference are different, it would seem to me as foolish to say pornography is "better" than obscenity as to say scarlet is "better" than Tuesday. I rather dislike having illogical value judgments attributed to me.

GEOFFREY GORER

Haywards Heath
Sussex

ANY VALUE JUDGMENT attributed to Mr. Gorer and deemed by him illogical is hereby declared void. He seemed to me to be saying, in the words I quoted, that since pornography is (and obscenity is not) "confined to the higher civilisations," it is rather better than obscenity in the sense that the Parthenon is better than the Monkees. But the comparison was his, not mine, whether they fit the same frame of reference or not. Me, I much prefer Tuesday to scarlet, and find no difficulty in quantifying the enjoyment I get from each.

C. H. ROLPH

London

Progressivism as a Reactionary Utopia

WRYLY, Professor C. B. Cox's vituperative review [ENCOUNTER, May] of *Who are the Progressives Now?* gave me more satisfaction than had done many a kindlier notice of my book. He, at least, had recognised in the progressive schools the steel of their enmity to the embattled academic authority he himself would restore.

Reporting as it did a dialogue between progressives, my book no doubt left exposed a flank to the reactionaries. In truth, I had not thought these very important to the educational debate; nor, despite the recent publicity for their Black Book, do I yet think them so. As a foil, however, for a resolution to the debate between progressives themselves, the hostility of a Professor Cox may have its uses.

Even so, despite the rough-and-tumble, I would have hoped from one of professorial status for more integrity of debate. If I am quoted as writing of "a world of 'sanity' in which all conflict would be solved," do I expect too much of a reviewer that he should state this was cited as the sort of thing precisely *not* discussed at Dartington? Or perhaps Professor Cox was in too much of a hurry to prove his caricature of our discussion? As for his treatment of Dr. Winnicott, this was a solecism. As such, it not so much harms the reputation of a great man as it reveals Professor Cox's preconceptions. He should withdraw.

Professor Cox is throughout concerned to equate honesty of disagreement with muddle-headed stupidity. It would be a sorry day if ever he succeeded. It seems to me, at least, that the academic world is indeed sufficiently disturbed to allow an honesty of disagreement amongst those who look below its surface.

In so far, then, as my book had as its purpose to sting that authoritarianism which passes as education, I have partially succeeded. But I did not wish merely to sting; I hoped to be constructive. I do reject—and said so, but was not credited therewith—the nihilism of student reaction to educational authoritarianism.

Because they have been through it all, long since, progressives—if that is still a serviceable term for those who only would bring education into line with life—know that regressive Marxism, say, is equally as hopeless as the hippies' opting-out. They also know (pace your editorial caption) that there is no Utopia but a reactionary one and that no education can ignore everyday reality, ordinarily understood. Yet the questioning of received knowledge, the recrudescence of Anarchy, underlying the pathetic poles of youthful reaction, remains valid—and does so for reasons more deeply impregnated into thought than even Edward Shils allowed. The student crisis, after all, is also the crisis of the social sciences: that is, of what social understanding is. Here, Professor Cox's extolling of the "up-to-date research" (what research?) is symptomatic. How perennially unaware of itself is academicism! Presumably, the universities will yet tell us that their disintegration is impossible because they have not researched into its causes.

In this situation, the progressive schools are concerned continuously to examine the very concept of "school." This is a form of research—the living testing of our language—to which the authoritarian mind is not very well suited. Never mind! The best of such minds may yet (could they but understand what is happening) save something recognisable from the present educational system—though corporal punishment, finally, may have to be sacrificed. In this form of research, however, misrepresentation remains a poor tool. Those who use it serve ill the cause of academic orthodoxy.

MAURICE A. ASH

Ashprington, Totnes,
Devon

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Cranston's Marcuse

MAY I ADD a brief point in defence of Mr. Maurice Cranston's strictures on Professor Marcuse against an American critic like Mr. Graham Good [ENCOUNTER, June]?

During the War, it was my melancholy task week by week to study the writings of Dr. Goebbels and when years later I first read *One-Dimensional Man*, certain resemblances, certain uncanny echoes, struck me. Dr. Goebbels too, depicted Britain and other Western societies as one single closed (*i.e.* totalitarian) thought system, in Marcusean terms "one huge captive audience," whose thoughts were completely conditioned and manipulated by Jewish Pluto-democracy, Jewish-dominated or corrupt politicians and the Jewish capitalist press, until by sleight of hand Britain under Churchill was less free than Germany under the *Gestapo* and Goebbels' total censorship.

Now, if we take away the adjective "Jewish" from the above sentence, is some resemblance to the ideas in *One-Dimensional Man* not plain? I am quite prepared to accept that Goebbels may represent the extreme bad and Marcuse the extreme good of a certain way of thinking. The point is that this thinking is so Germanic and élitist, that it moves—to use Mr. Good's term—on "a plane of generality" which is so vast, that even quite *apart* from Goebbels' use of the adjective "Jewish," it seems fatally easy in either case to regard ordinary individuals, to use Mr. Good's term again, as "sickeningly vulgarised," and the Nazi camps, in Professor Marcuse's words, as "the image and in a sense the quintessence of the infernal society into which we are plunged every day." I may add that these resemblances to the language of *Das Reich* struck me long before Marcuse had become a cult among the young and I had any need to feel prejudiced.

I repeat, I accept the self-evident fact that Goebbels was evil while Marcuse may only wish to do good, but something in the all-embracing character of Marcuse's message worries me. Many young German soldiers I interrogated during the war felt sure they knew the simple defects of society which it was their task to put right—they knew this with the same wonderful certainty of youth displayed by the Marcusean students of today who assume the right to shout down political opponents. However, since the problems of society are never simple, such actions can have unpredictable consequences. Indeed, has not Professor Marcuse himself already issued warnings about all such over-simplifications?

T. R. FYVEL

London

On the Difficulties of Being an Anti-Nazi

By Peter Calvocoressi

I WOULD LIKE TO COMMENT on one aspect of the exchanges between Mr. David Astor and Mr. Christopher Sykes [ENCOUNTER, December, June and July] regarding the proper evaluation of the role of the German anti-Nazis and the British understanding of that role. A number of people have for many years been uneasy not merely about whether justice has been done to the Germans who conspired against Hitler, but also about the more difficult question whether there has been on the British side a sufficiently candid examination of British attitudes towards them. It is alleged that Englishmen in positions of authority paid scant heed to the German anti-Nazis owing to an innate failure of understanding and, further, that through this failure they missed chances of averting the war or shortening it.

These issues raise the starkly basic question of what the war was about, for if it was a war against Nazism—as was frequently alleged, not least by those in authority—then the anti-Nazi conspirators were indubitable allies.

Many of the young people who found themselves caught up in war in 1939 believed that they were fighting fascism and, in particular, its German variant, Nazism. In so far as they went to kill with good spirit and a clear conscience, they did so because Nazism was foul and had to be extinguished: its values were evil, its practices abominable, and its ideal of society and system of government corrupt. They fought against these things and they were justified not only morally but also in the sense that their victory did destroy Hitler's Nazism.

But anti-Nazism would never have started a war. In order for there to be a war in which Nazism could be destroyed, there had to be a war about something else. Wars are started by governments in the sense that it is governments which give the signal to start fighting. No government asked itself in the 1930s whether it should go to war to destroy Nazism. What governments did ask themselves was whether they would have to go to war to stop Hitler—by which they meant stopping the territorial expansion of the German state. Therefore the war, when it came, was a war against Germany. The part of Hitler's programme which provoked it was not the beliefs or practices of Nazism but the infringement of frontiers by Germany. (Similarly, in 1941, Great Britain declared itself an ally of the Soviet state regardless of the beliefs and practices of its rulers.)

The German conspirators against Hitler were the natural allies of anybody fighting Nazism but they were not natural allies of a state fighting—or con-

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templating having to fight—against Germany. And those in charge of the state, whether politicians or officials, would be the first to think of them as Germans and so enemies rather than anti-Nazis and so allies. Furthermore, to the men who counted in England the German anti-Nazis had another very bad mark against their names. They were traitors. They themselves were bothered about this. How much more was the typical member of the British ruling class disposed to cold-shoulder them. David Astor tells a frightfully chilling but equally revealing story about the British official who told him that Count von Schwerin's private mission to London in 1939 to talk about the German General Staff's plans to stop Hitler was "damned cheek."

IT IS, I BELIEVE, within this frame of reference that one should see Adam von Trott's "nationalism" and his sympathy for Subhas Chandra Bose. Trott loved Germany. That was one of the reasons why he was so convinced and heroic an anti-Nazi *bis zum bitteren Ende*. In normal times an Englishman who loved his country would have honoured Trott for his patriotism—and would have trusted him the more. But in the shadow of an Anglo-German war Trott's love of Germany became a sinister kind of nationalism, justifying those of his friends, acquaintances and judges who—because of the war—found it more convenient to think worse of him. So too with the Indian business. In normal times Trott's anti-imperialism and his support for Indian nationalism would have seemed nothing special in London or Oxford, where plenty of Englishmen held similar views. But in the context of an Anglo-German war these sentiments of his were given a different emphasis and became evidence for treating him as an enemy and not as a friend—because, to repeat, it was more conventional and convenient to do so.

Two hundred years ago or more it might not have been so. It might have been easier to recognise a friend and ally within the enemy's land, but in an age whose wars have been basically national and territorial in spite of the ideological language sometimes employed in them most people find it too difficult to discriminate between friends and enemies by any but national criteria. One should deplore this without being surprised by it. It was a great pity, and something of a shame to them, that the rulers of a country like Great Britain were unable to think better than that. Their understanding was feeble. Further, they talked anti-Nazism without really understanding or believing it.

BUT WHAT WERE THE consequences of their failure? Can it justly be argued that, had their understanding been less feeble, the war could have been prevented or shortened? These questions cannot be answered with assurance. The Halder/Witzleben plot was ruined by Chamberlain's diplomacy. But would it otherwise have succeeded? We cannot say. But what I think we can say is that there was at least a chance of gaining time and even peace this way; that it was a more honourable way than Chamberlain's of throwing Czechoslovakia to the wolves; and that it was also a more expedient way. (For reasons which I cannot elaborate here I have become convinced that Munich was a huge strategic error as well as a shameful deed.)

Once the war had started the question is whether it might have been shortened by some form of cooperation with the conspirators? What form? Expression of support? Active help in promoting a military *coup* or the assassination of Hitler? We do not know. The conspirators themselves were, not surprisingly, never all of one mind or continuously of the same mind. But one of the reasons why we do not know is that nobody in authority on our side seems to have been interested in finding out. Yet, given the awfulness of the war, one would think that anything like this was worth pursuing. Some far crazier things were.

University of Sussex

Astor, Trott, Trevor-Roper

THOSE WHO QUOTE other writers in order to dissent from them have a duty to quote correctly, taking account of the context from which they abstract the words or phrases which they quote.

Mr. David Astor [ENCOUNTER, June] quotes me as "belittling" Adam von Trott as "ultra-nationalistic," a "devious German intriguer," and states that I considered it "a damaging revelation that Trott's official reports, intended for Nazi eyes, read that way."

Anyone who reads my review (in the *Sunday Times*) of Mr. Sykes' book can see that Mr. Astor has totally misrepresented its tenor. The phrase "devious German intriguer" is in *oratio obliqua*: I am quoting the impression which Trott made on Hubert Ripka. I explicitly reminded the reader that if Trott's reports did not make pleasant reading after 1945, they were "written by Trott for Hitler himself and phrased in the language appropriate to such a reader." I never described Trott, directly or by implication, as "ultra-nationalistic." I merely wrote that he was "deeply German" and that "even those who did not know him must surely admire a German nationalist who. . . ."

This distortion of my clearly expressed views does not encourage me to accept Mr. Astor as a guide in obscurer matters.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Oxford

Sir John Wheeler-Bennett's Reply

IN YOUR JUNE ISSUE, in the course of an attack on Mr. Christopher Sykes' book *Troubled Loyalty*—a book which personally I found wholly admirable, eminently fair, and deeply understanding—Mr. David Astor suggests that there might have been a successful *coup de main* against Hitler during the War had the British and United States Governments given support and encouragement to the German Resistance Movement. He goes on to attribute to me a substantial measure of responsibility

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for the fact that this support and encouragement was not forthcoming.

I do not propose to reply at length to Mr. Astor's charges, but I would like to make one statement and to ask one question:

1. At no time—before, during, or after the War—was I in a position to exercise the kind or degree of influence which Mr. Astor ascribes to me. I would add, however, that had I occupied such a position, my influence would have been cast against H.M.G.'s pursuing so impractical a policy. I believed then, and I believe now, that whatever may or may not have been said in 1938, once hostilities had begun, it was essential that Germany be defeated in the field and compelled to surrender unconditionally—whatever government might be in control of *Reich* policies at the time. It was essential that there should be no recurrence of the "stab-in-the-back" exculpatory fallacy. I also believed, and still believe, that any plot against Hitler must succeed of itself and would have been less likely to do so with Allied support or promises for the future. Real or alleged foreign interference can only strengthen national resistance, and one need only recall the slur that attached to the Weimar Republic as being "wished upon" Germany in 1918 by President Wilson and the Allies.

2. Can Mr. Astor or his friends adduce any kind of convincing contemporary evidence that the German Resistance Movement—in which there were indisputably men and women of the highest courage, probity and honour—could have been successful in overthrowing Hitler, even had they been in receipt of Anglo-American support and encouragement? None is or was known to me. I have discovered nothing to alter the views which I expressed in my book on the German Army in politics.

JOHN WHEELER-BENNETT

Garsington Manor
Oxon.

"The L.S.E. Story"

IT IS SO SAD that while one can partly agree with Michael Beloff's conclusion to "The L.S.E. Story" [ENCOUNTER, May] that "... when one surveys the whole history up to now, the impression left is one of its hopeless irrelevance...," one is compelled to add that the historiographers have wasted our time even more than have the events themselves. Beloff's further inflation of the literature fails to answer many questions and augurs ill for that future enlightenment to be afforded by historians reviewing the documents at an even safer distance from the affray.

Mr. Beloff's careless errors of fact should not pass uncorrected; certainly they tend to undermine the respect one can pay his analysis. First, University College is not the same thing as *ULU*: the latter was occupied, not the former. Indeed, University College Union voted the use of its facilities to the locked out *LSE* students. Second, Beloff inverts the sequence of events to write: "Thus 'the vote to occupy' over the Viet Nam Demo weekend reversed a previous decision not to do so taken the day before." Actually, the first vote, on 17 October, was *for* the occupation; the next, on 23 October, withdrew support (by 598 to 592 votes, on the second count) although a motion "to not condemn" the occupation was carried by acclamation at the same meeting immediately after the recount. Third, Beloff is ill informed on the gates issue. He writes that they "... were small and feeble grilles which a casual visitor finds hard to locate." It would be a very casual visitor who did not discover that the most prominent gates have not been replaced, and that those which have been replaced are made deliberately less obtrusive than the originals.

How ironic that Mr. Beloff takes students to task for the inaccuracy of their publications. It would be ungenerous to imply that Michael Beloff does not get some facts right. They are, however, selected facts, leading inevitably to tendentious conclusions. Although he writes, "the most significant fact about Socialist Society strategy has been their manipulation of the Student Union..." he does not mention the largest *LSE* Students Union Meeting ever held, at Friends Meeting House, Euston, on 3 February during the lockout. The hall was packed well above capacity; the capacity seating at Friends Meeting House is 1,200, and most reports agree that there were more than 1,500 students present. Presumably this meeting is not mentioned because its outcome would not fit in well with Mr. Beloff's "manipulation" thesis. Those present voted overwhelmingly to condemn the use of police on the campus, to affirm that the removal of the gates was Union policy, and to call for an immediate reopening of *LSE*. This was generally reported as a massive defeat for the "conspiracy" allegations, and for Dr. Adams, who had publicly called for the meeting to express some support for him.

Mr. Beloff is one of the very few serious commentators who have concluded that it was the militants "who have been throughout the pacemakers and moulders of events...." To Mr. Beloff things are very black and white. Militants: black. Authorities: white. Incredibly, he hands out bouquets to almost every established figure in sight. Lord Robbins is "the expansionist pioneer of the report that bears his name"; Dr. Adams is portrayed as a totally heroic and self-sacrificing figure; Trevor-Roper comes to *LSE* and "delivers himself of a brilliant lecture." Did Beloff hear or read it? Did he witness Trevor-Roper's performance under the questioning of Greek students immediately after the lecture?

No wonder Mr. Beloff, who apparently teaches Law at Oxford, finds it surprising that the Law Faculty at the *LSE* were "Doves"! When you see things as clearly as he does, there is no excuse for attempting mediation.

Beloff writes of Londoners who "scurried" past a student march, "this was apart from, not a part of their lives, a circus not a liberating army." We at the *LSE* may look to Oxford for a liberating army of intellectuals, but it seems we are more likely to find complacent ex-reformers, who no longer even feel the need to get their facts straight.

ADRIAN HAM

London

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1. I accept Mr. Ham's correction that it was *ULU* and not University College that *LSE* exiles occupied. Whether this error "undermines the respect one can pay [my] analysis" is for others to judge.

2. I accept Mr. Ham's correction over the sequence of Viet Nam occupation voting. I was wrong to say that the militants pack meetings to win a "democratic" majority. On this new basis they are careless of whether they have such a majority or not.

3. I have viewed the gates before and after. They *are* "small and feeble grilles." Mr. Ham's comment on the alterations to them makes less sense on second reading than on first, and I must perforce forbear to comment on it.

4. I did not fail to mention the 3 February meeting from any malicious motive. The whole argument of my piece is that the majority of non-militant students *do* support the militant minority when the authorities take action against the latter; especially when, as a by-product, the school is closed. If Mr. Ham suggests that the votes taken at this meeting (on composite motions that made little discrimination between various aspects of the situation) showed that the majority of *LSE* students hold revolutionary views, then I must demur.

To the remainder of Mr. Ham's letter serious reply is unnecessary. Is Lord Robbins *not* an author of the Robbins' Report? (And is this a "bouquet"?) Does Mr. Ham dispute the facts of Dr. Adams' career previous to his appointment at *LSE*? Yes, I read Professor Trevor-Roper's lecture; "brilliant" it indeed was. I do not "apparently" teach law at Oxford; I teach law at Oxford. Has Mr. Ham evidence of any great, or any, support for the rebels of "The London School of Comics" among the denizens of the metropolis?

If asked to choose between a complacent ex-reformer and a phony revolutionary, I would probably choose the former. But of course this is not the choice genuine reformers need to make.

MICHAEL BELOFF

London

The Berkeley Syndrome

I HAVE OFTEN wondered if the influence of George Berkeley (1685–1753) does not amount to an important explanation of university chaos in the United States and elsewhere.

Berkeley was the talented Irish philosopher who with the rousing line

Westward the course of Empire takes its way

earned for himself the added distinction of having the university town of Berkeley named after him. An equally revealing recourse to the history of ideas might begin by reminiscing that Berkeley occupies a prominent position in the development of philosophy through his colourful denial of the existence of matter.

Berkeley maintained, as is well known, that material things only exist through being perceived. This means that for all practical purposes an egg or a sit-in, for example, would cease to exist if no one was looking at either. It is an unusual philosophy—though less so if one believes in God, as he shows. Nevertheless, it is one which seems to have acquired further prominence in recent years among university authorities everywhere.

Appropriately, it all began in the University of California at Berkeley in the early 1960s. The policy whereby authorities are known to behave like ostriches in the face of student violence and terror was first practised there. By now, Berkeley's genuine offspring elsewhere in the leadership of academia have popularised the view that all will always be well as long as we stick our heads into the sand, so to speak, not looking at the turmoil around us—and certainly doing nothing to stop it, as this would invariably mean that we are silly enough to recognise it.

Hence, the widespread "tolerance" of modern universities in the face of lawlessness by now afoot everywhere in academia, and the consequent myth that student anarchy, whenever and wherever it erupts, is not subject to the law of the land. Yet both historical experience and elementary "punishment-reward" theory suggest that trying to "combat" violence and terror with appeasement and concession is not one whit different from trying to lessen, say, the excess demand for apples by reducing their prices. Nor does one have to go on exposing the world's well-known Hitlerite traumas to show that *direction* of policy or response is always vital in determining whether or not the whole interaction between forces which "offend" and those which "respond" is self-correcting or destructively explosive.

Is it to be at all wondered at, therefore, that when one recently felt capricious enough to get one's head unstuck from the ground, one could actually perceive that Wheeler Hall had been burned in Berkeley? Predictably, too, when I asked at the time, "Who did it? Have they caught them?", the most popular advice forthcoming was that curiosity killed the cat. By logical extension, I stuck my head in the clouds instead—and, admittedly, all was well for a while. But the shots which had also killed two students on the Los Angeles campus, the subsequent maiming of a secretary at Claremont College in California, the self-blinding of another bomb-carrying student at San Francisco State, the triumph of firearms over scholarship in Cornell etc., etc., have all once again got me "perceiving" things.

Could it be that time has come to consider applying fully the equilibrating laws of the land to student violence and terror—lest, instead, another Berkeley "first" also amounts in the end to the last we hear of the learning process on this good earth?

As Ronald Knox put it:

There was a young man who said, "God
Must think it exceedingly odd
if he finds that this tree
continues to be
When there's no one about in the Quad."

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REPLY

Dear Sir:
Your astonishment's odd:
I am always about in the Quad.
And that's why the tree
will continue to be
Since observed by
Yours faithfully,
God.

The chaos, in other words, is there. Let's face it.

NICOS E. DEVLETOGLOU

The London School of Economics and University of California, Los Angeles

Marquand's Politics

I AM GLAD that Mr. David Marquand, M.P., has discovered that the behaviour of the working-class electorate in Britain has, on the whole, been conservative, and that this has had its effect upon the character and record of the Labour Party over the years ["The Politics of Deprivation," ENCOUNTER, April]. Others before him have long held this view. I used to think that the reason why some circles at the L.S.E. did not share it was because in the Economists' Bookshop books on the Labour Party were classified under the heading "Socialism"! But there have always been some L.S.E. dons who did not share these illusions.

Mr. Marquand should not jump to the conclusion that students of Labour history in what we may now call the pre-Marquand era were all suffering from misconceptions about these matters. As regards my own work, may I ask him to read with care those books of mine which deal specifically with the questions that he raises? The most appropriate one for him now would be my book of essays, *Popular Politics and Society in Late Victorian Britain*. But even an earlier work such as my *Short History of the Labour Party*—based on lectures delivered at Oxford when he was an undergraduate—should help him to see that his views are not entirely novel.

HENRY PELLING

St. John's College, Cambridge

Toulmin's "Wittgenstein"

ON READING Michael Lipton's criticism [ENCOUNTER, January] of Stephen Toulmin's translation of a passage on Wittgenstein, I immediately recalled my own translation of the same excerpt which, for one reason or the other, I did not dispatch for publication. The translation runs as follows:

> Logical analysis and the clarification it implies were unclear to me in the *Tractatus*. I thought at that time that there is a "connexion between Language and Reality."

The second sentence in this translation which agrees with Lipton's reveals a belief held at that time by Wittgenstein independent of the exposition it found, sooner or later, in the *Tractatus*. The extent to which this affects Toulmin's account of Wittgenstein's philosophy is not clear to me. I wish, however, to point out the ambiguity in the German text itself and the fact that the translation which Toulmin has given cannot be accepted as final.

BONIFACE I. C. ONUBOGU

Bonn

I AM ENTIRELY happy with Mr. Onubogu's emendation. The crucial disagreement between Michael Lipton and myself was over the words *hinweisende Erklärung*. To translate these as "ostensive definition" reads into the passage epistemological implications foreign (in my opinion) to Wittgenstein's intention. As an alternative translation, "the clarification it implies" is just right. As for Mr. Onubogu's modifications to my version of the second sentence, these remain in complete harmony with my overall interpretation.

STEPHEN TOULMIN

Oxford

Late Capitalist Ladders

THE TRANSLATION of an *SDS* statement on page 33 of your May issue ["The Cult of Violence"] does not make sense. The original read: "*eine spaetkapitalistische Klassenjustiz, die eine Frau in der Strumpffabrik bestraft, die Struempfe klaut, nicht die, die aufgrund ihrer Eigentumsrechte die Produktion unzerreissbarer Struempfe verweigern*"—and means: "a late-capitalist class justice which punishes a woman in a stockings factory who pinches stockings, but not those who, on the basis of their property rights, refuse to produce non-laddering stockings"—*i.e.* the owners of the stockings factories.

MANFORD BELMORE

Milan

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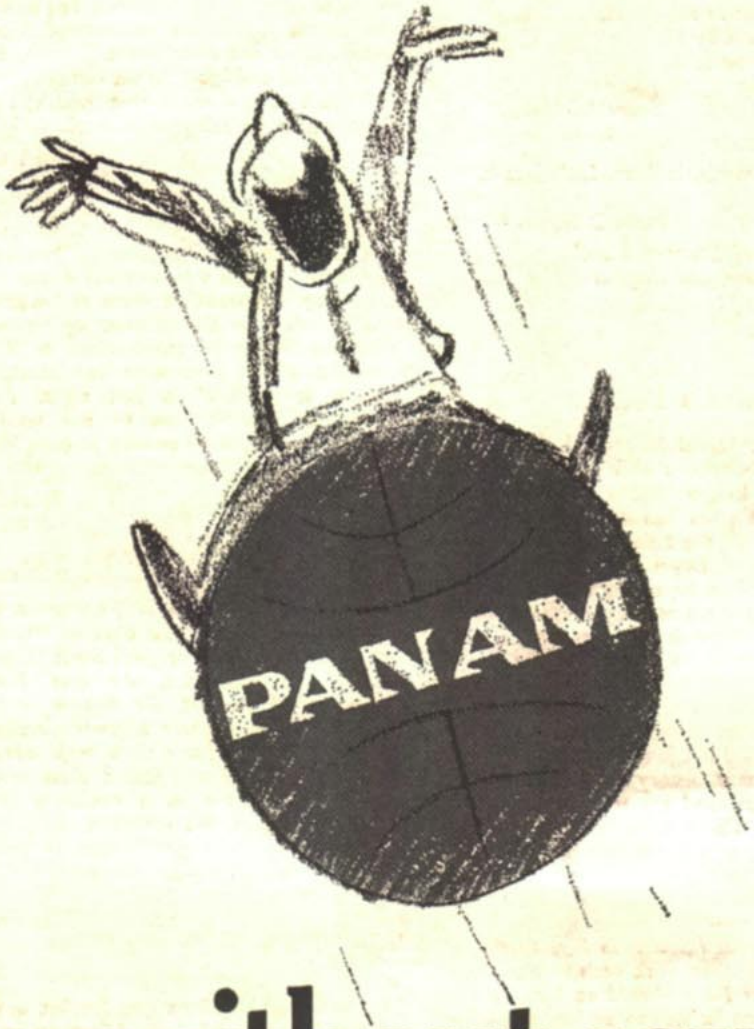

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